

SPIRIT EONÁ'S LEGACY

TO THE

WIDE, WIDE WORLD.

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Voices from many hill tops, echoes



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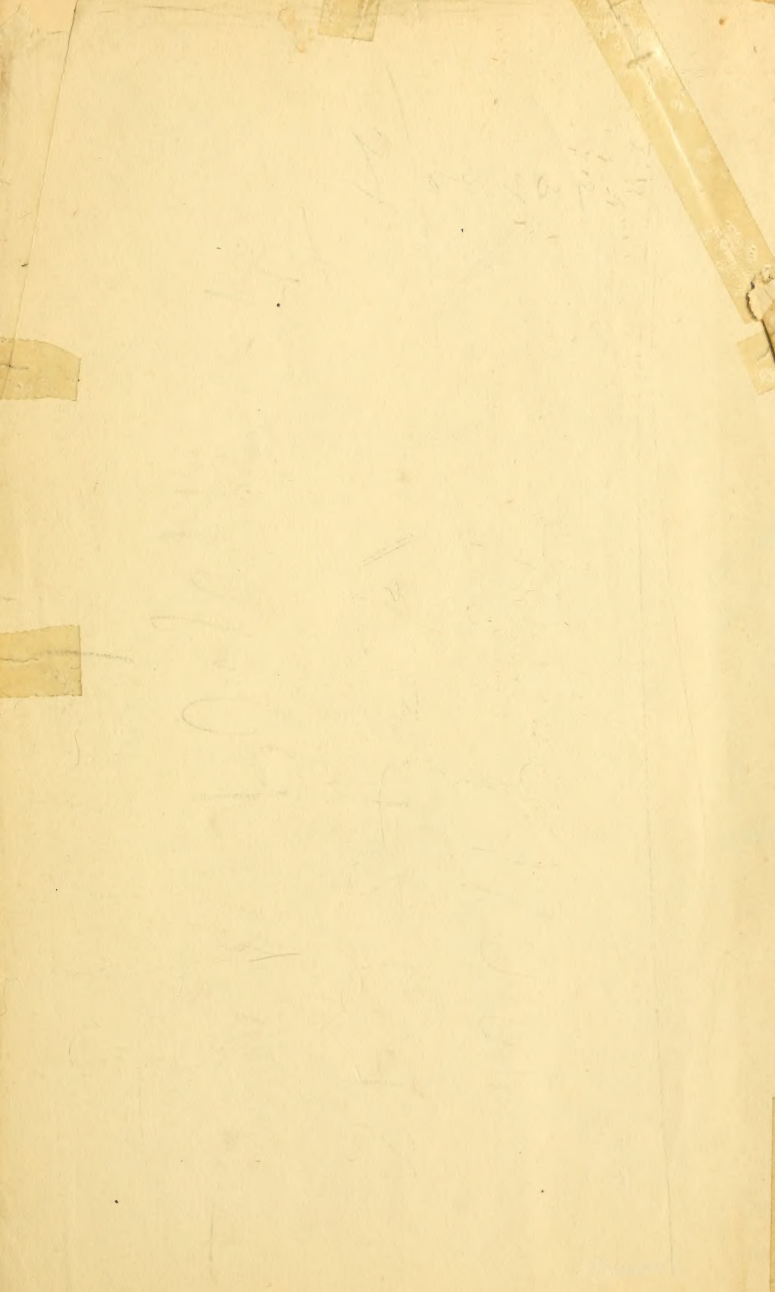
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VOICES FROM MANY HILL TOPS,

ECHOES FROM MANY VALLEYS,

OR THE

Experiences of Spirits

EON AND EONÁ,

IN EARTH LIFE AND SPIRIT SPHERES,

IN AGES PAST, IN THE LONG, LONG AGO,

And their Many Incarnations in Earth Life,

AND ON OTHER WORLDS,

GIVEN THROUGH THE SUN ANGELS' ORDER OF LIGHT.

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Dedication.

THIS BOOK OF MANY LINES

IS MY LEGACY TO THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD,

AND THUS, WITH A HEART FILLED WITH LOVE THAT EXACTS NO RETURN,

DO I WISH MY BLESSING BEQUEATHED.

EONÁ.

Accepted

PREFACE.

OH, world, cease your bickering and contentions that give birth to inharmonies, and listen for a time to a voice from your own fatherland. I appeal to all, to those who think before passing judgment and to those who pass what they call judgment without a shadow of thought. I am aware that no book like unto this has ever found its way to your home shores; the reason is this, that there has never before been a demand for such production, and I have watched and waited for an inflowing tide of thought that would be strong enough to bear on its breast my manuscript brought from the land of souls. The air of the present is filled with the missiles of opposition thrown by those who think they know the doctrine of many incarnations is untrue; who look upon matehood as a farce, unpoetized, unsung, and untinted by the sensual halos of many loves. The missiles are like bubbles that break and are nothing and are nowhere, and no one is injured; the hand that hurls them is powerful only in earth-made muscle, while the force that lacks a principle through myriads of ages has never been born in their inner being. Their missiles and their moral gymnasts I neither fear nor dread: they are among the needful existences of the earth-land; though they think not themselves, they stir up thought and curiosity in others, and reach into deep wells for the cooling draughts that refresh and sustain; they are the world's advertisers, and as such deserve the patience and forbearance of a benevolent public. The gates between the two worlds are swung too far back ever again to close, and they of the better land and life flock earthward to redeem the

children thereof from an old life ignorance. Among the throng is the Eoná of this volume, and gladly would I, were it possible and wise to do so, illuminate each soul with the light of my lamp, that it might see wherein lies the truth such as angels love; but those who read my written words must read by the light of their own soul lamps, which is well, as there is no convincing power in borrowed illumination.

I ask not that criticism be withheld, nor that censure be laid aside. I simply ask that no one may say that the facts which I give are false fabrications; and this I ask, not for my own sake, but for the sake of those who, without thought, are ever ready to cast their decided opinions broadcast—and their opinions are not always pearls. I know that many links in the mystic chain are fraught with statements that among the majority will not appeal to their souls as truths, because they have not unfolded their spiritual natures sufficiently to see how such conditions and circumstances could ever have existed; but it is always wise to withhold judgment until positive proof has been given, then no one will be conscious of having exposed weakness or ignorance; besides, the day-dawn of truth is already tinting the hill-tops of time, and there is a pleasure in gathering the early blooms while yet the dew-drops linger thereon.

When a man takes into consideration the proven possibilities of some souls, and we assure him of the possibilities of others that fall very far short of the measurement taken, what is to be supposed? That one spirit to begin with was superior to another? That could not possibly be, because the Power Deific is never credited with such unpardonable blunders. Exact justice belongs to Deity, and, to say the least, it is reasonable to suppose that all individualized existences known as spirits made an equal draft on the creative and individual reigning power known as God.

If the premises are correct, and there is nothing to prove them the reverse, then why are the fulfillments of some so far superior and in advance of others? Common sense replies, because of the many incarnations of some and the few incarnations of others.

If individualized existencies, who touch the shores of the present, have never existed before, either in the seen or the unseen, how is it possible for them to respond through an inner consciousness to the great deep of knowledge that others in a long life-time catch not the faintest glimmerings of? It is not because of the fathers and mothers: that theory is greatly at fault, because children that have been as stars in the world's history have had birth in homes where the parents were far, very far, beneath them. Then, again, if the spirit comes not from another life to inhabit the building while it is in process of construction, where does it come from? Unthinking children answer from God. Well, that is true. But where is God and how did he happen to know that a certain form was growing that would need the propelling power of spirit, and in what form was the spirit sent if it was not individualized? Who was delegated to bear it from the ruler of worlds, and what would chemical analysis say of the component parts that united in some incomprehensible manner? and a spirit—what is the spirit, in parts and as a whole, before it comes to take possession of the house it is to furnish? If it is nothing but their spirit how is it that it has in its first awakening in earth-life land so much of the governing power that is characteristic of individuals?

Give to the winds the fables of the gods and seek wisdom from fountains of common sense. Unbolt the doors of your souls and let your own reason have a glimpse at the horizon that is illuminated by the rays of truth. Screen not the eyes of your soul, but pierce as far as possible the mists and shadows and know for your own selves all your inner beings

are capable of receiving and understanding. This is the duty and privilege of all. The flimsy theologies of the past have been fluttering in the breezes of truth till they are well-nigh rent in twain, showing that what was supposed to be the holy of holies was but the altar whereon ignorance waited to be slain and burned by the consuming fires of the crucible.

In laying aside illustrations and comparisons, I can see but two points of acceptance of ideas concerning the existence of earth's children—the one reasonable, the other unreasonable; the one true, the other false; and were I in the shadows of an earth existence, and were I unable to see clearly, I would sooner accept what I now know to be false than the foolish, childish whims that are doubly so, and are accepted with unbecoming reverence. I would sooner accept the idea that some have already advanced as a more relishable slice from a fresher loaf, that spirit is the result of the creative power of matter. This idea has grown largely from the fact that spirit can be known but by its expression through matter as its only recording page, somewhat, also, because of an abhorrence of the old-time dish so long and so zealously placed before the hungry and expectant world. It is not to be wondered at that pleasanter paths have been sought—paths wherein reason dared to plant and cultivate its own hedge-rows, even if the fruits thereof were perishable. It is this very class of independent thinkers that have unconsciously made a tide whereon I dare launch my sheaves gathered from many earth-land pilgrimages and soul-land rests, and to them I turn with many thanks for thus preparing the way, and bid them be patient with what seems to them inconsistent; for, looking to a long ago, before the fulfillments of the present age cast their shadows in the valleys of prophecy, they can see just how impossible of belief and comprehension would have been the fulfillments of the present had

they then spoken to the world that is always ready to cry false and impossible; always ready to marshal its gods in the attitude of defense, and swear by them as they are supposed to have no variableness nor shadow of turning, a fact that at once marks them as non-progressive. They who reason wisely and well give voice to no conclusions without previously-arranged premises from which proofs may be deduced, and no one can prove by any earth-land premises the falsity of many incarnations as the only way home, when spirit is no more bound by matter; therefore, oh, children of the land, I bid you read and reason, nor turn the key in the soul's lock at the first paragraph; for all that I tell you in the written words of this volume you will in the yet unannounced future have time and power to prove, as each heart has its own history, the links of which reach back to Deity. You will find herein no license to lives of immorality, to be followed by a free pass to the heaven of heavens; and none need fear that by perusing they will be led away from God, but rather to the God of their own souls and the sustaining power of the universe. Standing as I do in the shadow of time's hills, I shall catch the many echoes that the ripples from this one pebble, as they wash against the rocks of opposition, will create. But I have the patience that is born from a long journey wherein experience has woven many tints, making my heart tender and hopeful, allowing me to condemn none. Therefore I shall listen and still love those for whom I was willing to gather from the fields of the long ago soul proofs of an existence that dates back to Deity. I wonder not as I scan the religious records of the past that so many have gathered their garments about them in disgust and have stepped out and beyond the restrictions of church creed and societies, for the banner inscriptions of these would-be guides and powers have heralded but the exaltness of a law that was recorded in blood, for in blood rather than in the

justice born of love have the acceptors of and believers in the law reveled until their banqueting halls have become too hideous for the lovers of humanity; therefore have the thinking classes stepped into broader fields, where common sense is free, to roam and gather from the fields still in reserve for the honest gleaner, all their souls need. Among this same class have the armies of the better land pitched their tents. Among this class have I, too, labored, though unseen to the world, until I find them turning their faces towards the unseen shores, asking from whence have we come and whither do we wander. Therefore do I strive to part the mists that lie in the valleys, and point towards the paths that wind mountainward, where lies a complete solution of all life's mysteries.

Let those who read my legacy to the world generously consider the obstacles that must be found in the way of all who seek to give the thought—children of their own souls. Long have I watched and waited the organization of our sacred order of Light to relate the facts I have transcribed, that I might give them as perfectly as they could be transmitted. Let those who read take into consideration the long disuse there has been on my part of the earth-language, and censure not 'for so slight a thing as an incorrect arrangement of words by which I have sought to give them the unsullied truths of the past and the present. They are the soul's gold, tried in the crucible and many times proven, and by every word written it shall be my pleasure, nay, my pride, to stand until the yet undawned eternities prove to every doubting heart the possibility of the facts given. The labors of my heart and hand are for the world I love, and with the hosts that are fighting against erroneous teachings and conclusions will I continue to labor till the valley mists are lifted and the light of common sense and reason shows where lie the pits placed by ignorance and the worshipers thereof. It is time the chil-

dren of the land were led from the wilderness, the earth-land, and the elements surrounding it are rapidly approaching the time and condition when grander fulfillments will be evolved and recorded, and towards this brave and loving hearts are looking, for they know a new dawn will be heralded, and they wait to chant the glad hallelujahs thereof. Among the number will stand the freed souls of the Eon and Eoná of this volume, whose robes immortal will never again take on the duller tints of earth. Does any one query why I give not the name of Eon? I will answer I have fought too many battles 'twixt the far-off hill-tops and the present to ask or allow any one to stand where volley after volley from the enemies' ranks will be fired. I will meet all this myself, the responsibility is mine and only mine. I wear the helmet and shield of the higher life, and am prepared to meet the opposing ranks in a steady charge or cross-fire. Therefore I leave no one else at my post, but fearlessly stand by my treasures of truth gathered as gems from many mines. Read and condemn, or read and approve; but remember the lines of life are not dropped in the earth-land valley. To those who read to reason, I offer the blessings of my love, and to those who read to criticise with the hope of making their own points seem grounded in indisputable truth, I offer the same, with the addition of my sincere pity that any heart should build around its citadel a high wall, thus for ages closing the very path that among all others can lead home.

EONÁ.

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CHAPTER I.

Eoná greets her soul-mate with a twofold blessing, the import of which he will understand, as the pictures drawn by Eoná's words unfold, one by one, with all the fullness possible, in consideration that earth and earthly surroundings enforce with a power positive on spirit and mortal; and these enforced conditions make the margin whereon those not approaching, nor entering into the fullness that is theirs to receive, within the bounds of materializations, make their unintelligent and unintelligible criticisms, which are as the idle wind, only as they scatter the blinding dust of earth in eyes not yet strong and keen enough to peer beyond the fog of false conceptions which of necessity have been the stepping-stones to the fullness of truth, which is the redeeming power of the ages, and has yet to roll from the sepulcher of ignorance the stone placed and held there by principalities and priestly power.

PRIMITIVE CONDITIONS.

Eoná will gather from the past gems of actual knowledge with which to bless the present life of Eon; knowing it is that for which he hungers. In an age that reaches farther back than Eoná can mention with mathematical exactness, Eon and Eoná dwelt together as individualized souls, clothed with materiality such as the earth could then furnish. Our home was in the land where the blue skies whispered ever of summer. We lived on fruits that grew for the inhabitants of earth, and roots that were found in abundance. Our home was the broad, green earth, our cottage roof the palm tree's kindly shade, our drink the crystal drops that refreshed and left the brain cool, our cups were shells, our knives the bones of animals made shapely by various devices, our table a friendly stone, our boats limbs of trees bound together with withy branches.

Thus we lived and worshiped the spirit of nature, and were conscious of higher beings with superior intelligence, that at times came to us with instructions. They gave to us a language that then seemed full of meaning, and they uttered many prophecies concerning the future ages, that to our undeveloped spirit vision seemed too far off for us to form any conception; prophecies that lighted up the future with civilization that was to follow until the earth was covered with cities, the meaning of which we were then scarcely able to understand; at length we were taught to make for ourselves a tent, which was made from the bark of trees and built around a flat stone, which we used as a table. It held only the rude implements that we found necessary to our simple mode of living. From this tent we often wandered, visiting other inhabitants who dwelt in the same land, that in our ignorance was to us the whole wide world, and each time in returning, our most humble home grew dearer, until we came to look upon it as an Eden of peace.

Thus time went by uncounted, until one evening as the sun passed from sight, a strange rumbling that we had never before heard, greeted our ears; the earth moved, the trees bowed low, the winding stream in sight of our tent disappeared, and Eon and Eoná, all unconscious of what was occurring, suddenly became inhabitants of a land where materialized forms such as we had known and possessed were not worn; this was surprising to us, when we came to comprehend the fact, which was not until it was explained by the inhabitants of this new world. Here we tarried long, the years remaining uncounted. Here we learned the power of impressing other brains, and became in a measure messengers to different races that we learned then inhabited different portions of the earth. This, in fact, formed to us the first grand epoch in existence and experience as individualized dual souls that had reached a point in progression where actual ideas were grasped and retained as real soul possessions, from which we could date our rapid acquirement of knowledge and medial unfoldment. Not that we had not previously existed, but, at the time of which I write, our front brain had developed, through the marriage

of mind and matter, where I might call intellectuality set its first grand landmark. In this land to which we had without warning and all unconsciously gone, we learned much and studied faithfully to understand, for it was impressed on our brains that we were to be especially endowed for what we then knew not. We learned to construct from wood and stone, and were made to understand the fact that gold and silver existed in the earth's formation, and were taught how to seek it, and for what purpose to use it. We were also taught to form implements of labor and warfare, as both in those days were necessary. Our language was increased in power and significance, and we were taught to form characters that would express ideas, yet we gave no thought to the meaning of this progression, knowing not that we were rapidly approaching another chapter where all our acquired powers would be brought into use.

CHAPTER II.

EONÁ comes with greetings that quicken the fires on the inner altar. All these years or ages of which I now write, we were dwellers of the spirit sphere that makes a home for the children of the earth plane, when their spiritual nature has not yet developed to that point where they reach out beyond the earth bounds; nevertheless we felt almost as gods through the knowledge that had been added to our hitherto meager store; our feet had rested on the rock, our spiritual natures had been quickened, and henceforth our pathway lay towards the mountain peaks of wisdom that were towering in the misty distance. In this sphere of which I write, we lived much as we did before our forms were taken from us, and we were scarcely conscious of any change, so real to us were our bodies, only as we moved and mingled unnoticed among the dwellers of earth, and we even then were frequently observed by them, though if we chose we were fully able to make ourselves invisible.

At stated intervals, beings of such wondrous beauty that

we were almost struck dumb came to us, giving us information concerning another sphere beyond the earth belt in which we had found a home; and we were bidden to think of it and to prepare ourselves for a journey to that sphere, which we were assured we were sometime to visit, as a preface to a great change, the import and design of which we could not understand, neither did we care to fold our tent and cease to abide in the land wherein we had found home, peace, and plenty; all this was because we were unconscious of the expansive power that was the indisputable birthright of the immortal to which we then gave but little heed. These beings of whom I write sought to instruct us concerning the fixed laws of attraction and gravitation that overcome forces, that we might gain the ascendancy, making them subservient to our will preparatory to the journey which, they continued to impress upon us, would be another great epoch in our life as souls whose necessity and power it was to mark at stated intervals their names on the towers of time, before they could join the grand anthem with those who through progression and unfoldment have become a law unto all matter.

At last the messengers came to us, saying the time had come for us to follow them, and with a feeling that the earth was again to swallow us we attempted to obey, but our feet were chained and we could in no way free ourselves, which was in part due to the dread and fear as to what was to be the final result, and, half unconscious, we were bidden to place our hands in the hands of the messengers, whose clothing as compared to ours was like the first rays of the morning sun. Obeying, we were conscious of slowly rising from the earth belt, yet with a frightened feeling as though some power unseen waited to crush us out of existence; as we passed beyond the power of this belt to attract so powerfully we grew calmer and more trustful, being constantly assured by the kindly looks of the messengers, who spoke no words. Our feet at last rested on what to us seemed as land, over which we walked as easily as though we were inhabitants of earth. In the distance we saw hills or mountains towards which the

messengers pointed, and towards which we walked. We were awed by the grandeur and beauty that everywhere greeted us, and in its perfectness seemed to have always existed, and so imperfect and undeveloped were our conceptions of this rhythmic harmony that in itself constitutes the music of the spheres that we would have turned our steps earthward and fled as from the face of Deity: but we were in another world, and knew not the earthward path. In our overpowering emotions we clung still closer together, feeling the cord of love that bound us grow brighter and stronger as though we were alone in the boundless universe. The messengers seeing us thus overpowered, for the first time spoke, and their words fell on our ears like the softest, sweetest music.

We approached what we in our limited experience called a tent: we could not discern of what it was constructed, and only saw that it was overgrown with a fine-leaved vine, and bore fruit in the form of small, red berries. Here the messengers bade us rest. We entered and were surprised to hear a blending of sounds that were repeated again and again in echoes until the whole completed the rarest music of which we had ever conceived; yet nowhere could we discern the harpers if perhaps there were. In this vine-grown lodge were beds of sweet-scented moss on which we cast ourselves, overcome by the rapidly changing scenes through which we had passed, and feeling our souls sink to almost nothingness in viewing the wondrous and inexpressible beauty that everywhere surrounded us, and so powerless were we to comprehend it that we longed for an unconsciousness that could know no waking.

For hours uncounted we thus rested, and when we again opened our eyes on this new world of unthought-of, undreamed-of beauty, we felt that we were not the same beings who longing for an unconscious existence, as matter devoid of mind, buried our faces in the sweet-scented moss beds. What the change was we were unable to understand, yet each looking into the eyes of the other, saw there a new-born beauty, peace, and love, a new-born consciousness and purpose, a something redeemed from the bondage

of an earthly law; and we were ready to turn our eyes towards the mountains that still towered in the distance.

Side by side, and hand in hand, we again followed the messengers, the path at each step growing more beautiful, being overgrown with bursting buds and full-grown blossoms over which we almost feared to tread lest we should crush them, but we noticed they only gave out their rare perfume as our feet pressed them, and again lifted their bright faces to others who might follow. As we neared the base of the mountain we for the first time became conscious that our clothing, with which we had robed ourselves as we left the earth sphere, had become entirely changed. How or when we knew not; but it was radiant like the clothing of our companions, and when they saw our look of astonishment they smiled. The smile was the soul's language, and we intuitively understood what words were not needed to explain. At the base of the mountain we again rested; not this time the rest of unconsciousness, but with our eager eyes feasting on the beauties of this sunlit land. Fruits of which the world was ignorant were brought to us, and for the first time since the beginning of our journey we refreshed ourselves.

Again, with feelings that we had through our added baptismal power grown to broader conceptions and deeper capabilities, we waited for the appearance of our guides, whose voices would be the signal for our ascent up the winding path that would lead us whither we knew not, for we could form no conception of what lay beyond the mountain's top, and we presumed not to ask questions of our guides, for whom we now waited in vain, for nowhere could we behold them. With a great fear in our hearts that told itself not in words, we looked into each other's eyes for hope and consolation. At last, standing with hands clasped, with a feeling that nothing should separate us, we were conscious of music somewhere, such as only angels could create or comprehend, and lifting our eyes, in which hope had grown dim, we saw near the top of the mountain what seemed to be a soft white cloud, tinted with amber and rose. From the cloud we heard voices mingling with the music and seem-

ing a part of it, that cried in unison, "Come up higher, come up higher." We were conscious that this was meant for us by the longing response it awoke in our souls to be one of the multitude we felt must be congregated beyond the tinted cloud. Accordingly, with hands still clasped, we began the ascent of the beautiful mountain we afterward learned was called the Mountain of Peace, because all who climb it take unto themselves an added peace, which proves in the future of every soul an impenetrable armor. The path we followed led us under arch after arch, whose down-sweeping vines of tender green touched us lovingly, caressingly, as though consciously welcoming us to this new world of unfading beauty; springs gushed from the mountain-side, every crystal drop making music as it fell in the heart of upturned flowers, or washed again and again the many tinted shells that here and there added to the beauty that at every step was deepened and intensified. Here and there fountains played in the soft light that fell as though blessing every animate and inanimate object with its benediction of love and peace, while blending with the visible and invisible came the softest, sweetest music, which rested on our susceptible souls as the tender echoes of angel thoughts floating earthward to awaken pure desires and motives in the hearts of earth's children.

Oh! Eon, as I retrace the past through the winding labyrinths of time, over the bridges of incarnations, away back to when we stood hand in hand on the Mountain of Peace, gazing afar off with eager eyes and longing hearts, I can feel your warm breath on my cheek and the same tender clasp of your hand as then, until I feel that I must awaken in your heart full memory of what followed, the one grand hour of consecration that breathes in my soul this moment the same holy fire kindled so long ago; but this I cannot yet do, and will gladly take up once more the thread dropped for a moment beneath the waves of tenderness that come sweeping over me from those far-off shores, where stand the landmarks we planted, and which together we will sometime revisit.

With a feeling of holy peace and perfect trust we con-

tinued our journey; the air became laden with a rare fragrance that in itself was food and refreshed us at every step. As we neared the top of the mountain the path took a sudden turn that brought us face to face with beings whose clothing looked as though it were made from woven sunlight, while their brows were banded with rainbows in which were set groups of stars. This was so far beyond our grandest conceptions that we cast ourselves at their feet as though they were gods. We were bidden to arise, which we did with a feeling that we could never look upon their radiant beauty; standing before them, hand in hand, as we had come to feel was to us a necessity, we felt falling over us a soft spray that made melody in the air as it fell, yet it left on our clothes no vestige of dampness. This continued for some time, when we raised our downcast eyes and beheld our own garments shining and beautiful. We then became less overcome, and each rejoiced at the new and wondrous beauty that shone over and became a part of the other.

Then there came to us two beings of ethereal beauty, bearing crown-like wreaths; which they placed on our heads, and as a grander gush of music breathed on the spice-laden air, we were led by them, while the others followed two by two, over a wondrous bridge, formed of shells and beautiful gems, with beams that appeared like gold. 'Neath arch after arch we passed until we stood spell-bound before a temple called the Temple of Love. Here again there fell over us a gentle mist, filling the air around us with an aroma so exquisite we felt that an embodied Deity must appear, but instead we were led into this temple, in the center of which was an altar. The music that here fell on our ears awakened in our hearts a tenderness we knew not was there, and a new love that will stand the test of the untold cycles was then fully born. We were led to the altar, when one whom we at first thought was God approached us, and, while wave after wave of music rose and fell on the perfumed air, united our hands, while again the gentle spray fell on us, and over us bent the tinted star-gemmed arch which is the marriage ring of the soul, while the voice of

an angel said: "Twin souls of the eternities, Eon and Eoná, whose birthplace is recorded in Deity, and whose birth-right the untold eternities wait to lay at your feet, from this hour you are messengers of light to earth's children; at stated times you must go earthward, and at stated times return, bringing to the altars of your souls your own golden sheaves."

Our hearts were now fully awakened, and we felt the holy benedictions of Deity fall upon our wedded souls; felt the mighty upspringing of thought and purpose that waited to weave its ultimates in the earth's untold histories. Gazing into each other's eyes we knew this was our first marriage ceremony; knew it would hold unbroken through the ebb and flow of the tides of time that must bear us here and there; knew we would again and again before this same altar stand face to face, and reutter our marriage vows, each time bringing an added wealth of love and experience as the well-earned trophies of our earth pilgrimage. With all this knowledge quickened within us, our wedded souls found expression of deepest joy, and we lifted our voices in songs of sacred peace.

CHAPTER III.

HERE in this sphere we tarried, the dove of perfect peace brooding over our wedded souls; tarried until our natures broadened and deepened through constant contact with the active, developing powers which in this home of the soul surrounded us; tarried until seed sown by angel hands in our hearts bore leaf and bud, until we longed to put our hands to the work, yearning for the discipline that would make us a law unto all matter, since through matter alone could we ever reach the longed-for goal. Though peering blindly through the far-off mists of time, with its untold possibilities, we turned our steps to the Temple of Wisdom, 'neath whose sunlit dome the councils met to concentrate positive force; met to weave mesh after mesh in the varied net-work of possibilities and certainties that were to become

the rended possessions of earth and earth's children in the hidden to be ; met to note the silent workings and consummations of law, that to them was as clear as the cloudless morning dawn on the mountain tops, and resulted ever in untold good to dwellers of earth, as well as to spirits who found their homes and employment in earth belt.

In the Temple of Wisdom we found we were expected and preparations had been made for our reception. Our place was assigned us, and with hearts hungering after knowledge which is the fadeless wealth of the soul, we became receptive to principles that form the base of all unfoldments. We labored in the chemical laboratory until we could form solid substances from invisible gases and again resolve them and mix them with the boundless elements, which in one sense means creating a world, and in understanding the same. Thus we comprehended what it was to be master of creative force ; and to the understanding of every fact comes a positive application of the same, which to us was full of meaning, and we understood, without a doubt, we were to verify in actual experience the knowledge that was ours, before the seal of the angel could be placed thereon.

We had been instructed, while yet dwellers in the Temple of Love, as to the positive necessity of repeated incarnations as the only avenue through which could come the needed unfoldment to round out the soul, until it shone within the radius of its own light, a full-orbed angel. Accepting this principle, as we did, to be a fact, we yet shrunk from its application, and it was long before we felt that we could become subject to this existing law, and not until we with repeated force realized ourselves as fixtures, and as such incapable of reaching out farther to grasp the unfading wealth of the unseen, did we fully waken to the truth. But when fully aroused we took up the work that lay before us, the work that must be consummated before we could place one more star in the crown of our soul's possibilities. On the altar of love, which is selfish until it deify itself, we made our first sacrifice and began another chapter in the records of time that holds the unseen volumes of every individualized soul, and will sometime return the same to each owner

with his own finger-marks on each page, with his own notes on the margin. It was now decided that unto you fell the act of incarnation, and unto me the position of silent yet active sentinel, whose duty was to weave the shining threads of harmony that your soul through them might vibrate to the same strains of celestial melody that wakened in my being its highest and purest conceptions.

Preparations for this new chapter were soon under consideration, and well I remember the sad, half wistful look in your earnest eyes, as you wiped from mine the tears that hung an uncertain misty veil, through which I smiled my full approval of all that was to follow, though I felt as if I were standing by the new-made grave of the one I most loved and had longest trusted. I knew how much I would yearn for one glimpse of you as you then were, through the open door that would swing on its hinges many and many a year before through it you would return to me with one more radiant star to place in my crown. Two celestial beings had taken upon themselves the duty of finding for your incarnation the place and surroundings most desirable, and they called themselves for the time your spirit father and mother, and as such showed me their tenderest sympathy and strong assurance.

At last, all points being fully tested, we with the spirit father and mother turned our faces earthward, passing on our way many familiar places, yet looking not back to the domes and spires of the land wherein we had dwelt so long, the land 'neath whose fadeless sky stood the Temple of Love, at whose altar a breath Deific had breathed into our souls a conscious oneness that was there recorded, and towards which the finger of time would ever point; this one part was the sunlight of our souls that shed its silvery light over all future possibilities. It was to us the milky way set with groups of stars, over which the God of our souls had written hope and love.

As we neared the earth we saw and felt the wonderful change that was in the earth's covering. Fields of waving grass met our gaze where we expected trees, and homes, such as were not known to us, were here and there visible.

We wondered happily at the change the counted centuries had wrought, and were delighted with the ocean view, and gazed on the great blue undulations that looked as though the hand of Deity was rocking it to sleep, while the rocks and cliffs echoed and rëechoed its cradle lullaby. As we at last touched the earth we found we were near one of the many homes that had attracted us at a distance by their restful look. Nearing the one pointed out to us by our angel companions we approached it, taking in at every step the pleasant surroundings. The house seemed constructed of rough stones made compact with some kind of cement in a way I did not comprehend. At one end a heavy flowering vine clambered, nearly covering it, and reached out its green arms over the low door-way, dropping down clusters of blossoms, and in that way reminding me of the vine-grown lodge wherein we rested on our way to the city of light, and I wondered much if such similarities in earth-life could not occur.

Entering the pleasant, humble home, over which shone the noon-time sun, we saw, sitting before a small, square table whereon no cloth was spread, a man and woman eating from dishes of wood and with wooden spoons, milk in which bread or something resembling it and of a dark color was broken. The surface of the earth had so changed since the time of which I write, that it is difficult to locate the country wherein this house was found, still, if I were to point out the idealized place, I should say it was in the northern part of Scotland. It was summer-time, and summer also in the hearts of the occupants of this little home; this, the harmony, betokened a harmony that was the out-growth of pure, patient, trusting hearts, looking forward in holy peace to still brighter days.

Here we found our field of labor; here the angel companions who had brought us hither left you to fall asleep and awaken again with baby eyes, gazing timidly on the green earth you would learn to love; left me to watch while you thus slumbered and woke, though I each day returned for a little time to the Temple of Wisdom. You slept, but oh, how I missed you! but, with inspiration from my home ce-

lestial. I spanned by the eye of faith the great chasm time and the needed circumstances of time were building; spanned it with the bridges over which I knew you would sometime walk with me to the holy Temple of Love, where my hands would bind your brow with the well-earned laurels gathered in earth-life to be worn in angel land.

Thus the days and weeks told themselves again and again, until the early spring, with breathings half tender, half cruel, came as the harbinger of bird and bloom, and marked on the shores of time the hour and place where one more wave from the sea of life reached the rugged shores of earth. The low sob of a little child was heard in the humble home, waking in the mother's heart a depth of love never before known, and touching the father's inmost soul as with refining fire from off the altar. "My wee bonnie bairn," the father said, as he smoothed the soft, silken hair and held in his the tiny, dimpled hands, while I watched the bright-eyed little being with a feeling of awe and wonder, never for one moment losing sight of the far-off future where would fade the last sunset of earth to light the eternal hills bordering the land celestial, where with hands clasped we would again stand face to face. I felt almost impatient to loop back the curtain of time, but no, 'twould fold itself when the drama was ended, and I patiently took up the mission that was mine, and only mine, the mission of unselfish love.

One by one the shining sands were mingled in the hour-glass of time, until the full born summer spoke itself in the peace-giving skies of blue, and the harmonies of nature breathed the buds on hill and plain to perfect bloom. Then came the time when the father and mother of the form you then inhabited, according to the customs of the age and creed, held one solemn week of prayer and fasting, that ended in a consecration of their bright-eyed bairn; the ceremonies taking place in the presence of the few with whom they held rare communications, on account of the great distance from them, and the limited facilities of getting to them. On foot came the queerly dressed few, bringing with them gifts of the most beautiful skins from animals

that then found their homes in the forest world. When all was ready, a man holding the position similar to that of priest at the present day, took from the mother's arms the little one whose wide open eyes showed the wonder therein hid, and walking side by side with the father and mother, and followed by the strange looking few, sought a spring of ever running water; and after a season of singing, that like all else at that time partook of the primitive, followed by solemnly spoken words from the seeming priest, you were held under the jet of water that sprang from the rock, before joining the warbling brook. This was supposed to be all powerful in washing from your heart all disposition to wander from the path wherein your father and mother were then walking. This completed, all returned to the little home, and seating you on a high cushion made from piling up the soft furs that had been brought you as consecrating gifts, crowned you with green leaves; then forming a circle marched around you, each one pressing into your baby hands a string of wooden beads colored from the red juice of berries. Thus ended the ceremonies, which were followed by a rare feast, consisting of wild meat cooked out of doors by holding bits of the raw substance on sharp sticks over a fire, the dark looking food before alluded to as something approaching bread, and coarse fruits that earth does not now produce.

Among the little crowd I moved, feeling like a spirit disinherited and cast out to wander on the earth shores among barbarians until some angel could and would plead for my return. It may seem strange that proceedings so simple as those mentioned could cast over me the slightest mist; but I had not yet learned what incarnation meant, and had I held the power at that moment to have recalled the wave of time that bore me to such strange shores surrounded by such uncouth proceedings, I would with one wave of my hand have beckoned it back; but no, I was neither at the top of the ladder, nor at the bottom, neither could nor would I leave you to complete your journey unattended by my presence, and to my soul there was born this truth, that through your incarnation and the incidents

that as a natural consequence followed it until the spirit again freed itself. I was, to become the recipient of your earth lessons, wisdom, hatred, genius, aye, in all the possibilities of your soul I was, and would continue to be through endless ages, the partner to whom fell my equal share. This was the first lesson your incarnation taught me, and through all the days that have dawned and nights that have dimmed since then, it has been a landmark towards which my longing heart has turned for reuttered assurance, that to the foot-sore pilgrim up the heights of time comes like the low amen to angels' prayers.

Since then I have learned that matter has, and holds as its own legitimate right, power to govern and make positive impressions on whatever it holds in its embrace; and through those impressions the spirit held by it must build its own bridges, pave its own highway, back again through matter to the home positive of the soul, before it is superior to matter; and not until it is superior to matter has it earned its heirship to a position of godlike power in the sun center. It can and does exist there prior to its baptism in matter, because of its purity and immortality, but as a wisdom father or mother of the innumerable worlds that find their centers in unlimited space, it has no conception, can have none, until it lowers its position as babe deific and weds itself to matter, and through matter again fights its own way back to the very tops of the eternal hills, where the love of the Infinite greets it in every breath that blows, in every bud that blooms. It is then it has fully deified itself and becomes the masterful power that can watch the birth of new worlds and attend in their unfoldment.

All this is true of every soul that, with its mate, has been cast from the central sun. And this is why incarnation like a loving, coaxing mother holds her hands forth, showing therein the radiant possibilities that diamond-like flash back the hidden rays of truth; and had it not been for incarnation, the ever-existing saviour of mankind, all spirits would to-day be as babes and still inhabitants of the central spheres, with their possibilities yet undeveloped. But it was not the special province of Deity to establish a nursery

and forever watch over tender babes, finding supreme content in their glorified smiles. There were innumerable worlds to be born and inhabited, and matter, which is the dual mate of Deity, had its own rights, could and did make its own demands. Thus every new world that has been born in space, and unfolded until it could make and hold an atmosphere that could support life, has attracted to it these tender immortals, folding them closely in its embrace; hushed them to sleep on its bosom, and then wakened them and thus started them on their long journey over hill, valley, and plain, with their faces ever turned towards their Father's house. No matter how far at times they may seem in the false judgments of the world to stray, the voice of the Father calls them, and through the winding paths that lie before them, over which they must pass, they are ever hastening homeward, where for every soul awaits the crown their brows could never wear, could they not prove their undoubted right to every star therein set, by the victories won through wedding with matter:

My digressive steps I retrace and once more take up the single cord on which is strung, one after another, the points historical towards which for years you have turned your longing eyes, in each glance asking in the soul's language for a solution of the past that to you is hidden, because of the different houses in which the soul has dwelt; some facing to the north, some to the south, some to the east, and some to the west, the deeds of which are recorded in the lands of souls, with exact date and references, to which is attached the seal of the great architect law. Through the ever busy loom of time the passing years were woven, each bearing a color of its own, subdued or radiant, made by the power of circumstances, whose well-known province it is to tint and retouch until there is a harmonious blending of the whole; here a thread of sober gray, running parallel with a thread of crimson, the blending adding beauty to each that otherwise could not have existed. With the added years come their demands, burthens, responsibilities, while there was developed in your nature a willingness and power to meet and bear them,—ever

thoughtful, ever wondering what the world of matter held beyond the reach of human ken, why man existed, and how God sustained a positive relation to all things visible and invisible. Through all your questions that were in themselves positive proofs that you had lived elsewhere, I tried to breathe into your wondering soul a sweet remembrance of the peaceful past, and only as the hours of approaching sleep were blended with the hours of consciousness, waking the twilight of memory, did I succeed, and then only for a moment, for as the spires of the sunlit shone through the mists of earth, you either wakened suddenly, wondering at what you called strange dreams, or, wandering still farther in dreamland, met me with outstretched hands, and followed me back to the shores of the soul's sweet home, drinking in thoughts progressive that made you seem in your earth home a strange child; or on whom your earth parents thought had fallen an especial light from Deity, until they ceased to chastise, fearing otherwise they might provoke to anger the God in whom with holy reverence they trusted.

Thus you grew to the undisputed rights of manhood; while I, through the positive oneness that is the birthright of each mate, learned, through your incarnation, the same lessons; that is, the results of law forced themselves on you unasked, unsought. In your earth discipline I fully participated, sowing and reaping from the same field the harvests of joy or sorrow, else I could not keep pace with you in your experience lessons in matter. From the depth of each attribute up through matter to the highest round of the same, must and did I walk by your side, until I, too, at times almost forgot the life to which I then belonged, in the atmosphere of earth; nevertheless I made frequent returns to the peaceful abode that so long had been our home, and in thus doing kept ever in the soul's light-house the lamp filled and burning, knowing sometime the fogs of life would thicken and enshroud you, and on the rock-bound shores of time your life-boat might lie wrecked unless the lamp of untiring love sent ever over the waters its assuring gleams.

As your perceptive powers unfolded and quickened, you were drawn closely to nature, until in your intimacy with hill and vale you became naturally *en rapport* with the healing power of the vegetable world, and with this knowledge came as its companion the power of application which made you seem in the eyes of your family an oracle of wisdom. Many and many a time in that long, long ago when in experiences through matter we were both as little children, have I walked by your side, over hills, through forests and valleys, the blue sky above, the green earth beneath, and the breath of the Infinite speaking blessings to the animate and inanimate world; and often when through weariness you have thrown yourself to rest on the warm earth, have I touched the half-closed lids, thus opening, through the power of harmony that existed between you and nature, a world that you defined as the realm of fancy and that you imagined was peopled by objects and beings of your own creation—a world bordering, in peace and beauty, the fair land of dreams, while in fact it was but a subdued glimpse of the path that led up and away, the path over which years before in your earthward journey your spirit feet had passed, consequently the nearest to you and the first to be seen when the shadows of time waved back, letting in the peace-giving visions of the home from which for a time and purpose you had wandered.

It was in one of these long rambles and communings with nature that the twilight fell before you were aware of its rapid approach. The night held no moon, and, through your anxiety to reach a well-known path that you could follow at any hour, you lost your hold of harmony and I could have no power over you to impress you, consequently could do nothing but follow your wandering steps that each moment led you farther and farther from home, farther and farther into the heart of the great forest. I walked closely by your side like a dim shadow, holding myself in harmony with myself and with the elements, that I might disarm of their ferocity the beasts of prey that under cover of darkness make their devastating rounds, as you went through the darkness for hours, till at last, through the night and

the depths of the forest, shone one little ray like the gleam of an infant star.

Hastening towards it you at last approached what might be called a small hut, and craved admittance, which was granted without questionings and without delay. The one room of which the dwelling consisted was high enough to admit of your standing erect. The walls were hung with beautiful skins, so that no portion of them was visible. Near the one opening in the side of the hut, serving for a window, stood what was intended for and used as a table: several stools also served as furniture. Here dwelt an old man, whose long white hair and beard gave evidence of not having been cut in many years, as they fell in wavy whiteness, making a strong contrast with the keen looking, almost black eyes peering from beneath projecting brows. What clothing he wore was made entirely from skins: on his feet were sandals, and his only ornament, a heavy ring, in which were set some precious stones. His only companion was a fair-browed maiden, with long black hair and tender eyes. Her clothing, like the vestments of the ancient-looking being with whom she dwelt, was also of skins, brightened here and there with the gay plumage that at some time had been owned by swift-winged birds. The long beak of a bird also held back her hair, and with it were fastened several plummy feathers. With the swift, wild movements of an Indian maiden, she turned, taking from the walls several of the softest skins, and, placing them smoothly on the ground, beckoned you to rest, which, after the long ramble reaching far into the night, was to your wearied form exceedingly welcome, and you were soon forgetful of the night and its wanderings—forgetful of the little hut and its strange occupants, in the peace and rest-giving sleep that followed unbroken until the sun tinted sky and cloud-land, but pressed not into the heart of the forest.

After partaking of the continued hospitality of your strangely found friends, you learned somewhat of their history. The white-haired man, in some country he did not name, had been a dweller in a Holy Temple, standing

before the people as an emblem of purity: but there had committed a great wrong, the import of which you did not learn, as minute explanations were avoided. In this unnamed country there was no law for the execution of one who had held the position that he had both honored and dishonored; accordingly there was held a private council, which ended in deciding that he must, unbeknown to all others, leave his holy order, his home, his country, his all, which he did in disguise under cover of night, taking with him the sweet maiden, who was then but a little child, left in his care by a dear friend, whose death left the little child without parental care, her mother having previously departed to the land of souls. The mother at one time, when quite young, had been betrothed to the white-haired hermit, but as time passed she met and loved more deeply the one whom she married, which turned the life-bark of the betrothed, and, feeling the beauty and joy flown from life, as fades at times the fairest of newborn morns, he turned his thoughts within and found there the God of his own soul, and determined ever after to keep on that altar the sacrifice of self. Thus was a part of his life mapped out to you; here a country of peace, there a winding river of sorrow, in which at last was found a whirlpool, which resulted as before expressed in a midnight escape from his own country. Remembering his promise made to the child's father, as his eyes caught a glimpse of the spires of his father land, he took with him the little one, who had been his only companion during the years of his isolation. The ship that bore him from the land of his birth left him on strange, wild shores, where he built or constructed the rude abode in which he then dwelt; and as every even-tide wove its net-work of shadows, he lighted a rude lamp and placed it where star-like it gleamed, one ray of hope in the gathering darkness.

Circumstances are born in and people the world of cause and effect; they are the legitimate results of individualized existencies; the oars that row life-boats here and there; the mile-posts of time, whereon are marked success or failure; links in the chain that unites the two forever, the forever

of the past and the forever of the future: bridges that span deepest gulfs and broadest rivers, thereby leading to countries the particulars of which the soul has never learned, because the geography of soul land leaves them unmentioned, as travelers to that country see so differently, each bringing back so different a report that no distinct reliable map can be laid out. Yet the countries exist, and the bridges leading thereto are constructed to meet the needs (not of nature's desires) of each.

It was over one of these bridges of circumstance that Eon of the second incarnation wandered on that far-off moonless night, till through the darkness peered the one welcome ray that led to shelter and protection. Aye, more than that, lighted the lamps that hung in the valleys of the future, of which your eyes then caught no glimpse. Back and forth over this new-found bridge your feet thereafter often passed; beyond it there lay to you a new country that it was pleasant to explore, and it was also well to know the manner and customs of the inhabitants. Consequently the woodland twilight often found you beneath the shelter of the hermit, whose solitude was brightened and cheered by your occasional presence, until he came to welcome you as a much loved son, over whose pathway was falling the light of the future. In the dark eye of the maiden shone the light of peace that borders the land known among the inhabitants of earth as the realms of love, because love is printed in great letters over the arch that leads thereto.

The country beyond most earth travelers speak of as having many winding paths, some leading up steep and rocky hills, others through dark valleys, watered by rapidly running streams that bear on their hastening waves anger and dissension, though there are many very pleasant, sunny paths and peaceful abodes that are landmarks, speaking to the heart of wisdom in prophetic words of the distant future of this planet. As the hermit became more interested in you he took upon himself the pleasant task of instructing you in the particular geography of the country from which he was exiled; also the situation of the land and water leading from the home of his choice to the home of his neces-

sities. And to make his lessons more impressive, he prepared the inner bark of large trees by bleaching and drying it in the sun, then softening it with pure animal oil. Then on this he drew with a pointed stick, partly charred by fire, a map of the country reaching from the home of his exile to the home and land of his past prosperity. On this map all points of interest were marked and named, and he dwelt on them until you and the maiden of this forest home became entirely familiar with them, and often planned how, if it were necessary, you might find your way over land and water to this to you unknown country, over which you had already built many day-dreams, until you longed for a breath of the air that fanned its green shores.

After every point on the map was thus fully memorized, the hermit drew still another, which was the map of the city wherein was the Holy Temple in which he had dwelt and labored. This city was enclosed by massive walls, and had but one double gate leading thereto, that in times of peace was opened just at sunrise and closed just at sunset, while those within or without the gates at the hour of their closing found it necessary to remain where they were, as the law of the council strictly forbade any digression from this edict on penalty of death to the keepers of the gate. This was done to annihilate all possibilities of sent runners of hostile countries from seeking under cover of night for weak points in the construction of the wall, where attacks could be made and bombardments carried on until the city was overthrown and passed into the hands of the enemies, whose highest ambition in that era was to conquer and possess through conquering, and they recognized no right but the right of might, which accounts largely for the development of muscular power at that date of the world's history. The hermit related to you that at one time in the remote history of this city the keepers of the gate were bribed with gold, precious stones, and promises of small provinces over which to rule, and for this they opened the gate at night time, and before the fact was known many armed warriors were admitted and posted at different points within the city; but a holy priest, to hold

deeper communion with the God he worshiped, had strolled out at the hour of midnight, and while breathing his vows to the far-off stars met one of the stationed warriors, and was slain by him, but not before he had given an alarm that was soon re-echoed until it reached the ears of the warriors whose duty it was to guard the city and all it held of human life and homes. It being a time of peace, the sentinels on the walls had slept, to waken to sounds of strife, for there followed a hand-to-hand conflict in which brave warriors with sword or spear fought side by side with husbands and brothers, till the streets of the city were red with the blood of the slain, and the battle ceased not until the last intruder was killed and his body thrown over the great wall to the army without, who continued to besiege the city for days, until their supplies were exhausted, when they again marched to their own country, carrying with them the tempted keepers, who dared not remain within the walls, having forfeited all claims to everything but death.

In this city, of which the hermit was giving you such extensive instruction, he informed you was the rightful home of the maiden over whom he had watched with the love and tenderness of a father for many years, and he brought forth an old parchment, which he read and interpreted to you, remarking as he folded the time-worn scroll and laid it away, that if the maiden in person should now present it to the council she would receive again her home and all that was rightfully hers; then added in an undertone, "But my feet can never again press the green shores of the land I love."

One day after the maps were fully mastered and laid away, your strange friend proposed the building of a boat, to which you consented, feeling some way adapted to the work as though you had done something of the kind before, yet you remembered not the instructions in wood and stone received in the earth sphere before you were taken on the journey to another country, from whence you had returned to earth to use the powers there gained; yet you saw in your mental sky the way and the means. Accordingly long saplings were felled, the longest being used for

the bottom of the boat, bent at both ends until the form of a boat was secured; others were added, and were withed together with bark, from which the woody part was removed. To do this successfully it was found necessary for the hermit and maiden to make for themselves another home, which was done, erecting a counterpart of their fur-lined abode near the ocean, where its ceaseless roar sounded ever in their ears. Thither you also journeyed with the approval of the parents, who listened to your words with a feeling that all would be well. Here after the primitive boat was completed you still tarried, and often alone or with the dark-eyed maiden proved your power to manage and propel this not swift-winged boat, and in that way you soon acquainted yourself with the coast for miles and miles, often being absent for many days together.

One evening as the sun touched forest and ocean with lovelit tints that deepened as they faded, the hermit called to his side as he reclined on a pile of soft skins yourself and the maiden, and, brushing from his eyes a mist that tender memories of the far-away past had hung there, spoke as one almost in a dream. "Children," he said, "I am going to the home of my fathers, the home of the soul. I have already heard a voice of love calling me from over the waters that wash the peaceful shore where my exile will end, and before I go I ask of you that the only earthly desire of my heart may be gratified. Stand before me, and if your own hearts respond to my uttered words repeat them after me." He then pronounced a simple yet holy marriage service, at the same time taking from his finger the ring he had worn for years, he placed it first on your hand, then on the hand of the maiden, where he left it, as you twain finished repeating the devoutly-worded service. Then as you knelt before him he blessed you from the fullness of his heart, and the Eoná who now gathers these memories as a tribute from the misty past breathed over both her prayers of love, and in the sacred amen that fell from her spirit lips the guardian of the maiden joined, while her mother, who so long had dwelt in a lovelit home, laid on her brow a band of pure white blossoms just bursting

to full bloom. Thus ended a marriage in the distant past. It was not a marriage of souls, but of forms wherein souls dwelt; a marriage for a purpose; that was to be a stepping-stone to something better and that formed one more link in the chain of circumstances that spans and bridges all the gulfs and streams in human existencies, and these links must of necessity exist, else the chain would be incomplete and come far short of uniting the forever.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER this most unconventional and unceremonious consummation of marriage relations in primitive conditions, you tarried in the hut of the hermit, making it your constant home. The swiftly passing months left in their flight changes that were the unthought-of circumstances that were still to weave threads into the web of your united lives. The dark eyes of the hermit took into their depths a strange luster, as though the light from the land of souls was shining over the one sacred altar, whereon for long years he had in solitude and with an ever hungering heart sacrificed to the Deity of his own soul. At last, one evening, as the breath of the wild flowers of spring freshened the woodland air, he lifted his thin hands heavenward with a cry of joy that must have found response in some waiting heart, and with the fading sunset he was gone, while you were both conscious of an angelic presence that filled the one little room with a softened, tender light, such as one might well expect would break on the peace-giving shores of the isles of the blest.

The sweet, trustful maiden Zair, who was now your life companion, grieved deeply over the departure of her protector, for he had been to her all the light, love, and joy her simple life had known, until you, guided by the unseen power of circumstances, rapped at the door of her heart and were bidden to enter, and as you twain stood side by side, and hand in hand, by the lone and lowly grave of the her-

mit, you too shed tears of sympathy, and mentally promised your better self to write with tender and loyal hand on every leaf in her life-book, the angel-coined word, love. Together you strewed over the worn casket from which the spirit had flown, sweetest blossoms of spring-time, then tenderly folded over him rich furs, and finally the warm earth, fresh with tender green and bursting buds. At the head of this humble grave you placed a roughly hewn cross of wood, that many years after marked to bird, beast, and solitary traveler his quiet resting place.

As spring advanced till it felt the flush and bloom of coming summer, you both felt an indefinable longing weaving itself into your thoughts and hopes for another home, where the outreaching and broadening possibilities of your souls might find room for their hitherto pent-up expressions. Remembering the time-worn parchment so long in possession of the hermit, and the instructions he had so zealously striven to impart, you decided and planned a speedy departure from this life of isolation: although it was the best you had ever known, you felt there somewhere existed actual idealized possibilities, the echoes of which had made strange music in your soul.

Gathering together the articles you deemed of greatest use or importance, they were placed in the nameless boat which you had constructed, being shielded by a bower of bark and leaves deftly woven by the hands of Zair. This was also large enough to form a protection to the brave-hearted pair, who little feared the powers, visible or invisible, by which they were surrounded. For food you depended on roots, with which you were acquainted and of which you had gathered sufficient to serve for several days. You also expected to be able to provide yourselves with wild game and berries, which you could do by landing. To people that were unaccustomed to the luxuries that flooded and crowned the civilization of later periods, this was sufficient. You had learned to be content with feasting or fasting, and either condition failed to be a disturbing principle, and you would have had no idea what disposition to make of the overflowing larders of the present day.

The morning of your departure your parents, who had been informed of your plans, came to say farewell and wish you God-speed, and as your unwieldy boat left the wild shores where many hours of peace had woven themselves like sweet strains of music into your life, they bowed themselves to the ground and walked away. This was the last time in earth-life you ever met the honest Scotch father and mother who greeted so tenderly the advent of their "wee bairn" into this life.

At last you were afloat on the untried waves, that sometimes rushed you on as though in haste to bear you to your final abiding place, and sometimes, as though weary with their own fretfulness, quietly mirrored the queer boat and still queerer occupants and left you to idly float, dreaming dreams of peace and building castles whose domes and spires reached beyond the cloud-land.

Passing over the incidents of this lengthy voyage, during which you ever drifted as near to the shore as was safe, I bring you to the land of your longings, the walled city of which only ancient history breathes faintest tidings, showing the inhabitants rebellious and warlike to all other powers who sought in any way to encroach even in trivial matters. It was early morning, and with but few faint streaks of light in the far-reaching blue, making the strange land seem still more strange and wild, until you involuntarily clasped each other's hands to fully assure yourselves you were not wandering in dreamland and about to waken in the fur-lined hut that was to cast never again around you twain its shadows of home love and protection, the knowledge of which wakened in your hearts a yearning akin to the grieved sob of a child who touches with dimpled hand the cold cheek of its dead mother. So the morning light crept into the sky, defining the hitherto vague lines. There now and then passed before you strange looking and strangely dressed people, appearing like stragglers who in life had no object except to wander and beg. Occasionally they stopped and turned their staring eyes full upon you, as though wondering who and what you were, for, remember, you were as strangely arrayed as were those curious

ones who seemed puzzled at your presence. At length a wild clamor of bells and horns that startled you both to trembling, told to all who dwelt within the sound thereof that another day had dawned and the gates of the city were open. Being instructed by the now immortal hermit that no stranger was ever allowed to pass the gates at any hour of the day without first paying a tribute, you had thoughtfully prepared yourself for this emergency by bringing with you rich furs in the place of gold or silver, neither of which had been obtainable by you. With these you presented yourselves before the keepers of the gates, Zair explaining your mutual object, as her dialect had ever been the dialect of this land. The keepers gladly took the offered tribute, and bade you enter the city, which you did, taking with you still other furs with which to win favor with the Council, as it was here you had work to accomplish before you could place Zair the faithful in her rightful possessions and give to yourself the basis of a future prosperity that dimly shone in this new morn of your life.

Were it not that there is but one path wherein each pair of feet can and must tread, there would be strange and abrupt scenes in which many would be crowded into by-paths or niches to await the inflowing of a chance wave to float them out and on. But as it is, the many separate paths go winding onward and onward, and the feet belonging to them tread patiently or impatiently to the end, held there through the action of an unseen law, governed with exactness by an unseen power. Thus you and your ever ready and always loving helper Zair walked, because it was for you to walk this strange path with its many curves, and felt your hearts overflowing with the courage that wins through all difficulties, and with a feeling that you were treading on your own soil, you twain turned your steps towards the council chamber of this ancient city. You were closely watched by the stationed guards and followed by many more curious than wise, for your dress and appearance were so in keeping with the many wild fabrications told of other lands that many looked upon you with fear, lest by the performance of some strange feat you might immedi-

ately annihilate them all and the city become the city of the dead.

At the outer door of the council chamber you were met by guards, who turned their spears full upon you until your flesh was pierced. Not comprehending this kind of treatment, and knowing nothing of obedience at the sword's point in the wild, free life you had always led, you felt yourself on the point of protecting your own honor as a man, when a dweller of the city approached the guards, who again presented their spears. Immediately the man uncovered his head, dropped on one knee and touched his lips to the glistening spears, then passed on. Instantly you both saw the difficulty and the way out of it, and on bended knee with lips pressed to the cruel spear, you congratulated yourselves on the interposing incident that had undoubtedly saved your name and left you free to pursue not your fates, but the grand result of causes that link after link spread the ages apart, the farther link radiant with the light of the sun, however. With rapid steps you followed the stranger, who unconsciously acted as guide, not knowing what other barriers might stand in the way of your progress and final success; but it was for you to win, and at each curve in the path over which hung the mists of doubt and uncertainty, a kindly incident, through animate or inanimate object, turned the tide and the mists arose. Passing this outer door, you ascended a long flight of stone steps with heads uncovered and bowed, with your hands on your hearts, and approached the inner door. This too was guarded, and, watching the stranger, you placed your hands on the presented spears and passed the inner door, which proves the last barrier between you and the point you then had in your heart to gain.

There were several applicants in before you, and sitting down on a bench near the entrance, which you rightly conjectured was to accommodate the waiting crowd, you had hours before you in which to gaze in wonder and amazement on your present surroundings. They were strange and new, and contrasted so strangely with the woodland quiet, where the low whispering of the winds to the toss-

ing leaves was the only voice you heard for many days together, that you wondered if you had not lost your mind and were not dwelling in a world of imagination. The architecture of this chamber was to you a realization of your most complete ideals. In the center of this spacious room was a structure resembling a throne, on which sat, under a gayly colored canopy, the King of the Council. Perhaps king is not just the word I should use. It seems difficult to explain some points or ideas, and the words that stand for ideas are sometimes so poorly related that the thought to be conveyed is lost in the weak words that express it. Coming to earth, spirits are obliged to accommodate themselves to the language that here exists, or whatever else they need to use, for if they should use their more advanced modes of expression the world would be ignorant of their meaning. Hoping to be understood, I resume. The personage of whom I spoke as occupying the elevated position was clothed in crimson with trimmings of gold. Around this throne, and taking in much room, extended a high balustrade, at one side of which was a gate that was kept closed and fastened, only as some one was passing in or out.

The hours crept away until the sun looked towards the west, before the crier of the Council informed you that your application would be considered. It was with a feeling of mingled fear and awe that you and Zair passed through the gate and heard it close and fasten after you. After a short silence, during which you knew not what to do, a voice from the throne called out: "Who are these new-comers that they bend not the knee and offer not tribute within the privacy of the council chamber?" You were then ordered to kneel at the throne and leave your tribute, which you did, and instead of six pieces of gold you placed at the feet of the throne-occupant the rich and beautiful furs you had brought with you from your forest home, where you had bent the knee only to nature and the Deity that breathed through every animate and inanimate object. This done you placed on the table (around which were seated the wise ones of the Council) the time-worn and time-

yellowed parchment. This was passed from one to another, with an exchange of keen glances that showed an awakened interest that boded good to you twain. It was then passed up to the occupant of the throne, who, reading it, immediately commanded you to be seated, when he descended from his exalted seat and bade the crier to bring forward the book of the priests wherein was recorded the names of all the priests that had dwelt in the Holy Temple during many past ages. Taking the book in his own hands he rapidly turned the leaves until he at last read aloud the name of Alzore, Priest of the Holy Temple. Reading on still further his brow clouded, and with the one word, disgraced, he closed the book of priests and called for the book of yearly tributes, wherein was recorded the names of all who paid annual tribute to the Council. Here he read the name of Haloth, and quickly closing the book of tributes he approached, and laying his hand on the bowed head of Zair, who trembled, partly through fear and partly through the feeling of awe and wonder that filled her whole soul, the King speaking, said in kindest tones: "Maiden, fear not. Your father and I were as the fondest brothers, and I wept sorely when coming from battle with hostile powers I found he was dead. Once when we were lads we were taken captives and lived in tents on the great plains that lie to the East, and it was for us a happy day when the enemy were surprised and we were recaptured to be borne still farther away; but the young love scenes that change and the battle drum ceases to be music to their ears. Maiden, fear not, for your possessions shall be restored to you and the one who as companion you have brought with you, and until then you shall both be my chosen guests, with servants to do your bidding."

Thus it came about that you were at once lifted from the humble position which you had always occupied and became the chosen guests in the Empire of the King of the Council, where you and Zair were clothed in the richest vestments, and there were held great feasts in which wine was drank from vessels of gold, while you entertained and pleased them by telling of the strange life you had hitherto

led. You also gave them information concerning the land from whence you had come and of the manner in which you had lived. Thus the threads were being woven that brought out the incidents that were ever open doors through which you passed, seeing not the power that guided and lighted the way.

In due time, and when weary with the great feasts that had been prepared, you were fully established in the early home of Zair, who, after conforming to the modes of dress that prevailed in this ancient city, came to be called very beautiful, and many hearts warmed towards her because of the great goodness that filled her soul, ever making around her an atmosphere of restfulness and peace. Here were born to you five sons and three daughters, all of whom did honor to the hearts that loved and the home that sheltered them. Here I partially left you for a time, returning to you only at stated intervals, as I had before returned to spirit land for a recuperation of wisdom and strength. It was always at the twilight hour I came, and at each return I breathed into your soul high spiritual aspirations, and impressed you with a strong love for the beautiful in nature and art. This was to be my loving return to you as compensation for the earth lessons I had needed, and had thus far received through your incarnation. Thus you understood we both reaped a twofold harvest from the separate fields of life, the here and the hereafter, the power of which we both feel even at the present, showing that good attained is never lost sight of by spirit or mortal. At last through the many glimpses I had brought you from the life beyond, and left on your brain as beautiful pictures, you conceived the idea of becoming a gilder, which idea at last took form through the assistance brought you from beyond, and so completely did you master your art that you became a gilder of temples, and your fame remained not at home, but so spread abroad that you were sought by messengers from other countries, whither at times you went, for like all incarnated beings you loved and aspired to the topmost waves, and felt the glory thereof necessary to your happiness.

It was during one of these absences from the land of your choice that a beautiful maiden, the daughter of an exalted officer, became enamored with you, and showed you all manner of kind attention until she at last begged you to forsake home and family and be unto her a husband, at the same time making you many offers of power and position, to all of which her father expressed his approval and desire; and when you refused to listen to her winsome words, and told her you must return to your own land and kindred, she became greatly disturbed and expressed much anger, as did also her father. At last, finding themselves powerless to influence you, they, under pretense of theft, had you arrested and cast into prison. Here the maiden after a time again visited you, still placing before you the temptation of power and position, all of which was in the hands of her father to cause to be consummated, but you remained steadfast in your loyalty to your country and the ties that bound you. Consequently you were left in prison, where, hungering for sight of home and family, you remained until the death of the revengeful officer, when you were allowed to return in peace. You had long been mourned as dead, and many a stern-faced warrior had sought the love of the beautiful Zair, but her sad eyes always filled with tears, and the warriors, though they loved the wild scenes of battle, had hearts that could be touched to tenderness by woman's devotion. Thus she remained ever true to the one with whom she had dared the perils of land and sea.

Your home-coming was the occasion of great feasting and rejoicing, and many there were who participated therein. After this you went no more to distant lands for glory, but dwelt among those you loved, though you at one time acted as guide to an invading army sent from the city wherein you dwelt in quest of power, as was the custom in those days. You led them to the city where you were imprisoned, and they brought away with them much wealth in precious stones, vessels of gold, and cloth of beautiful texture, which they learned afterwards to make. A great reward was offered to any one who could devise a method of producing it, which, after many trials and failures, was done.

Of the five sons here born to you two became warriors, one a gilder, one a worker in wood and stone, in which he did greatly excel, while the youngest, not inheriting as strong a physical as the others, turned his attention to the learning of the day, and finally became a public instructor. In those days idlers were not as prevalent as now, except among the wandering tribes who dwelt in tents and at times infested cities, performing all manner of tricks for gold, silver, or copper, until driven out by the officers whose duty it was to look after the interests of the city.

Unto Zair, who comes with me, I leave the communication, as she recalls the long ago, with all its minute notes.

EONÁ.

High and holy is the mission of the long departed, who seek to bring from the dim ages page after page of the past, that the denizens of earth imagine never existed, knowing not that they have left their foot-prints all along the corridors of time. I tremble through the power and presence of many thoughts that foam like a mighty torrent through the unclosed avenues of the many past. My husband of the long ago, I breathe over you blessings in memory of the years in which we dwelt together in the city of Séré; here through the guiding power from the other life we laid the grand foundation for progression; our children grew around us, partaking of the influx from the spirit world, until our home was a heaven of peace, compared with the homes in that barbarous age, where disobedience to law meant death.

At length the twilight of life towards which we were both looking came, and you went no more among the dwellers of the city, but tarried in your own home, nourished almost entirely by the fruits of the land. The last leaf in your life-book was turned, unthought of to us both.

It was evening and misty twilight; we were sitting together on an upper balcony facing the west. You seemed in musing mood, when, turning suddenly, you bade me listen to the strange, sweet music that seemed floating in waves from some place above. At last I too caught the strain, and listened until I became so entranced that I spoke not until

it ceased, when, laying my hand on yours that moved not, I found the spirit I so loved had gone to join the harpers. Then I wept the saddest tears of my life. There was nothing here to hope for, and I only longed to follow you to the land whither you had gone. The body that was dear because of the spirit that had inhabited it was embalmed, and for fourteen days the Holy Priests burnt over it incense for the dead, at the end of which time it was conveyed to the sepulcher. Thus, dear friend of the present and the long ago, I bring from my own life-book the closing scene of that incarnation, with many pleasant remembrances of that home life.

ZAIR.

Such, Eon, was the closing scene of your earth life, remembered and told by the sweet spirit Zair, who through incarnations stands far up the ladder of progression, a leading spirit. I was conscious that the time for your departure from earth had come, and I came with others with music to woo you with forgetfulness when the hold the spirit had on the warm form had loosened, and you fell at my feet like a tired child, that from roaming the green meadows of May in search of sweet scented blossoms comes home in the misty twilight for rest and love, and they were both waiting for you to crown the closing scene of your pilgrimage. Still sleeping, you were borne from earth, to which long years before you had come that the book of your life might lack no volumes. Up through the earth belt to the very sphere in which our marriage was solemnized, you were carried to my own lovelit home. Here you were placed on a low cot to sleep until the eyes, tired with the strange scenes of earth life, opened refreshed and gladdened. I busied myself about the dear little home to which my discharged warrior had at last come, now and then softly touching the closed lids, and with lips that had waited long to greet you. At length, taking in my hands a stringed instrument, I sat by you, softly touching the chords, until the little room was filled with the love echoes of my own soul that longed for a response. Long I thus watched and waited until at last your eyes unclosed and looked straight into mine for the

first time since the law of nature rocked you to sleep in the cradle of incarnation.

Springing suddenly from the cot, you spoke as one bewildered, saying, "Oh, Eona, such a strange, wild dream I have had; there is so much of it. I feel as though it had lasted for years, and it was not in this land nor this beautiful home, but far away in some strange country." Seeing you powerless to connect the past with the present, without speaking I took your hand and again began the journey earthward, and not until I led you into the very presence of Zair did you recall all, when suddenly through the knowledge thus gained there were born in you a nobler look and more perfect form than you ever before had attained to. Then your whole being was conscious of the Eoná who had been the star that led you through the wilderness; when, after smoothing the pathway for the patient and pure-hearted Zair until she was willing to bide her time, knowing the harpers would sometime come for her, we once more sought our own lovelit cottage 'neath the blue of summer-land skies, where we were to reap in abundance from the fields immortal the harvest that awaited our compensation for your baptism in matter, and my watchfulness and full participation in whatever brought to your soul joy or sorrow, or whatever came, the overcoming being the golden grain to be garnered in the soul's store-house. Now spiritual baptisms were to be ours, through which the law of progression breathed ever a benediction of peace that lifts the soul above all save the magnetic relations we each, as individualized souls, sustain to matter. These were to lead us further and still further into the realms, the wonderfully beautiful, bathing and rebathing our souls in fountains of endless wisdom and love, thus leading us steadily towards the home from whence as babes we were tempted, or drawn earthward through the positive power of unconscious matter over conscious spirit.

This power is, and ever has been, the Christ of progression, and has, like a beacon light, gone in advance, showing where lay the avenues of unfoldments, only through which the spirit becomes masterful and Godlike, and at last

reaches its Father's house, rounded to completeness in all the soul's possibilities. Our bridal morning came again, not that in the actual sense we were remarried, but, seeking again the Temple of Love, where, after so many years of pilgrimage over the hills and through the vales of earth life, we uttered once more the same sacred vows our spirit lips had so long before whispered in the presence of the pure in heart. Perhaps it was more truly consecration day, for we were to offer on the altar of the temple the ripened sheaves brought from earth's shores, and consecrate the power thus gained to greater efforts and more rapid strides, for in the mysterious unknown that lover-like beckoned unceasingly to us, showing where far into the mists wound the pathway that led to spiritual heights, there was a place waiting for us as well as all other dual mates of all constellations. The air of that heaven echoed and re-echoed with the music from unseen harps, every note of which met a response in our hearts, and breathed to us a welcome born from the fullness of peace and love. The sunlight of perfect peace rested on leaf, bud, and blossom, and bending bough and broad expanse of tender green, on love-singing brooks and skies of fadeless blue, and breathed a benediction of love that held no amen on spirits Eon and Eoná, as with hands clasped they stood before the altar made sacred by long-ago vows that there were made and registered. The voice of one radiant as the morning said: "Eon and Eoná, the unwearied brooks wind ever valeward, not so with you; the birds with songful hearts sweep through the summer air on tireless wings, not so with you; the mighty oaks grow skyward, reaching their strong arms far up to gather the dews of heaven, 'tis so with you; the stars shine undimmed in the beautiful beyond, so must you. With wreaths of immortelles I crown you while the deific principle, love, encircles you with a halo of beauty. Go ye forth; there are other fields wherein the buds are unfolding to perfect bloom, where bridal morns and the memory thereof are for a time laid away. Labor there till the full harvest is gathered, and in the twilight come home again with your sheaves." We comprehended the meaning of it all, yet knew time uncounted

by years would elapse before the call to incarnate would again sound in our ears and call one or the other to a forgetfulness of home and love, as it then existed, and until then we could together breathe the same air of the heaven in which we dwelt, drink deep draughts of peace and love. Our home at this time was near the entrance to a grove of spice and balm, through which wound paths innumerable leading to the many vine-grown lodges that were the happy homes of those who in earth life had from choice been students of nature, and lived apart from the world's din. In this grove fountains played, birds sang, and flowers akin to those I had seen in earth life bloomed in great perfection, and there were ever the softest notes of music trembling on the air, as though there somewhere existed greater happiness than words could be made to express. In this home I was surprised to see how little the inhabitants realized they were not in a world of solid rocks and hills, and they looked upon the denizens of earth as people in bondage serving their allotted years before they were liberated. They welcomed all who came to them with the great-heartedness that characterizes all who dwell in this third sphere in which the hills of earth find no counterpart. It was in this sphere we had dwelt before your return to incarnate in your Scottish home, and to it we now returned, and felt in our deepest souls a great heart-welcome from all animate and inanimate objects.

Here in this grove, called by the inhabitants the Grove of Peace, we learned much that was to benefit us here, and be a power to take us still farther on. There were times in which the inhabitants assembled to receive spirits from the sphere beyond, before which they talked of the magnetic wave that was to be in one sense a building power, bringing a new power of thought and comprehension, for remember, Eon, we had not reached our Father's home, where all wisdom was to be ours. We were in the right path, though we had come but a little way, and we knew that sometime the sunlight of the beautiful land would shine on our home-turned faces. When the positiveness of the attractive power of matter over spirit should be broken

or change hands, then we should have the power to attract or repel, and it would be earned through the mighty conflict that would take ages to consummate. This we were taught, but understood no more than the little children of to-day understand the mysteries of earth existence, as they question of the future, standing at the foot of the hill in the morning of life.

These spirits of whom I spoke as coming from the next higher sphere were instructors, and in the harmony that existed they were able to give us demonstrated facts of the manner in which the several belts or spheres were formed, and how they depended on each other for formation, existence, and position in space. They told us also of the magnetic waves that, starting from the sun center, sweep downward, touching all shores, blessing each sphere with increased spiritual knowledge, which is the mighty key that opens the door of science and art, and awakens in each heart a greater incentive to purity. These magnetic waves sweep not alone through the spheres of spirit land, but touch, as with the breath of angels, the shores of earth life with a resurrecting power, not a resurrection of the dead, cast-off bodies, but of thoughts and principles to which the immortal is an undisputed heir.

Here in this home we tarried long and were happy. Here we received and welcomed those who had been dear to your heart in earth life, the loving Zair and the children that were born to you twain, and that were in part mine, inasmuch as I had baptized their conception with my own love. Here they found their separate homes and here parental ownership ceased, not that we ceased to love them, but, like birds in the sturdy swaying branches that become fully winged, they had learned to fly, and henceforth must make their own nests until a call from the realms of matter should bid them become tiny birds again, thus winging their way back and forth each time nearer home. Zair dwelt in a vine-hung lodge in the Grove of Peace, for she loved the breath of the forest and the sweet whisperings of nature. Of her you will hear more in future chapters.

CHAPTER V.

LIFE lessons to all are of necessity numerous, and when they have become the undisputed possessions of the soul they are not to be laid away and held aloof as private property, to be admired and counted over at stated times, then again put aside and made secure with lock and key; they are to be soul lamps to the weary world, that must shine adown the earthward paths, lighting with steady gleam the countless throngs that are peering through the midnight of isms for the right path, the better way home. There can exist no special or general good without a spiritual radiation therefrom, which is, in itself, a still greater good, and is the harvest that will be reaped as the sickle of human will again cuts its way through the ripening fields of progressive thought. There can be no high and holy thought born in the brain of man but what proves in itself a stepping-stone to something still better. Thus may thought ever pave the way upwards; thus it was with us twin souls of the past, present, and future.

We had become recipients, through incarnations, of a certain amount of knowledge and power; we had become the possessors of thoughts that lead us upward. 'Tis true we had earned it all, had paid to the taxmaster of nature every penny we were obligated to pay, still we were not to hold this acquired good as ours, sacred from the invasions of the hungry-hearted; consequently it fell to us to become messengers to the inhabitants of homes in the sphere below us that was teeming with life closely allied to that found on the earth plane. There were the bickerings of tradesmen, the sanctimonious scowl of befogged priests who worshiped graven images, there were beauty, malice, hatred, revenge, and almost all at that time that made up earth life. This was for a time our field of labor, and almost daily we turned our steps to this country, carrying with us the light and love of our heaven into the very hells that there existed. In these prisons we preached the gospel of many resurrections, and led from darkness and degrada-

tion, through the power of pitying love, many an earth-bound soul, who was only too glad to break the shackles of a low existence and sing the songs of peace in a better country. Many, 'tis true, cursed us, because of their oneness with impurity. For such we had only pitying words, and left them till the mountains and rocks of self-abhorrence should roll to the door of their dens and make them doubly imprisoned. At each assembly of those who desired spiritual unfoldment and who held their gatherings in Peace Grove, we were always present to gather the crumbs that fell like heavenly manna from the land of light and love beyond us.

There were stated times when, from the crowd assembled, members were selected to go with those who came to us as ministers to the sphere above, and the chosen ones were always those who had attained the greatest medial unfoldment. The time for making such selections had come again, and among the chosen ones were Eon and Eoná. The time for our departure was appointed. We were all to go in company, and many were the wonderings and suppositions as to what we should meet in the way, and in what manner we should be received. The days intervening before our departure were to us filled with tender memories of the past and present. The homeness that had become so dear to us through pleasant associations now seemed almost sacred, and we felt that every room breathed on us the tender blessings of a parent's heart. Much we wondered who would occupy the peaceful abode after our departure, for such homes seldom stand long empty. There are others ever coming from the country below that find the sweetest peace in the pleasant homes of this sphere, and for *some one* we twined even the tender running vines over doorways and around the balcony, we arranged the furniture, and made the little nest as attractive, restful, and home-like as it was in our power to do. Over the main door we twined letters of tender green and lilies of the valley with the sweet words, welcome home, and around them twined the running vine that adorned the balcony. We left open the doors and windows for the birds

to fly in and out, thus keeping house until the new owners should arrive. We even arranged the little table for a pleasant repast, placing on it the finest fruits of our land, and bouquets of beautiful flowers. On a table of inlaid work in the dainty parlor we left a card on which was inscribed, "The kindest wishes of Eon and Eoná, who have dwelt here in love's harmony for many, many years." The curtains we looped back with sprays of drooping flowers. Thus the little abode was in readiness for other home-coming occupants. The days of our home-tarrying were ended, and with those who were to go to a higher life we gathered in the grand pavilion in Peace Grove, where we were to wait the messengers who came with harps, and what you in earth-life call ambulances, lest some there might be who could not overcome the power of attraction that held them in this sphere; for remember this sphere was born from the one below it, consequently retained in a refined condition all the good of the lower, also all the refined attractive power.

Being borne from one sphere to another is, in the truest sense, a resurrection. At the sound of music from the harpers and the upward lifting of the hands of the messengers, we were instructed to use our overcoming will power and to keep near them, which we did. But few were faint-hearted, and but few looked longingly back to the homes and friends they were leaving. Sweeter and sweeter grew the music, until we both felt that alone we had power to carry us to our journey's end. After moving up in a direct line for a little time we felt all power that attracted us to the sphere we had left loosening, while under us swept a strong magnetic wave that seemed to come in mighty undulations, bearing us on and still on through what seemed a misty twilight, without moon or star, and gave to us a sense of coldness. This soon gave way to a new warming, and the magnetic current grew so steady and so strong we felt that we were walking. This current emitted a beautiful tinted glow, until we no longer wondered that tidings had gone earthward of golden streets. Looking up we saw in the distance that which gleamed like burnished silver in

this new and wondrous morning. Oh, Eon, how our hearts rejoiced! how our souls took in a new baptism of love, until we felt with redoubled power the eternal oneness that existed for us, that must ever exist. it mattered not where our paths might lead! it mattered not how many times we found it necessary to leave this heaven of peace and love and seek the shores of earth, we were one and would ever be one.

In the exhilarating power of this heavenward journey, we rejoiced in the fact that it was our privilege to war again and again with matter, till, conquering at last, we lay our well-worn armor by in the land where peace flows like a mighty river. There was no weariness in this journey, no need of rests by the way, and as we neared the city whose glittering spires and domes reached skyward, the breath of opening flowers came to us on every breeze, and the air vibrated with unseen melody until it almost seemed that the dewy-eyed flowers in blooming sung their own cradle lullabies, so filled with love was the morning air of this new land.

Approaching the city, our path led under arch after arch of the most exquisite flowers, mingled with a June-time green. Here for the first time we caught the sound of voices, and the sunny air bore on its waves songs of welcome, which the messengers explained by telling us they were the chosen welcome band sent to meet the new delegation and welcome them to the strangers' heaven, where we were to tarry for a season of rest, during which time we would become imbued with the magnetic life of this land, which we were in the future to call by the tender name of home; after which we were to find our separate homes and our special missions. As the last arch was passed, in addition to the sweet songs of welcome, there suddenly shone upon us the great magnetic light of the city. Some were overcome, while others were subdued. There was no sun to be seen, but the light seemed to penetrate into our very souls, until it seemed to us that whatever was there of untold thoughts could be plainly read. This light, we were afterwards told, was in part a radiation from the sphere above.

The home to which we were conducted was but a short distance beyond the last arch. Here, feeling somewhat overcome by the great change, we tarried and were tenderly cared for, and here in this land, as an unbroken family, we sung the dear home songs of the country we had left.

This beautiful city to which we had been guided and in which we were received with many words and tokens of welcome, was then called the City of the Harpers. Both cities and homes in our land, at times and for a purpose, lose the names by which they have been known and other names are assigned them that are expressive of their progression and facilities, but not so with the spheres. Here, in the home to which as strangers we had come, we dwelt as one family, and without dissensions, which are earth-born and cling to earth and the spheres that are dependent on it for existence and support. As time passed we became accustomed to the change of homes and surroundings, to the customs of the inhabitants, and were thereby in a condition to operate and take up the labor that would naturally come to us. There is a natural demand in each heart for home, which is, in itself, a center to which is attracted whatever the attractive central power holds, even in embryotic state, be it good or what the world calls evil. To those who were unable to make their own choice, homes were assigned; others chose for themselves, through the known demands of their nature. Some there are who have not the power to know their own positive needs, and therefore are dependent on the judgment of others. Others feel in their souls the God-given power to make their own decisions. Such souls form centers, and pave the way, through their power to discern, for myriads of others who hold not in their grasp a divine positiveness, which is the golden link between right and might.

We found our home half-way up Brier Hill, named thus from the fragrant brier hedge that extended its entire length, filling the eternal summer air around with an untold sweetness, as though the life-giving breath of spring were breathing psalms of peace to the whole wide world. Around the entire dwelling, which was not large, extended two bal-

conies, an upper and a lower one. Both were twined until almost hidden by a vine of spring-time green, which half of the year (as you measure time) bore long sprays of white, wax-like blossoms; the other half, sprays of blue, brighter than the blue of summer-time skies. This home of peace and love faced the city below, which made, beneath the light that ever rested on it like the benedictions of Deity, one of the most exquisite pictures my eyes ever feasted on, and brought to my soul sweet peace, as though the love of angels was whispered in rhythmic measures. The broad avenues were bordered by tall trees with downward bending branches, and again rebordered by a flowering mass, the blossoms being in the form of stars. Here and there were fountains that ever played, around which little children gathered to watch the twinkle of the shining sands, as the silver-like spray fell with a touch as light as an infant's breath. The end of each of these perfect avenues was marked by an arch of flowers, from the very center of which hung a harp, through which the low wind of an endless summer breathed the sweetest harmony, that could but awaken in the hearts of the inhabitants responses of love which bore the fruit of kind deeds that fell earthward as fall the dews of twilight. The dwellings on each avenue were nearly of a size and height, which in itself added to the harmony that everywhere existed.

In this city was a Temple of Art, through which we often wandered hours together, feeling too deeply the wonderful beauty by which we were surrounded to utter the words that were ever on our lips. From this temple students in love with the world of beauty often returned earthward to carry thither their knowledge as a blessing to the inhabitants of earth, and finding some receptive brain would breathe on it the fires from off the altar of their own souls, until it kindled to a steady flame, when the world was startled from its day-dreams by the power of a great painter or sculptor. In this attempt to bring earthward the superior development of spirit life, spirits are almost always disappointed to a certain extent, because they find it impossible to bring to the cruder brain of man a sufficient power

through which they can give full expression to the beautiful that sits enthroned in their souls; yet through all discouragements they are ever faithful, and follow closely and with determination through every avenue that is open to them. else earth's children would be left far back in the rayless midnight of ignorance, and with all the power that the spirit world can bring, they catch no gleam of the wondrous morn that might dawn to their souls, a morn such as yet they have never dreamed could break, even when they turn their priest-guided thoughts towards what the world calls the New Jerusalem.

Little the world knows of the unceasing efforts of the higher spirit world to break down the barriers that civilization and poorly-named Christianity have builded. Little they realize how wave after wave of spiritual power and spiritualized magnetic force has been sent earthward, to rebound again on the shores immortal, bearing on its inflowing tide disappointment to the hosts who stand on the watch-towers and note each upward mark that progression makes in the rocky natures of mankind. In this Temple of Art of which I have spoken, you caught the fires of inspiration, and for the first time in this strange and upward journey through matter you put on canvas scenes of beauty that were in harmony with your highest development. This was born in your soul, the art that in your present incarnation the spirit world has made use of to carry conviction of greater light and truth to the very hearts and homes of many an unbeliever. Here it was that you painted for me our home on Brier Hill, which I will show you at your next home-coming. The work was every way worthy of commendation, and for a time was assigned a niche in the Temple of Art, where it was well spoken of by the teachers. It hangs now in my home beneath a vine-twined archway, and I often gaze at it as a precious souvenir presented me by the Eon of my soul in the long, long ago.

In this home on Brier Hill we lived and loved, twin souls of the past, present, and future. Here we built castles that lifted high their domes among the far-away mists of future possibilities. Here, too, was breathed into our souls from

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the fountain of deific inspiration an intense longing to become the possessors of knowledge of the countless worlds that were swinging in space under the same blue arch, and held in perfect poise by the same laws that both governed and sustained ours. For each demand of the soul, not the house man lives in, there is grand and full supply that meets the steadfast toiler, not that comes to idle souls, but is the compensation for earnest efforts. Thus to us came the knowledge for which we longed. In this fourth sphere was a Temple of Wisdom, as will be found in all spheres. Here all were at liberty to come and search for the knowledge for which their souls made positive demands, and this demand is always the result of an incarnation, so each incarnation and each call to the soul from the heart of the Infinite forms one more arch, beneath which all must pass before they are crowned with the green laurels of their native land.

CHAPTER VI.

IN this Temple of Wisdom, guided by teachers whose souls, through unfoldments, had grasped and held the knowledge of worlds beyond, and whose hands had faithfully traced charts of the stars, moon, and sun-crowned heavens, we grappled with these mighty truths that were verified beyond questioning, by and through the exactness of mathematical science, such as yet spirits of the higher spheres have alone been able to grasp. Not that we then mastered them all, far from it; we only stood at the foot of the rainbow that spans the mighty universe of matter and law. Its unfading tints baptized and rebaptized our souls until we labored with fullness of purpose; labored to win, because we labored as one, and in unity there is strength and power. We learned to trace constellation after constellation, naming each star therein. In our studies we ever seemed most attracted to the planet Jupiter, and made of it a special study, noting even the belts born from it and making the spirit homes of those who, through their mar-

riage with matter, had become unto them heirs immortal. After a lapse of time that in your world would be counted as many, many years, and which to us was a long summer of blooms and fruitage, during which we never ceased to think and talk of the planet of our attraction, the wisdom fathers and mothers, who had in this sphere powerful representatives, decided that a certain number who, through hungering after knowledge made frequent visits to the Temple of Wisdom, should, if they possessed the courage requisite, undertake a journey to this planet under the direct guidance of spirits who had many times (for the purpose of giving lessons to others) journeyed thither.

Among the few who presented their names for this purpose were Eon and Eoná, who in this manner were to gather to themselves knowledge that could be utilized in other incarnations, for no matter with what tender, loving, hopeful hearts we together climbed Brier Hill, there were other hills in the earth life yet to be climbed, and our vine-twined house there was after all but a long summer-time rest on the way home. It is ever within the power of the wisdom fathers and mothers of inhabited planets to council together when necessity makes such demands to lay plans for the improvement of the inhabitants of the world they watch and guide, and not only the worlds but the spirit zones born therefrom. Consequently to accelerate our success, leading spirits from the planet Jupiter were counceled with, and arrangements made for a delegation from that planet to meet the voyagers from our shores, and assist in the successful accomplishment of the proposed project. Under the inspiration of the revelations that were to follow, our souls were thrilled and quickened to the very center, and we looked earnestly in each other's eyes to read there the power needed for the undertaking, and saw nothing lacking. To and from each sphere ever wind beautiful streams, whose magnetic ripples bear the willing traveler that touches their tides to and fro, in safety that finds no counterpart on the shores of earth. So out from each separate sphere branch mighty tributaries, navigable at all seasons; these meet and unite with others, making a complete net-work of tides

through the entire universe that to the eye of thoughtless man holds but supreme nothingness. Through these tides all planets can be reached, although it is not so easy to reach planets that have not developed animal life in some form, because through the lack of unfoldments of such planets the magnetic tides are not so harmonious in their flow, not so steady and reliable. At all points where tributaries meet and join, the current is more rapid, and at such points guides whose knowledge is power that cannot be overcome are very essential to those who have had no experience in these magnetic tides of the universe. If I were to breathe to the poor misguided travelers through the almost rayless twilight of false teachings the wonders and beauties of these ever-flowing, ever-winding tides, both surging and peaceful, that touch the shores of the unknown worlds beyond, they would fold their hands in holy horror, and call these divine truths the fabrications of a misguided brain. All this is wrong, and the inhabitants of earth should not live in ignorance of such positive truths; and to correct this the central effort of the present day and hour, in the higher courts, is to send earthward a quickening power, such as the world as yet has never been conscious of. Therefore is it of the greatest necessity that all who are spiritually minded and spiritually unfolded should be united in their efforts to receive this angel-sent power, which to reach the masses of earth idlers must and will radiate from the receptive souls to the fog-bound mariners, who cast anchor in ports where the waters run low and thus hold them in bondage. If the hearts to whom this power is sent, which cannot be recalled, fail in receiving and consecrating it to the highest and holiest purposes, it will of necessity be utilized by the churches, and the result will be a repetition of what has occurred again and again, simply what the church has been pleased to name a revival of their religion, with which the world has been fully supplied, until within their own ranks it is far below the price the martyred ones were obliged to pay for it. These facts, standing as they do before the spirit world, make the reason why in many hearts have been felt the desire and necessity to organize. These are prophetic

words, and before the twelvemonth is twice told will be proven true.

Eon, encourage all as brothers and sisters to be firm and steadfast in their actual knowledge. Talk it to the laboring many; write it to the believing many, as the words of Eoná, who with a mighty host ever watches from the Deity-built towers of time the battle between darkness and light, and with them waits with anxious heart to join the grand anthem of universal freedom from the bondage of ignorance. Digressions are always allowable, if not pardonable, where harmoniously vibrating chords are not sundered. So, taking up again the main thread I was casting back and forth through the brain loom of an incarnated spirit, I resume my narrative of actual occurrences experienced by Eon and Eoná farther back than I care to measure by your years. The company prepared for this strange journey, exclusive of the guides, numbered six. Of the guides there were four, who were to be met at a point designated by the same number of guides from the planet we were to visit; we made no farewell preparations in our home, for we were to return again at no far-off time; we said no good-byes to the crowd who gathered from the Temple of Art and Wisdom to wish us well, and watched us as we floated away from the loved and peaceful shores. I said floated, which was true in every sense, as we had embarked in a white-winged boat, constructed especially to glide over the magnetic waves, the propelling power being centered entirely in the wings that branched from either side. In the central line of one was folded a responsive positive force; in the other a responsive negative force. Thus our magnetic equilibrium was ever sustained, and we were enabled to glide over the shining tides as easily as glide the swift-winged birds through the summer skies.

No mortal calculating through earth-born conclusions can conceive of the rapidity and buoyancy with which these magnetic tides bear whatever is entrusted to their trustful and certain flow, twofold and unvarying twofold, because of a meeting, but not mingling, of an outflowing and inflowing tide, that makes navigation through the spheres a suc-

cess and what you call collisions an impossibility. As the winged and magnetic-empowered boat sped from home scenes, we stood hand in hand, almost breathless, with a feeling not of fear, but something akin to awe. On and on we flew, and the wondrous expanse that spread out before us cannot be told in words so powerless to express as are the words in your earth home. Here a tributary from some unknown and unseen source came rushing in with waves like liquid silver; there a glittering fall, over which we sped with an untold ease and safety. At our left (and which the guides passed slowly to give us a full view of the inexpressible grandeur) was a mighty cataract, over which hung a seven-hued arch that repeated itself again and again in the golden-hued glory that radiated above and around it. The fall of that mighty stream wakened music so filled with rhythmical harmony that we felt the heart of Deity must thrill its very center. Over this cataract an arched bridge had been built, or, as it seemed to us, woven of fine-spun gold that caught and held in every thread the concentrated light from the unseen sun that flooded all the world we were then conscious of with glory. I linger over the well-remembered scenes of this journey with a pleasure that deepens as I backward glance to recall them, feeling that through their soul-impressing grandeur we gained a power over self that as spirits separated from the form we never lost. I linger over the remembrance of this journey because of the soul-felt beauty and grandeur of the mighty tides with their falls, their cataracts, and island homes 'neath rainbow arches of peace, where twin souls at times sought abiding places to drink deeper draughts of harmony from the great Soul of the universe.

At the point previously designated we were met by the four guides, who were to accompany us the remainder of the journey. They were tall and of almost godlike proportions, and as a mother, earth's home-angel, takes her little brood under her tender care, so these guides took us, leaving those who had thus far journeyed with us to return. We remained in the same boat in which we had embarked, feeling for it an impressible attraction, as it seemed to us the only

link between the strange scenes by which we were then surrounded and the home we had left. As we came in contact with and were encompassed by the atmosphere that surrounded the spirit zones, we passed under arch after arch of rainbow tints, which the guides informed us were the result of atmospheric conditions that were caused by the unfolding of the planet. So wonderful was it all we feared to move, lest the entire beauty we were conscious of should fade away, and we would find it but the phantom of a dream-land journey. As we neared the zone from which the guides had been sent, we found our coming was known to many, and we were received by music and waving of banners. By the side of the spirits who guided us there and those who received us, we seemed small and unimportant, yet the seeming inferiority was by them unnoticed. All the inhabitants of the zone we were allowed to enter, as far as our observation assured, were lovers of and revelers in the most gorgeous colors, and dwelt much in widespread tents of what seemed the richest silks, bordered here and there with golden fringe. Their clothing also partook of the same rich colors and fabrics. This we afterwards learned symbolized the earnestness and ardor of their natures, and, in fact, an equal and harmonious development of their entire beings, which was also shown in their finely-poised heads and princely bearing. Their waists were banded with golden belts, set with gems of untold value, while on their heads was worn something of crown-like appearance.

For our restful reception had been prepared a gorgeous tent, in which we all found an abiding place, the many rooms of which were separated by draperies of heavy silk. Here for a time we rested and refreshed ourselves, preparatory to a journey to the earth plane of this planet, regarding which we had learned to feel the deepest interest, and towards which our hearts thrilled with an almost filial love, until we longed to touch with our wondering feet the material sands whereon trod the embodied souls belonging thereto. Not long were we kept in waiting, and great indeed was our joy when it was made known to us that we would journey landward. Our trip was not a long or intricate one, as we found

we were only in the second sphere of the spirit land of Jupiter. Being somewhat accustomed and adapted to journeys of this kind through our passing from one sphere of spirit life to another and by the power thereby gained, we felt no dread nor misgivings as to the successful ending of the same. Spirits who have not outlived through repeated incarnations the necessity of earth lessons find it much easier to navigate earthward than heavenward, because the positive law of attraction, that is an earth power, when embodied in swinging worlds meets in such spirits an echoing response, while spirits who have ceased to incarnate through a fulfillment of their soul needs find it far more difficult to reach earth than the higher spheres, because the law of attraction becomes to them a resistive force to be overcome, consequently it is sailing against the tide.

Making use of the inflowing magnetic tide, we were soon near the habitations of man. The surface of the planet looked as though an eternal summer reigned, to such perfection had developed all that belonged to the vegetable world. Birds with long-flowing plumage waked music akin to the music of the summer-land of our own much-loved planet. In some places we noticed cliff after cliff of rocks as white and pure-seeming as the high-piled snow of earth, yet glittering as though diamond studded. From niches or seams that at some time during their formation were made by eruptions, flowed jets of clear water that ended in brooks, whose ceaseless flow was a lullaby of peace. We touched the warm sands near what we were pleased to call the City of Palms, and we named it thus because beneath the quiet shade of trees, much resembling the palms of our earth, was reared a city, and so quiet, so peaceful, it seemed, so lovely were the homes, and the grounds surrounding them, that we at once felt that this people were a people of deep and earnest thought, from which were drawn conclusions marked with perfect justice. Through this city wound a rapid and somewhat broad stream, which at several places in its windings and curves was bridged. At each end of the bridges were placed perfectly carved statues of men who in the past history of the planet held positions of power and

trust. These statues were each mounted on what seemed a broad base of gold.

We entered an imposing building, whose open doors seemed to bid us welcome. This seemed to have been constructed of the whitest marble; a statue crowned the dome, and gave us to feel the importance of the object of the interior. We found this building, or, as we designated it, temple, devoted entirely to the science of mathematics, and our thoughts turned involuntarily to the Temple of Art and Science in the fourth sphere, and for a moment we felt almost at home and ready to gather up the crowning sheaves of knowledge. In this temple devoted to mathematical science men and women studied together, and we noticed a harmonious and equal development of both, which showed, without further reasoning and conclusions therefrom, that the planet had laid off its baptismal robes and entered into a condition of sacred motherhood, from which came the noble sons and daughters, who seemed born to royalty. The clothing of both sexes was of the same gorgeous appearance as that of our spirit guides. The high walls were also draped with the same material, but of many colors. The complexion of the inhabitants was akin to what is called in your home olive, with red cheeks and lips, and almost all we saw had high foreheads, indicative of mental power, that could fearlessly grasp the undisputed facts of science, and grasping hold them as their own. In this city we also noticed the children bore evidence indisputable of great unfoldment, that to the mental capacity of earth's little ones would seem but Greek. We entered uninvited and unseen many homes, and found them peace-giving and restful; found them unusually devotional in their matters, and highly receptive to universal inspiration.

Passing one home that to us, more than all others, seemed lovely and attractive, we stopped, fettered by a something that spoke to the depths of our nature. Perhaps it was the flowering vine that climbed in graceful bends and arches over the doorway that attracted us, or perhaps it was the inner harmony whose outflowing waves reached us, I cannot tell. I only know I felt that to enter that home would

be to enter a paradise of peace and purity, and so we found it, peace-giving and restful, till in the soul's sacred chambers seemed echoing psalms benedictory. A little child on the floor was playing with flowers, tossing them here and there, and at times unconsciously crowning himself with the falling scented blossoms. Birds flew in and out as though at home in the branches of their own nest-tree. At the farther end of the long room which we so uncere- moniously entered was an alcove, 'neath which a fountain played unceasingly, and with the spray therefrom sprinkled the many-colored flowers that bloomed in marble vases near the flowered, carved rim of the fountain, and rested in the hearts of opening buds whose fragrant breath seemed to have floated from the far-away grounds of spice and balm that grew in the spirit realms of our own planet. On either side of this fountain was poised the highly-finished statue of a beautiful woman, with head slightly bent as if inhaling the perfume of flowers placed therein. The central power of this home was love, and the inexpressible harmony that resulted therefrom was like the whispering of a summer-time brook that unconsciously breathes its love-songs to every passing breeze. In the atmosphere of this home our souls were quickened in perceptive power in all heaven-born attributes, until we felt it would be no punishment but joy untold to remain occupants of this earth-heaven many long years, and when we turned away from this peace-crowned home it was with the feeling that we must and should some-time in the unknown future visit it again.

From the beautiful City of Palms we returned to the second spirit zone from whence we had come, that we might be more familiar with its inhabitants and their homes. Here we sailed on the lakes whose silvery flow was ever music, with countless strains. We walked on the shell-strewn shores, watching the waves in their landward flow. Here, too, we were conveyed through peaceful vales and over mountain peaks in chariots with noiseless wheels, or sped on the wings of our will wherever we felt it a joy to go. Here we were told that in the elements that went to make up the planet there existed a vast amount of gold,

iron, and amethyst, which, however strange it may sound when told, had much to do in the harmonious development of the inhabitants, giving them almost perfect forms, and clear receptive, as well as perceptive, brains that are especially adapted to mathematical calculations. The climate, we were informed, was uniformly enjoyable, with a yearly exception; the clear light of their midday far exceeds the midday light of our earth. We felt an unfeigned sadness when the time for our return approached, but we had bathed our souls in the peace-giving fountains of Jupiter, and must bid it adieu to turn our faces towards our own home, wherein we had ever found protection and love. With many kind words from the generous-hearted dwellers, we again embarked in our white-winged boat, and sped away beneath the many tinted arches that so puzzled and attracted us on our journey thither. Over the homeward moving magnetic wave bird-like we flew, drinking again deep draughts from the limitless world of beauty, by which we were at every step surrounded. The home guides met us where in our outward journey they left us, and as the others turned to wave their good-byes, one unclasped from his waist his jeweled girdle and reclasped on yours. This in our home on Brier Hill you presented me, and in my spirit-land home I have since kept and worn in memory of the journey we then took, which proved the stepping-stone to greater possibilities, and made plain the powerful attraction we felt to the visited planet, wherein is a silent principle running like a single thread through the actual existence of all. Through whatever mortal is attracted to must come a lesson, be it sad or joyous, and the fact of the attraction is proof that the lesson is needful, and will in time place itself in the attraction's stead.

Again we were home, again the breath of our summer land, laden with the sweet and welcome fragrance from the brier hedge touches our cheeks with tender caresses, and again we sought with redoubled energy the Temple of Wisdom with a longing desire to labor and win, yet not long was it for us to tarry there, for a voice that reaches the soul's great deep called again and again, "Come up higher."

We recognized the voice and the full significance thereof. The tidal wave of our souls' progression had reached its highest mark, until another incarnation widened and deepened the soul's powers; not that we had gathered to our souls all the wisdom that could give us power in this fourth sphere, but we realized the fact that we had gained all we could keep, until the souls' chalice had been deepened, and we could not afford to be idlers by the wayside when the Father was waiting for us at home. We looked long and earnestly in each other's eyes, and, looking, saw again the mighty bridge spanning the *now* and the *then*, over which either your feet or mine must wander, leaving behind all the attained joy and the memory thereof. But the call of the soul is the voice of the Infinite, and must be obeyed; the bridge must be crossed, and this time it was Eoná who would go, and Eon, the bridegroom of my soul, would lead me to this altar from which in years to come I would return fresh from my baptism, with the soul's possibilities unfolded to grasp what there seems hidden.

We had at this time developed to the point where it was possible for us to choose for ourselves the home where we would incarnate, and choosing thus would naturally feel more attraction to it. Instantly my mind turned, with a thrill that vibrated through my entire being, to the peace-crowned home on the planet Jupiter, and immediately we began making preparations. We counseled with spirits from the Temple of Wisdom, who ever willingly responded to the call of those who seek advancement; and we found those who were ready to become spirit father and mother, and were self-delegated to look over the proposed ground while we waited, sad yet hopeful, knowing all this must be before greater results could be attained, and during this time of waiting we neither visited nor entertained, for every hour was sacred to our own souls. With my own hands I arranged all things within the sweet home, saying, "Let them remain thus until I return, and we will again dwell as twin souls at Brier Hill."

CHAPTER VII.

WITH the breath of love's sweet summer on my cheek I was to close the pleasant volume I was reading, aye, close all doors leading to that beautiful summer life, so closely that your last tender good-bye could never more sound in my ears, nor waken in my heart pleasant memories of what had been. I was to leave Brier Hill with all its sacred memories, while you were to remain in possession of the little home, coming and going as necessity demanded, the guiding and guardian spirit of my life, or incarnation, keeping ever the love-light burning until my return, which a prophetic wave breaking in ripples at my feet whispered would be before my feet had wearied in the pathway of life, before the hand of time had touched with glittering frost-flakes the shining bands of hair, youth's gift to fair maidens. Already the proposed ground had been surveyed, and the needed arrangements made. Already through the valley of my soul sounded the clarion-like notes of the bugle of time, summoning me as a warrior to the battle-field of life. On the upper vine-twined balcony I breathed to you a tear-crowned good-bye and left you there, I being accompanied by the spirit father and mother, leaving you to come after, lest with your presence I should never fall asleep, for I knew my eyes would ever be turned towards yours; knew my hands would ever be stretched out for you to grasp, and you with the ever ready response in your own nature would hold me unintentionally from the path wherein I must walk. Again over the same magnetic tides as before I glided, and again was received kindly in the second sphere, from whence, after tarrying for a little time, I was led to the earth home of the planet Jupiter that once before so powerfully attracted me, and now waited to give me an habitation.

Here the same bright-eyed boy, larger grown, watched with sparkling eyes the fountain's play. Here dwelt the same sweet-faced woman and mother, in the depths of whose eyes the fountains of love were ever expressed. We

approached her, I standing at her left side, the spirit father and mother occupying a position at her right side, and directly back of her the father and mother placed their hands tenderly on her head, as though in a blessing of consecration. Soon the eyes slowly closed and the hands seemed to involuntarily fold themselves, as if in waiting, while she drank into her soul the baptism of love brought her, and through the harmony of that baptism, wherein the tender mother in the nature of the woman was deepened and quickened, I fell asleep, while the spray from the baptismal waves wakened a soul melody like the song of a shell, which was the cradle lullaby of my incarnation. As the last waves of consciousness receded from the shores of memory, it bore on its surface the one word, Eon, and surely, sitting on the vine-hung balcony in your own home land where I left you, you must have heard the call, for it thrilled the depths of the loving woman's nature until, without being conscious of it, your name trembled on her lips, startling her, and bringing her back from the condition of semi-consciousness into which for a purpose she had been led. Here my own notes for a time are necessarily suspended, and I quote from you as you rehearsed to me years after in our spirit home the occurrences, or a part of them, that went to make up my life on the planet of my adoption.

On the return of the father and mother, you sought the home where I slumbered, and remained a constant harmonizer, blessing the home and heart of the mother. You even so inspired her with a love of the beautiful in nature that she put on canvas her soul's conceptions, while you guided her hand when it was about to falter or fail; and you so impressed her brain with our home on Brier Hill that during a season of inspiration she gave it expression, wondering much how a glimpse so unlike the homes of her planet ever shone through her soul-windows. Days, weeks, and months passed, till at last there came a time when in the mother's arms nestled a little child, using your exact words, a sweet-faced girl. You told me in our spirit home how, when this same little girl looked up from her resting place in the mother's arms and smiled in your very eyes, your heart sank

within you, and you said to yourself, "Where is the Eoná of my soul? Surely this little one with loving eyes is not the bride of my being, it is not the Eoná I have always known and ever loved." Then for a time you felt that some terrible calamity had befallen you, in which you had been robbed of the Eoná of your existence, and that never again would you clasp her hand, never again look into her eyes. In this grief, that amounted almost to despair, you returned to the spirit father and mother, and they explained to you what you already knew as a fact, yet had never before seen verified in your soul-mate. In their explanation there was a comfort that brought resignation, and if the velvety hands of the little one did not return, Eoná-like, the grasp of yours, you knew the quick response would sometime come, though your heart, man-like, many times grew impatient with delay, and wondered that the little one grew not more rapidly.

My first remembrances in this incarnation date back to where the hands on the dial plate of time point to the figure three, making me, as you count time, three years old, though still farther back I am conscious of a low, sweet melody that formed the very undertone of my existence, and wove into my being threads of harmony that vibrated to tender words; and with this rhythmic echo is connected a face that always seemed to me the face of an angel, round which in my childish heart and eyes seemed to fall waves of silken beauty. This face I afterward learned to know as the face of my mother, while with this was ever the shadow of something I could not grasp. Other eyes through hers seemed looking into mine, waking within me a heart hunger that I could not express, and often what seemed like the figure of a strong man seemed to rise near me, and my soul felt the smile that was ever on his lips.

Among other first recollections that took positive form in my then child-brain was the consciousness of a father and a

NOTE.—Soon after this chapter (7) was given, Eoná in materialized form, standing by my side, laughingly said, "Eon, you were disappointed when you looked into the bright eyes of the little rosy-cheeked girl on the planet Jupiter." I replied, "Yes, for I did not see Eoná in the little one's eyes." "But, Eon, Eoná was there."

brother. From the father I was involuntarily repelled, not that he lacked in tenderness to me, or love for my mother; the chain of harmony whose magnetic links waken sweet thoughts in kindred souls extended not between us. I grew restless when he laid my childish head on his shoulder, and tenderly smoothed the shining hair. With my noble brother there was ever the most perfect harmony, the most complete understanding: it was his ever willing hands that guided with tenderest care my uncertain steps, and placed in my hands the freshest, fairest blossoms, or wound them into wreaths and crowned me queen of the home realm, which to me meant but mother and brother. On his knee I have sat for hours, with my little head on his shoulder, his dark wavy locks resting lovingly on my brighter ones. At such times I always felt that a presence with great power for good was very near us, and that nothing of an evil nature could come that his power could not avert. I remember once telling my brother I had come to him from a great distance, that I was a beautiful lady before I came to him, like our sweet mother. I seemed half dreaming when I told it, but there was such an attraction to the idea that I insisted that it was so, and that beautiful spirits brought me to him on a soft white cloud. Thus it was that through the harmony between us I caught at the substance, the very essence of facts as they existed before my incarnating.

The years of that incarnation, counted by me as so many jewels in the God-given casket of my soul, glided by as sweetly as glides in rhythmic measure the sacred songs of love. I grew in stature and intellect to meet the approval of those who knew and loved me best. I won and wore my own laurels, consequently their lustre never dimmed, but, as I afterward learned, shed a halo of light around one who watched and waited, drinking in with me the knowledge that was power. And now as I look back over the histories of my incarnations there is no other that gives back to me such pleasant memories as does the one of which I now write. It was what I most needed, an open doorway, the passing of which was required to round into harmonious unfoldings the attributes of my being. It was a mighty rock,

standing on which I could with one bound scale a towering wall, from which the unseen forces of the universe could bear to my soul on their inflowing waves truths that before I knew not were born into the world of cause and effect.

My special attraction to studies led me to mathematics and music. The former was to my soul like a master architect, deepening and broadening the capabilities of my entire being, laying for my feet a platform of possibilities, upon which was yet to be reared corresponding towers of strength and wisdom. The latter was the summer-time breezes wafting through the love-lit vales of my soul, breathing there psalm after psalm in prophetic notes; and as I applied the science I loved, and studied to understand, to the measurement of distances in the starlit realms, I fancied each shining world I gazed on moved in such complete harmony with all others that a grand *Te Deum* echoed and re-echoed in the depths beyond, until falling in musical waves on some heaven-born shore, called into birth through the power of music words meet to express the hitherto untold harmony. My brother, whom I deeply loved, and I were ever together in pastime and studies. It was our delight to sail on the stream that wound in peaceful wave-washing murmurs through the city we once named the City of Palms, and which now, in speaking of it, I like best to call it, because of the pleasant memories then associated with it. Together we rode our own steeds side by side through the quiet vales, whose blessing was spoken in the sweet breath of scented blooms, or climbed far up over towering cliff to gaze on the picture of winding streams and peaceful homes. Together we traced the constellated heavens, calculating through the science to which we were devoted the actual distance between star and star.

In a little grove not far from our home there had been erected for us a study of exquisite beauty, over the entire frame-work of which we had twined a flowering vine that hid all save the beauty that existed, while so close to it that its song wound its way through all our thoughts babbled an ever-running stream, whispering in spray language the

songs of love. Here alone with nature and ourselves we studied, delving deeper and deeper for the diamonds of actual knowledge, for such alone did we seek to bind on our brows, for such alone could send out gleams to light the valleys of the future. Here at one time, while absorbed in minute calculations, a voice that seemed to fill the entire study whispered, "Eoná," which in that incarnation was not the name I bore, it being as nearly as I can express it in the language you now use, Aleith. We both heard it, and were conscious of what seemed a thin white cloud in the little room, which passing, left in the air a breath of spices. We felt that it betokened the presence of an immortal visitant, and kept to ourselves the fact, hoping to hear again the whispered word, the echo of which wakened a voice in my own soul, not my voice, but a voice I felt I had somewhere and at sometime known and loved, and I could not rid myself of the conviction that there was a connection between it and the shadow that in childhood seemed ever within my reach, yet touching me not. Although we waited, hoping, we heard the voice no more; but once, a long time after the occurrence I have just mentioned, I was coming home alone from the rustic study in the evening hours, when the starry worlds beamed brightest—in fact, I was almost star-worshiping, when suddenly there stood in the path directly before me the figure of a man, clothed in robes of dazzling white. He smiled, and instantly I felt assured, for the love-light that shone from the eyes awoke in my soul a half-remembrance of something or some one I had known that had at some time and place been all mine. Raising his hand and pointing skyward, he whispered in words that thrilled my whole being, "Eoná, in one of those far-off planets you and I once lived and loved as one." Then as the last word died away he faded from my sight, while I waited and wished for him again that I might question him whereof he spoke, for my soul told me his words were true; but he came not again then, though all the pleasant way home I felt that a being invisible to mortal eyes walked by my side, while a warm breath at times touched my cheek, to which my soul responded, and again I recalled the queer half-

dream of my childhood that I told my brother as I sat on his knee in the gathering twilight.

I have as yet told you nothing of our customs or manner of living, which I will now do, yet not extensively, as there is no demand for it. I shall speak only of my own home, and from the little I relate you can draw many conclusions, as it may awake in your own being a dream-laden memory of that long ago, wherein you faithfully followed the Eoná of your soul. The home in which I lived was built of what you would call white marble, there being two divisions, one upper and a lower one, wherein the rooms were large and airy. From the lower to the upper division extended a winding stairway, on one side of which and at regular intervals niches were formed in the white marble, in which were placed statues. Some were of men, some of women, while others were of animals, all exquisitely carved and polished. In the hands or around the neck or brow of the male and female statues were always to be found flowers and beautiful green leaves, and as the night-time came these niches were lighted separately, giving the stairway an appearance both picturesque and magnificent that words fail to express. Each step was a pleasant surprise, an exquisite pleasure. All the windows in the dwelling were broad and high, each one being arched at the top, while in the center of the arch flowers were carved. The floors were also of white marble, the steady monotony of it being broken and subdued by what you would call inlaid work, there being a blending in soft and deepened tints, until in some rooms flowers seemed waiting to breathe their sweetness when pressed beneath the feet. In other rooms were animals, some asleep on beds of green moss and weeds, and some awake and seeming ready to spring unawares on the passer-by. On these floors carpets were unknown, which added to the healthfulness of the rooms, as poisonous gases mixed with dust were not retained in web and woof. Here and there were beautiful rugs, large, of rich material, and richly embroidered. These, with a pillow of the same, formed the resting places of the household. They were portable, consequently could be arranged to suit the sleeper.

and often they were placed in the little projections that were built out from the body of the dwelling in the form of alcoves. These were always draped with soft-tinted silk, with a silken curtain falling over the large windows that comprised nearly the whole front of the projection, from which could be had a light subdued or intense, and here in these little sun nooks the stimulating power of the sun's rays were enjoyed and understood by the clear-headed inhabitants of the planet Jupiter.

During part of the year we occupied what you call the roof for sleeping apartments. This was of the same white marble, and made flat, with a balustrade around the entire edge. Here we spread our rugs, making them as exclusive as we chose by silken screens. Here I watched the shining worlds beyond as they kept guard through the silent hours, many times wondering on what planet dwelt the one whose smile I never forgot, for it shone through the open window of my soul, unfolding there the tender forget-me-not. In our home we were not destitute of furniture, there being much of beauty, convenience, and elegance combined. We used no single chairs, but beautiful carved seats, with restful backs, that invited two to rest therein. These were made of wood that was of a fine firm grain, while the color was a rich crimson, not made thus by an artist's hand, but the production of nature. The effect was beautiful when you take into consideration the snowy white floor with the relief of inlaid work, and brilliant rugs in the center of the large room used mostly for repasts, with pleasant visits, or reading. Here often was a full-sized statue of a man, holding in his right hand a pitcher of gold, which was immediately filled with sparkling water upon touching an almost unnoticeable spring in the wrist of the hand that held the pitcher. Our meals were taken with great regularity, and consisted of preparations from grains, fruits, and vegetable productions, while meats were either considered not eatable or were entirely unthought of. Nuts were used in abundance, and grew to considerable size. Our clothing was made from fabrics you call silk, like unto the draperies of many rooms, though perhaps it was not an exact counter-

part of the silk of your planet, but I know of no other name by which I can call it and make it understandable to you. The coverings of the tables were also of the same material. All the rooms being large, they were furnished with screens of beautiful designs, some like unto large birds, with wide-spread wings, carrying in their beaks baskets of flowers; others through artistic painting on silk like unto our open door leading to a separate room, and so real would they seem that those unaccustomed to their use would, without noticing their mistake, attempt to pass through them.

In the home life of nearly all there comes a season of change, when the old landmarks are removed or left by those whose feet of necessity wander elsewhere. Thus there seemed coming to the harmony of this dear home life a change, which was to take from it the sister and child. My father in this incarnation, though ever kind and loving in his nature, held, in his spirit of pride some points necessary to his highest idea of honor through position; and through these ideas, true to himself but false to me, he chose to see his only daughter united to the one upon whom he looked as in every way worthy of her. I quietly protested against the change that was to take me from the liberty in which I had so long dwelt and which I so-much loved, which was to separate me from the sweet mother, in whose shining hair the silvery threads from Time's loom were already being woven; from the almost worshiped brother, whose every aspiration met in my soul a ready response. The one to whom my father sought to unite me was the possessor of almost untold wealth, of princely bearing and kind heart, and my own soul told me that he loved me with a tender, unselfish love, but from the sacred altar of my own being there was no response to meet the deep tidal wave of his own soul; I held no crown of love to lay at his feet, only the simple yet sacred wreath of friendship to bind on his brow. Yet to please and satisfy the pride of my father I was to be sacrificed. I had fought the fierce battle with my own soul, and had brought myself to feel that all would be well; in fact there seemed to radiate around me an unseen halo of which my soul was conscious, and in this halo a voice

seemed ever whispering to my heart, "All is well." It was the custom at that time for the inhabitants of our country at the marriage of a daughter to invite as guests to their home six young maidens as companions to the intended bride; these came a week previous to the ceremony, and during that time, as the custom demanded, wore wreath after wreath of sweet-scented blossoms and many-leaved vines. The blossoms were not full blown, but so nearly that they remained cup-shaped. With these long festoons, they bound the head, winding them around neck and waist, twining the arms, until, in fact, the whole person seemed a monumental expression of fragrant blooms; whenever a blossom showed signs of fading it was removed and a fresh one took its place. This being the custom, it was not to be laid aside as obsolete in my father's home, as he prided himself on being able to do all for his daughter that the most capricious custom could demand; consequently six maidens, fair as the morning that dawned in tinted glory in this land of my incarnation, were brought me for my companions, and right royally did they come and twine me. Never a bud was allowed to fade and wither lest some fond hope of my heart would be missed from the chain of joyous years symbolized by the fragrant wreaths.

During this week there was feasting, with music and dancing; the latter occurring at twilight, the party consisting of six young men, besides the one to whom I was to be united; custom demanded that the parties to be united should refrain from dancing until after the ceremony, and custom was implicitly obeyed. One evening during the week of flowers and festivities, as the twilight deepened, I felt in the depths of my soul a call to the sacredness of solitude, and stole alone and unobserved to a shaded nook on the balcony, where climbing, drooping vines, through which the twilight breezes creeping gently as the breathings of a little child made queer shadows on the polished marble, among which I too seemed shadow-like. Sitting thus a soft light fell around me, and again the breath of spices filled the air, and before I could command my thoughts, to draw conclusions as to the strangeness of the occurrence, the whispered word

“Eoná” seemed to fall from the very heavens. The flitting breezes caught and whispered it again and again, every leaf of tender green that made beautiful the drooping vines seemed chanting it to the twilight world. I turned my eyes skyward and throughout sky-land and star-land my soul heard only “Eoná, Eoná.” I felt myself leaving myself, as I then expressed it, until the door of physical consciousness was closed and I seemed to stand far up above the world in which I dwelt; above me spanned an arch of flowers, whose very perfume seemed to awaken music like the chiming of far-off bells. Around me were visible soft, white clouds, like the pillars of an ethereal temple, tinted as though the sunset still lingered on some island of peace which this land wherein I stood bordered. Wondering much into what niche of beauty in the universe of Deity I had been transported, and for what purpose, I sang in low tones a song of love, for there was no fear in my soul; which proves the power of beauty over the passions. Suddenly there stood before me the same being in robes of white who stood in my path the starlit night of which I have spoken. In his hand he held a goblet which seemed formed from the fragment of a cloud, this he placed to my lips, saying, “’Tis the wine of the feast, drink!” I drank, when suddenly a wave of light touched my soul, unlocking for a moment the door of the inner chamber, and I knew that he who spoke to me was mine, but who, where, and how I knew not. Another breath and I was under the swaying vines, but the baptism I had received brought a peace that broke in wave after wave, the spray of which fell deep in the soul’s chalice.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARRIAGE morns are supposed ever to dawn in halos of peace and beauty; for thus read the rhythmical echoes from the souls of poets, too sweet an undertone for life’s sad realities. My marriage morn came. The outer world of hills and vales, of lake and sky therein mirrored, was filled

with all the beauty and gladness that might crown with blessings of peace a newborn world ; while the inner world, the world of my own soul, was bathed in halos of peace, that made the very air I breathed sacred. Yet in the soul's inner chamber hung no picture of the one who chose me as his own ; but one other picture there was, of one whose eyes smiled ever in mine, awaking responsive echoes that seemed to me then to have been the music of my soul through all time. My brother (that for many mornings, since which so many ages have passed leaving footprints all the way) brought me as his own gift a beautiful white steed. As I think of it now (with what I knew of it then), it seems to have been as white as the snows of earth, not that it was, I only see it so through the tinted clouds of love that lie between the now and the then. Around his neck was wound and fastened a scarf of heavy silk—the color of your June skies, dotted here and there with stars of silver. With this gift he claimed the privilege of riding once more with me his own sister, as for years we had been wont to ride, the hoofs of our steeds touching alike the moss of the valley and the rock of the cliff.

The six maidens, my sweet companions of the week, were to accompany us, with them were to ride the six male attendants, who with them had danced, sung, and feasted through the fast flitting twilights of the festive week. My brother's right hand held the rein as I mounted, he caressing with the other the long white mane of the noble animal. The one who had come to take me from my happy home, to gladden with my presence his, led the happy party whither he would. Though all was gayety, all was beautiful, I seemed as one between sleeping and waking, in fact, was hardly conscious of the ground over which we went. I lived in the form, and yet seemed separate from and above it. On we went as though fleeing from the hours that were following us with the swift and sure wings of time, on through winding paths, over singing brooks and beds of blooms, till at last, passing under trees whose drooping branches seemed bending earthward under the weight of the white blossoms in long, feather-like sprays, my betrothed

bade the party wait, while he broke from the bending trees cluster after cluster of the white blossoms, and riding up to me, said proudly, as he bound the white sprays around my head, "Queen of my heart, queen of my life! I crown thee queen of the day." The steed on which I sat seemed suddenly terrified, trembling in every limb. With one wild bound, as if to escape coming danger, he cast me from him and fled away. When the affrighted company gathered around me, wondering why I did not rise, they found to their inexpressible terror that I had indeed risen, but in doing so had left to the tender care of the flower and grass grown earth the form I had worn, crowned and wreathed with blossoms that loving hands prompted by loving hearts had gathered. I lost but a moment's consciousness, and indeed should not have emptied the casket of its jewel so readily had it not been partially separated by standing under the flower-gemmed arch in some far-away mystic realm, by the side of a being I in some way knew was all mine. Since then I had seemed so drawn from the form, that many times I felt that I was floating in the air. As the dear ones gathered around me, I said to them again and again (and for a time I supposed they heard me), "I am not injured, not even frightened." But they seemed not to understand me, not to notice me, and lifted a form in their arms that I immediately knew was mine. Then for the first time it came home to my very soul that I was no longer one of the visible crowd, no longer the fair-faced bride of the coming hour, only an invisible being, whom flitting close to them they saw not, for even at that age matter blinded the souls of earth dwellers and but few (in comparison with the multitudes who deemed in their ignorance that they had all knowledge) saw the spirits who walked in their midst.

The stern science of mathematics was at that time the leading principle of the inhabitants of the planet, and through its demands great sacrifice had been made of the spirituality that nature bequeathed as a legacy to the dwellers of all worlds in limitless space: yet who shall say this was in any way wrong when weighed in the balance

of future necessities towards which the finger of time pointed? Every desert has its rocks, in the shadow of which some fragrant blossom lifts its head. Existence means far more than the few years of earth pilgrimage; far more than one incarnation. What then if for a purpose, which if not fulfilled leaves existence in some points incomplete, an attribute of the soul be left in the distance, as one in the blindness of ignorance might say, sacrificed to the comprehension of science? Who can tell to what heights that same attribute can and will be lifted, until it becomes the morning star of the soul, through the power of the comprehended science? Man is mighty when gazed on through all the splendor of the soul's attributes, but sinks to a pigmy when seen through but one. Beneath all the arches that time and nature have planted in the pathway of human progress must man pass, and from each must he gather some fruits as proof of his pilgrimage, as of necessity he returns. Nature is arbitrary and stands at the door of every soul, an inexorable task-master. Bring hither your tithes and offerings, oh ye sons and daughters of men, and then pass on, weaving new laurels to bind on worthy brows.

I digress at times from the simple thread of incidents, but digressions are necessary, and form little balconies whereon the relator of incidents stops for deeper breaths, regaling in the heaven-born and earth-received breezes of cause and effect, which fan too often unnoticed the cheek of all dwellers of the universe. My first feelings on finding myself no longer a being visible to those I had so learned to love, was one of deepest grief. I thought of the fearful ending to the days of feasting and dancing; of the inexpressible terror it would bring to my mother, upon whom I looked as being little less than a saint; of the cruel blow to the one whom I had promised to wed, whom, though I loved him not as I counted love, I looked upon as a dear friend, one to whose heart and life I had promised my own soul that I would share all shadows, and be myself content with the sunlight of friendship; of the brother to whom I had ever clung, and who now alone could smooth

the pathway of father and mother, whose faces were even then turned towards the sunset hills of life. My heart grew wild as I saw I had no power to assure them that I was not dead and forgetful of all, but living and loving still. In their despair they felt not the hands I laid beseechingly on them, heard not the words I shouted in their ears. Only my brother among them all was in any way calm, though his face was as white as the face of the form that lay before them.

As I still strove in my agony to make them see and hear me, I for the first moment became conscious of the same white-robed, kind-eyed one, who, beneath the arch of bursting blooms, bade me drink the wine of the feast. Reaching out his hand, he took mine and my very soul grew calm. "The pilgrimage is ended," he said, "and we will soon go home, though first we must pour balm on these hearts that thus sorrow." It was then for the first time that I noticed accompanying this being who spoke peace to the wild waves of grief that beat against the soul doors, two others, who I afterward learned were the spirit father and mother of my incarnation.

My brother with steady hands cut from the bending trees long, bloom-laden branches, and, binding them together with smaller ones, made thereby a cot of white flowers whereon they placed the bridal form, now so lifeless, so expressionless. This the six young men bore. The grief stricken procession was headed by my brother, and the one who so loved me that he would that day have made me his bride. Following those who in silence bore the cot of flowers, were the six fair maidens, leading each a riderless horse. As they moved away the soul's peacemaker of the hour, still holding my hand, said, "We will follow them," which we did, my heart the while striving to unravel the mysterious relation existing between us; for as yet, Eon, my soul had not recalled the past. I was only conscious that for some reason, I loved you; that in some way which I could not fathom, I was a part of your very existence, you a part of mine; but who you were, whence you came, or whither you would go, all was mystery. I knew, as if by intuition, that

wherever you went there too I should go; that as an unclothed spirit I should never be separated from you. On we went, following with peaceful hearts the sad ones that preceded us, until nearing the home of my past happy years, you said, "We will not enter yet," and turned into the quiet path that led us to the little study, where once your spirit lips whispered the one word, Eoná, which I then understood not, and in the quiet peace of your presence I noticed not the flight of time, felt not that the future was full of demands that must reach the soul, waking it to fulfillment, until laying your hand on mine, you said, "We will go now to your home for a while." I thought then but few hours had passed since the shadow of what the world calls death had fallen across the path of those I loved.

As we entered the home where hearts refused to be comforted, the breath of spices filled the air, and I found all the funeral ceremonies, such as were preparatory to the final episode, had during the days that I thought to be hours been consummated; and there, in all the pomp that wealth can bestow, lay the embalmed form with its wrappings of costly silks, waiting the action of those who were to bear it to its last resting place. I stood by the lifeless form, smoothed with tender hand the brow of my mother where the silvery threads rapidly gathered, kissed the cheek of my brother, and whispered to the heart that had chosen me words of peace and comfort that methought met in his soul a responsive echo; for there came into his eyes a softened light, such as shines in the souls of those who through many sorrows, through many battles, seem reborn through overcoming with the likeness of a god. As I looked from one face to another, my heart blessed you, that you had thus saved me from witnessing the first deep sorrow of my loved ones. As the form was at last borne away, it was followed by the six maidens who had come to me with joyous hearts, and the six young men, their attendants at the festive ceremonies. As they passed out they chanted a low, sad, and solemn service for the dead, which would have wakened the grief of my heart, had you not been ever by my side. In the hands of each was carried a lighted lamp

of silver, which in burning emitted a vapor in which the breath of spices was again manifest. We followed the strange procession; for I felt an indescribable longing to look upon the form that had been mine, in its final abode.

The procession stopped in front of a tall monument of what I shall call marble, as that comes nearest to expressing it. On the base it was broad, occupying on the ground space sufficient to have formed an immense room, and it did form what might be called a room, as a door opening at the base showed. All passed in, their lights at first making the place look wild. We followed and saw the form, sacred still to those dear ones, placed on the marble receiver for the dead. Above it was an arch of the same. Thus ended the funeral rites with one exception, the lighted lamps were placed around the form on the receiver, and as the sad procession passed out, each one of the attendants at the festivities approached the form, and left on its quiet breast a single full blown flower. This tower-like monument extended in height many feet, as you measure distances, the upper extreme being pointed. The whole external surface was carved in figures of birds, flowers, and animals, giving it an appearance that might seem to partake of barbaric ages, yet such at that time on the planet Jupiter was the taste of those whose position signified power. We returned once more to the home from whence so much sunlight had fled, when to quicken memory you led me to the scene my mother, through your inspiration, had been led to paint of our home on Brier Hill, in the fourth sphere of the earth's spirit world. I had seen it for years, yet had never for a moment caught the spirit of it; but standing there with you, gazing at it silently, the spirit essence of the beauty and actual truth it held covered the real picture, until I felt wafting through all the vales and corridors of the past faint breezes from the isles of memory, bringing to my hungering soul one landmark after another, in such rapid succession that it seemed to me an avalanche was about to sweep me from existence, when suddenly there dawned on and through all my quickened senses the memory of another blessed morning of the soul, a morning that gave

way to twilight. As my feet sought the rugged paths of incarnation, the twilight had given way to night, wherein was but one star, and that star the Eon of my soul. But few times had it shone above the horizon of my actual consciousness. Yet every ray therefrom had reached my soul and lingered in peace, like rhythmic echoes of angel land. Again dawned the glad morning, another marriage morn of my soul, when reunited to you in the land of souls, life would mean far more than the idle day-dreams of incarnation.

Thus I felt, realizing not at the time the deepened powers of our united being through an obedience to the voice of the law of our own souls that bade us pass under the arch, gathering therefrom its choice fruits. We had indeed passed under it, and bore still on our garments the benedictory dews that had there fallen, while to our souls had we gathered from its choicest offerings, that all who seek to win can obtain. Thus with garlands freshly gathered and freshly twined I longed for the home I had left, and my whole soul breathed to yours the silent appeal for the home of the long ago; for I longed to take up the chain of my spiritual existence in the land where I left it, and looking over one link after another, see them brightened by the power which is the legacy of the knowledge that we had gained in the pilgrimage we had willingly entered upon. I say we, because you had ever followed me, the seeming shadow of my own soul. What I had suffered you had suffered, what had brought peace to my heart brought peace to yours, thus dimly conscious to me had you held your own place by the loom of time, throwing ever into my hand the burnished shuttle on which the soul's necessities wound its varied threads. And now I longed to chant the sweet song of peace and love in my own home, but your soul said nay—let us first comfort the hearts that ache, the tender, loving hearts which in my newly opened volume I had for the time forgotten. My heart accepted the proposal willingly and fully, and to do so, we sought a home in the second sphere of the planet Jupiter we had both loved before my baptism in matter. Here in a silken, tent-like

house such as I told you in a previous chapter the inhabitants occupied, we tarried until we had tided over the life-boats of the father and mother of my incarnation. There, too, we learned much and were able to carry glad tidings to the hearts I had left in sorrow. The brother of my incarnation, whom I then loved, and have ever cherished, became the recipient of great spiritual knowledge, and to him I was in time able to show myself, which was a boon of peace to his soul. He in time became a noted astronomer, in which pursuit I was able to lead him, solving the enigmas of that inefficient mechanism left to the astronomer's gaze like a night without a star.

Peaceful in sound are the brook songs of our native land, peaceful the love-laden breezes that come from groves of spices and balm, touching cheeks and brow with soft caress, waking music olden and tender, at the chime of which the soul pays willing homage. Thus, Eon, we felt when the sight of home greeted our eyes, casting its shadow towards us, as if anxious to clasp us close within its walls. And after the long years of our pilgrimage, the very air seemed to welcome us, the breath of blooms whispered of home and peace, and long we felt it would be sweet to rest, sweet to have the soul's summer span ages untold, ere another twilight wove its weird shadows through the unseen vales of the yet to be, wherein our feet as yet had wandered not, wherein as yet we had placed no landmark, speaking in silent language of battles won and laurels worn. I look back now and smile at the satisfaction with which we looked over our past with its many windings, its wanderings to and fro, avoiding the faintest glimpse toward the future, in whose vales, and on whose mountain peaks gleamed the lamp of destiny, that in time to come must cast over us the halo of its steady light. It was enough then to feel that we were home, enough to live in each other's presence; what more needed we of heaven. We felt with what we had gained from wisdom's store-house, we could forever be content, and never again feel the hungerings and thirstings after knowledge that in other days wakened in our souls the mighty call that led us earth-

ward. Little man knows what absolute demands the soul has power to make, or how, when once made, the cry will come ever from the great deep, for the full supply that alone can feed the immortal. But fresh from the home of incarnation, we were at peace with all soul demands, and the waters of life seemed ever slaking our thirst.

Our home was yet at Brier Hill, ever fragrant with the breath from the blooming hedge; below us lay the same beautiful homes, played the same fountains, though many dwellers whom we had known there, we were told, had gone earthward, or to some other planet, to return at some indefinite time, bringing with them, as we had done, their sheaves. Thus like the ebb and flow of the great ocean is life; touching first the shores immutable, then beating against the rocky shores of earth, gaining power from each, taking power to each. Again in the Temple of Love we stood before the holy altar and replighted once more the sacred vows of the long ago; again the tinted arch shone over us with undimmed halo. The voice of one high and holy fell on our ears like the music of many waterfalls. "Eon and Eoná, long ages since chosen as messengers of light, well, aye thrice well, have ye thus far done in the harvest fields wherein ye have gleaned; rest ye now in the summer-time valley, for afar off are other fields that the mighty mountain peaks of time hide not from my sight—thither lies a path towards which you will be willing to turn in time to come, in quest of power that shall open to you the doors to higher worlds, the air of which is ever like the sweet intonations of many harps. Till then, peace be with you." And "Peace be with you," whispered every passing breeze. "Peace be with you," seemed to come from every hill-top and valley, from every opening bud we pressed beneath our feet; while from the great deep of our souls songs of peace and love floated like the tell-tale breath from the bloom-laden valley of balm.

As we passed once more from this sacred temple, with the waves of music from the harpers falling on our ears, aye, into our very souls, we felt that we had all of heaven we could ask or desire, and shrank from the very thought of

anything beyond, either on earth or in heaven, as one might shrink from the bitter blasts of a wild tempest, which shows that progression must have its seasons of repose; and these are the soul's sweetest music, harmonizing the entire being and fitting it for mightier battles, for greater victories. And in these lulls lies, after all, the greatest power. For it is here that Compensation—the world's great prince—finds time to settle the books of life, or, we in spirit land would say, incarnation, leaving no debt unpaid through the failure of the bank of circumstances, which in our land takes the place of the gold that glitters, and is never at discount. Thus, Eon, in this peace from which we wished not to wake to the consciousness of a gathering twilight, you will perceive we were enjoying one of the earth's forevers, which the children of earth always think when it comes to them is as endless as time itself—yet these sweet forevers by the wayside of life's homeward paths are very apt to close abruptly as one would close a finished volume with a half sigh that it ended so soon, yet with no inclination to reopen or read; the sweetness and romance are all gone. One may idle a few moments over the pictures, if it be illustrated, but that is all.

In this sweet summer-time of peace and rest that had come to us, or to which we had come, we were not idlers, but sought wisdom, though perhaps not instantly. Children do not often gather flowers with great perseverance when the summer sun shines and the days are long, though they may twine now and then a wreath, bind now and then a brow. I said before that we craved nothing beyond the wisdom, peace, and love that reigned in this fourth sphere, and sought no paths leading therefrom. By our experiences gained through matter we had grown large in our sympathies with the dwellers of earth. We looked upon them as mariners on an uncertain tide, without chart or compass, and we longed to carry to them the wisdom of the land wherein we dwelt; which could not be done, and in one sense can never be done, because the dwellers of earth must through experience have their souls prepared, through unfoldment, or the light brought will be to them darkness, and

the greater the light, the deeper the soul's midnight. Step by step up the mountains of progression is the only way home, and the light from one mountain peak will cast a halo to those nearest it, lessening the shades of the valleys between. In the ebb and flow of the tides of progression, there have ever been times when earth's dwellers could accept the presence and power of immortals—this the landmarks of the past prove, and at such times some master-hand has carved in unmistakable characters the point gained ere the wave receded, and it is only at such times that spirits can influence the affairs of men and nations, which shows the disadvantage under which the denizens of the spheres labor.

As I said, we longed to make better the conditions of earth children, and this anxiety throughout the sphere we then occupied was general, which, although we then understood not, was in actual response to the rising tide of progression of the earth dwellers, and I have since learned that before each rise of this tide, the inhabitants of the spheres felt the noon mark of time falling across the dial of their souls, when from hill-top and valley resounded the bugles, that called to action. Thus the bugles sounded their notes near and far, and we immediately formed societies, each society consisting of a certain number, and each delegated to watch some point of earth, whereon the banner of light and truth might be planted, where seed might be sown in the souls of men to bear fruit that should feed the immortal, until another wave should rise. There was in the sphere in which we dwelt, as in all others, a temple wherein met, at certain times, all these societies. Here tidings were brought of whatever point had been gained. Here, too, plans were laid, to be carried out on earth. Each society had its badge, yet each was harmonized, not governed by the same regulations. Thus we labored, sometimes with discouragement, and sometimes with renewed hope, thinking surely the morning was dawning. The children of earth were often frightened through the power we gained, and often through the inharmony of their war-like natures, we were beaten back to our citadel to recon-

struct our plans, and again march earthward. These same struggles and warfares are undoubtedly but repetitions of the past struggles in the early ages of all planets where man has found a home. Our knowledge of chemistry, at this early period of the development of both earth and man, was of the greatest service to us, and so perfectly is this taught in the fourth sphere, that those who turn their attention to it can simplify the elements surrounding man and produce startling results with no injury to the physical but often with great good to it.

CHAPTER IX.

PEACEFULLY, oh so peacefully, passed those years of labor which love lightened and brightened, crowning every effort made to bless earth children and the dwellers of the lower spheres with results that gladdened and cast a steady light over future efforts. Aye, peacefully glided the onward flow of time's waves, as glides between banks, green, grass-grown and high, some idly singing stream, winding its way onward and still onward, till all undreamed of it reaches the ocean, and finds itself no longer the summer-time idler among banks of bloom and nodding aspen, but a part of the great restless ocean itself, whose stern and solemn roar, that seems growling defiance to the universe, ends in lullaby whispers in the hearts of the ocean shells, to which alone it tells its cruel secrets as though they were the father confessors of the mysteries it holds from the eye of man. Thus glided the loveliest stream on which we were floating. Thus was passing our summer-time, our souls' sweet forever, to which we had clung as clings a child to its mother. But all children weary of sweets—weary of the garden wherein grow the choicest blooms, and with swiftly flying feet seek the bare sands of the river's banks, and with more joy than they gathered the sweetest-scented blooms, toss over its surface the hard pebbles, laughing loud and clear, as the wave, bounding shoreward and receding, leaves on their

feet its own shining drops. Our summer-time was passing; we felt within our souls the dry and crisped stubble, from which the juices and tender green had gone, and there came to us a longing to face a keener blast than ever blew in this land of summer sunsets. We felt our energies relaxed, felt that the toning power of incarnation could alone meet the demand of the soul that we felt ever growing louder and more imperative. Like the little ones of earth, we longed to stand on the bare sands of life's river, and, gathering therefrom pebbles, cast them afar off o'er its waters, and watch the shoreward ripple they made. Nothing now could hold us: like the war-horse we scented afar off the battle raging, and longed to join the conflict. If you ask me how long this peace-giving summer of fadeless beauty lasted, I can say for ages, for remember with us in that home a year was but as a day; we counted not time, because it was all ours, and counted or uncounted, it remained ours the same. There was no specified amount of progression to be obtained in any given time; yet souls whose God-given attributes are not all unfolded, until they become full-orbed angels, have some hour wherein the attractive power of matter reaches the great deeps, like the earnest call of a loving mother, and the soul responds, "I come." Thus we felt through all our unfolding power the mighty soul-reaching call and we wafted earthward responsive echoes, "We come, we come."

Have I told you all, do you ask, of our stay in this sphere? No, I could not, for time here in your land, you remember, is counted and belongs to others, not to Eoná, though she gives to you accurately the heads of the soul's progression, during that early period; the many pleasant memories of it will come back to you here, or hereafter, in waves of joyful wonderment and surprise. Though I would gladly weave in the many colored threads if thereby good could be brought to the world, and if the counted time of your land held years enough in which to accomplish the work, which it does not. When our souls became fully alive to the attractive power of matter, and felt the earnest longings to respond, we for the first time realized that the thought of

the earthward journey brought to us no sadness, cast no shadow on the soul's dial, there was only the earnest longing to go, which in a measure puzzled us ; but there are reasons, defined or otherwise, for all emotions, which if the present, tyrant like, withholds, the not far-off future, with a key that defies all locks, discloses.

As we had decided to return in response to the call that came louder and louder on each breeze that wafted from earth shores, followed by echoes wherein we heard the clamor from the battle-fields, we made rapid preparations. We consulted the wisdom teachers of the temple wherein we had continued to labor for mental improvement, and found to our astonishment that they understood it all, had known through all this peace-giving season,—this ended forever, this now finished volume,—where and when we were with quickened energies and our thus far soul-developed powers ; and what awoke within our beings a new joy was the assurance that we were not to be separated, but hand in hand, side by side, we were to stand on the shores of earth, though for what purpose, to what end, we then knew not. The spirit fathers and mothers, with one who should hold position of priest, were to be the guardian powers of our incarnation. We said good-bye to Brier Hill, as though it were a thing of the long ago, querying not whether we would ever peer through the twilight shadows of time to see it again : whether the scent of brier blooms would ever again fall on our senses, like the benedictory amens of exalted saints. There was no room in our waiting souls for a single regret, the bugles were sounding on the then unseen shores of earth, and we were impatient to be gone. Thus silently are the circumstantial threads of individual existences woven. Some power, some principle unseen to man, is ever paving the way to greater possibilities, through this ever busy mystic loom. 'Tis the hand of the Infinite, leading homeward through the numberless winding paths his children.

Long ages ago there dwelt a nation in that region of country on the earth plane that you call Arabia. This people was ruled by a treacherous king. I know not whether

your histories of that far-off time make mention of it, perhaps no parchments were saved and handed down to later generations, but that matters not. In that nation we were to incarnate, you in one province (by which I mean a division made by an ocean, or great body of water,) and I in another. Do you shrink, Eon, from the thought of having been at one time an Arab? Remember they are a fallen nation now; their glory has departed, like a faded sunset, bearing only somber clouds where are seen no softened tints of rose and amber. The nation of which I write was powerful and possessed great wealth; they were also a people given to pride, yet not the excesses that mark the path of man at the present period. They were warlike, and woe unto the man who unfortunately made an enemy; the very dust of the earth seemed thirsting for his blood, and sooner or later quenched its thirst therewith. Do you wonder that such a point as this was chosen for us? that we did not shrink from it all with the breath of an endless summer still on our cheeks; with all the lighted vales through which we had wended our way shedding their every halo around us; with the music of the harpers still sounding in our ears? No, 'twas joy to face the wild waves of earth life. The lull of progression had ended, and we felt within us a power born therefrom that we dreamed might move nations.

It was strength and joy combined to know that we were both to touch the shores of earth at the same time, and were assured by the guardians that we through their guidance should be brought together when man's time had counted a certain number of years. In our coming earthward together we read the mystery till then unsolved of our willingness to incarnate. It is true that it is seldom that duals incarnate at the same time, yet such incarnations do occur, but always for a purpose or object that could not be attained if one came alone, there being times when the whole incarnated power is needed to attain a desired and observed point, which when gained marks a grand epoch in the soul's progression.

Here, Eon, in this since desolated country, you again with

a mighty purpose breathing through your entire being watched by the cradle of my incarnation, as it was considered wise and best that I should open my eyes, through matter, on the first page of the new volume before you should close yours, putting away with firm resolve the glories wherein we had long dwelt. So I slept, and awoke to look into dusky eyes, to feel the tender touch of a dark cheek against mine, to love as love the little ones of earth, to look in wonder on what seems to children an entire world, to grow day by day in accordance with the law that governed the very atoms of my physical being. Here lies a point that observers seemingly overlook, that is, the atomic harmony of the form wherein spirits incarnate; if this harmony does not exist, the spirit seems to digress into by-ways of a thorny nature, which I do not say is wrong, for in such seeming digression does the trying test come. And these points spirit through matter must war against and overcome, else it is not master of the battle-field, and, if not master, were it to reach the highest heavens would be earth-bound in as far as it had not overcome, and would from the necessity of its own nature find it impossible not to respond to the attractive powers of matter when the mother called; the father's house could not hold it. This being true, it is wise to look with pity on those who seem far from the right path; from the lips of angels falls no censure, they look beyond the battle-field, and see where the white banner of peace waves in the breeze of the heaven that is to come to the victor. Through just such digressive paths have all the dwellers of earth, and I might say the universe, wended their way to their spotless robes and victors' crowns. Through just such paths must tread all who follow,—and here comes another point that needs simplifying. The individualized existences of the universe number no more, and no less, than they have ever numbered. Each child born to-day into the earth life is not the advent of a new soul, fresh from the hand and heart of the Infinite, simply the return of one who from the fields of the forever has heard the call of mother nature, and responds to the imperative demand, and comes again in obedience to

the voice that reached it in the land of souls. And this immortal will find, somewhere, work left undone, some baby fought battle, toward which the mother's heart will lead it, and such souls inhabit forms wherein exists increased atomic harmony : they will feel creeping through the lattice a light like the light of dream-land, and by the light they will become conscious in a dreamy way that they have before mounted a war-horse on that same battle-field.

I find it impossible not to lay aside at times the chain of incidents, and clear the way, cutting down the underbrush of long held false ideas, and paving the way with solid facts quarried fresh from the heart of the Infinite. These highways of progressive thought are needful to the army of thinkers whose mighty tread is shaking the underground rooms of Catholicism, and unpillars every otherism of time and bigotry. Man exists to-day, and has ever existed, and will ever exist, and will ever and anon touch the shores of earth, gathering from the sand-strewn shores of life's river the shells that to him seem fairest, selecting from the thorny way blossoms that to him seem most fragrant, then again returning to the land of souls. Thus in response to the ticking of the clock of time, he comes and goes, until he can claim his heirship to the courts celestial, where is ended the battle, when matter is conquered and he stands a full-orbed angel, with the powers that have governed him subservient to his master spirit.

But few months after my incarnation, according to the measurement of man's time, you too fell asleep, and awoke in a reign of tyranny, a dweller in a land of wars, selfishness, idolatry, and treachery, and yet a land of wealth, a land wherein might stood in the place of right. I stand at the open door of this volume, and, glancing over its pages, whereon the characters symbolize the conditions that existed, I shrink from copying them, shrink from weaving in these coarser threads. It was our battle ground : and the twilight of our life found us yet with sword in hand. If I leave out a portion of this incarnation, remember it will be because I think it best. I grew to womanhood with a strange devotion in my nature to an undefined Deity,

and, strange as it may sound to you, worshiped an idol, and yet not in the spirit that generally prompted worship of that kind. Idols at that time were supposed to possess actual power over health, life, and all material objects. This I did not accept, though I dared not confess it, for each man and woman held to the idea that their idols had power to annihilate any one who disbelieved in them. So silently I bowed to the god of my own soul, merely symbolizing the power that I alone accepted by the idol before which I prostrated myself. My idol was a dove, with white wings spread. This was mounted on what I would now call an altar; before it were hung silken curtains, richly embroidered with gold around this dove. Whenever trouble or danger seemed imminent, I lighted seven long perfumed candles, and so long as these burnt, I refrained from force. This dove occupied a niche sacred to itself, the entrance to which was defined by a massive arch set with precious stones, at each side of which burnt day and night tapers, set in sockets of gold, that formed a part of the arms that projected from either side for that purpose. The curtains were never parted except as I entered. I look back upon this one point with no shrinking, for through the power I thus gained and held, I was saved many trials and much sorrow. Here in my worshipful hours and moods the spirit father and mother were able to come very near to me, and thus my spiritual nature received an impetus it never before had attained. Of this I became more conscious after the earth journey was ended.

My mother was ignorant and superstitious, and thus held tenaciously to the temple-taught vagaries of the much-worshiped idols. In her honesty to such she often threatened me with pilgrimages to strange lands. At such times I would retire to the altar whereon the dove of peace presided, and, prostrating myself, would appeal to the god the dove symbolized, when there would come to my soul an assurance that was both peace-giving and power-growing. At such times there would often fall over me a light, which I afterwards knew to have been bestowed by my guardians, and was a power my mother could not overcome, and which

she feared ; for she often saw the halo of it still falling around me, when she would refrain from farther persecutions. My father worshiped at the shrine of my mother's idol. He was a clear-headed man for that age, and dealt largely in gems and precious stones of all kinds. I am unable to bring power sufficient to the brain I use to reproduce in shadowy form the home I then occupied, and to give it a full description. The reason I cannot do this is the lack of harmony between the brain and the barbarous age from which I am gleaning, and I wonder not at it, for I, too, shrink from treading among its long-ago shadows. The little I can make plain I will. The rooms were low, but large, the floors were of colored woods, with here and there rugs, all the wood within was dark, but beautiful to look upon. There were what you now call mantels, richly inlaid with gold. Here were placed pitchers of gold, the rooms were always fragrant with the breath of spices, and flowers were made to grow in large pots, especially a fragrant lily, which was considered almost sacred.

CHAPTER X.

TIME, the master weaver of human destinies, moved with firm hand the morning-time years of my life, and strange do these years look to me now as I turn a backward glance 'neath the several arches, that, bud, blossom, and fruit crowned, span the pathway of my past. Immortals expressing themselves through matter flit not moth-like forever in the light. It is meet that they should drink deep draughts from all fountains that cast their spray on the homeward path, else they will forever remain dwarfed souls, with no far-reaching sympathies that are the ladders let down by angel love from angel life. It is well that man has not the power to mark his own future in all things ; that being the case, the path would be crowded with idlers, seeking only the realization of childish day-dreams. In my father's house were many servants ; these were not from our own nation,

but were captives of war from nations against whom they went to battle, it being thought an unpardonable disgrace for one of our own nation to serve. Food was served to the family, not on tables, as is your custom, but on silver or other trays, which they held in their laps, they at the time occupying a seat, for which in your language I can find no name, but will describe as best I can. It resembled a large cushion, as you would say, but of a material similar to what you call plush. These were richly embroidered with gold. Those belonging to the heads of the family were very large, and exquisitely wrought. Seated on these around the room, they partook of their refreshments, a servant meanwhile standing directly in front of them, to bear away the uneaten fragments, and bring whatever was demanded; which at the close of each meal was invariably wine, of their own make. This was drunk by all members of the family, and many, more credulous than devout, placed this wine in chalices of gold on their altars to appease the supposed wrath of their idols, and always on taking a journey they in this way besought their silent deities to insure them a safe return. They who served were remunerated only by food, clothing, and protection, while those of their own nation who were taken captive and reduced to servitude were never spoken of, and would not have been taken back had it been in their power to make such solicitations.

There are a few points in domestic life which I care not to touch. You know it is well when one is gathering flowers, to gather those that are fairest, especially if the field from which one gathers be not pleasant with productions that please the eye, and appeal in sweetness to the senses. Even history may well shrink from ringing tones barbaric on ears unaccustomed to such sounds. Yet I will give to you enough to stimulate memory to the acceptance of all you will care to recall. You know there are some scenes one does not care to remember, though it may be pleasant to recall the lessons thereby learned. At the time of which I am now to make mention, I was in the full bloom of womanhood. It matters not whether I was comely to

look upon or unpleasant to the eye. I was a woman with a woman's heart, and knew some one would come to woo me, or else there would rest upon me a lasting stigma, and I would no longer be looked upon kindly by my own kindred : which was in accordance with the customs that held the reins over woman at that time. My heart beat wildly when one sunset time there rode to my father's door a man pleasant to look upon, leading by his side a riderless steed, large and powerful. Over his body was spread a covering of crimson of some heavy, rich material, beautifully wrought with gold. The rider dismounted not at my father's request, and I watched with anxious heart, peering through the heavy vines, fearing lest he would turn away. He took from a small, yet exquisitely wrought, casket of gold, beautiful jewels, and rare stones, that I could see sparkle as the rays of the setting sun fell over them, seeming to turn them to waves of liquid light. At length after much consultation my father took the casket, and the rider dismounted. I knew what this signified, and immediately flew to the white-winged dove, where I lighted the perfumed candles, and prepared for a fast, while I lifted my soul to its own deity in chants of thanksgiving. I left not the sacred niche till the morning dawned, and when the family gathered for the first meal of the day (which was not until the sun cast a shadow half-way between the sun's rising and the noon-time), my father led me to the young man, who the evening before had made with him a bargain for me, the significance of which I will explain. At that time and in that nation the wooer, when in quest of a bride, sought not the hand of a maiden through the attractable power of beauty, or of love, and often never saw her until all points had been settled with the father, and often he became acquainted with the existence of the one he sought through tidings carried him by some one who conjectured that she would make for him a thrifty wife ; when having made his own conclusions, he saddled his own horse, and decked another for the wife he would carry to his own land. Then taking with him the wealth he had laid aside for that purpose, he rode away, leading the richly dressed horse, the

trappings of which showed the position of the wooer, and went far towards securing him a bride. With the riches he carried with him, were the gems or gold with which he purchased of the father a daughter of his own household; the mother had no voice in the disposition made, nor had the daughter. She was sold and borne away, while the father counted his wealth contentedly, thinking not of her who had gone, but waiting yet impatiently for other wooers to claim the remaining daughters of his household.

Thus you see, woman at that age had no power, no rights. In the sons alone was the father and his house honored. While the daughter became the burthen bearer of men, who looked upon her as you would now look upon a slave, yet women sought matrimony, or rather desired it, there being in it some fetters broken; besides what love their souls were susceptible of had a little more chance of expressing itself, though the vine was slender and the oak grew but stern and rugged branches. In the manner I have described I was sold, my father placing in the hand of the dark-eyed, dark-browed man my own. This constituted the entire marriage ceremony, and I thought it was well, and before the sun touched the noon-mark I was gayly and richly dressed for the journey. My father, in honor of the one who bore me away, commanded many servants to accompany us with discordant sounding instruments from which they deemed they brought music that would charm from the bridal pair the imagined wrath of the many gods of hostile nations. I took not with me my idol, my white-winged dove, as it was my duty to worship at the shrine of him who with jewels and precious stones purchased my very thoughts, hopes, and fears. He could command and I must obey: henceforth I was to bow to his god, and this I thought was well.

At length, after journeying many days by land and by water, we reached the land and home I was in the future to look upon as mine. Men-servants and maid-servants, in holiday attire, assisted us to alight, which was to me an evidence of the wealth, position, and power of my lord. The home we entered was built, like all others at that time,

low and large on the ground, with balconies facing north, south, east, and west; without, trees, bloom and fruit laden, cast their cooling shadows near and far; while beneath them here and there were seats of stone, artistically carved and brightened by gay-colored mats or rugs. Within all was elegance and luxury, silken curtains draped the low, broad windows, richly colored and woven rugs were placed here and there on floors that seemed constructed from all the beautiful stones the earth afforded; the seats, taking the place of chairs at the present time, were like those in my father's home, cushion-shaped and richly carved. Art, at the time of which I write, had planted its banner high in the soul's chamber of ideality. All paid willing homage to the beautiful, and this very principle was a point gained that marks an epoch in the progression of man, an open door leading out from the vales barbaric. Though it has taken many, many ages for man to gain the foothold he rightfully claims to-day, the nights leading thereto seem longer than the days, and the stars in the inexpressible darkness, but few and dim. I look not back to this incarnation with feelings of tenderness, but with the ever present knowledge that it was a necessity.

Soon after my reception into this home that I was to occupy, which was far less slave-like than I had ever dreamed woman's position could be, instead of there being several wives, I found none but myself, which startled me, as it was the custom of the lords at that age to call around them in their homes the fair ones whose beauty attracted them, and the one who supported the largest number of wives was considered as the most wealthy. Thus time passed with us, I constantly expecting arrivals of female beauty that came not, yet not daring to question the one who had given for me his casket of jewels, the price my father set on his own child. I could not believe I could shine in his soul's casket, the only jewel there. In time there came to our home a daughter, with a lovelit tenderness in her eyes, that thrilled my very soul, and made me feel more than aught else had done, the slavish bondage in which woman was held; made me recoil in horror and indignation

at the customs of the people of the land of luxury and wealth. This deep feeling I seemed to breathe with every breath and caress of love into the heart of the little one, whose eyes looked into mine with a wistfulness that made me feel that in her nature were hidden wells filled with a power unutterable, that were to some day be like a newly opened volume, wherein might be read what then was unlawful for woman to think. With the birth of this little one, whose existence was to our souls a lamp of inspiration, there came a more perfect understanding between my purchaser and myself. He had never been exacting, never masterful in his deportment, and through kindness had awakened in my heart a love so deep, so sacred, that I could have consigned to annihilation any one who should step between us. This feeling hourly stood sentinel at the inner door of my woman's soul, for I hourly expected some beautiful face to take from me the position I then occupied; and when one day I was summoned to the presence of the one I loved I was struck dumb with joy to hear from lips I had never dared dispute, the sacred avowal that while I stood by his side, no other wife should be called beneath his roof. I fell at his feet as though he were a god, for such I almost deemed him, in my devotion. I brought our little one and laid her at his feet, and shuddered as her dimpled hands were stretched out to him, at the dark thoughts that had budded into stern, pitiless resolves in my heart, wherein dwelt a fount of exhaustless love for the little one dependent upon me. I had sworn to myself, ere woman's glory set its radiant seal upon her brow, to place to the lips I kissed in deepest love, the draught that would unfetter the soul and place it beyond the glittering and bejeweled price of its would-be purchaser. Eon, do you shudder that Eoná ever thus thought and felt, ever thus swore death to the one she loved? Ah, but have I not told you I have pressed my lips to all life's cups, wherein the dregs of anger, jealousy, hatred, and all the passions lay smouldering, to spring up a scorching flame in the partaking soul? Aye, all this is true, and the result is, o'er each battle fought, I have waved the banner of victory, until the passions born of earth hav-

ing dealt thus strangely with the soul, lie beneath my feet, powerless to breathe ever again their crude magnetic waves in vibrations over the soul's responsive chambers.

From the hour in which I received the information that so lightened my whole life and being as with a noon-day sun, I felt that I had a husband; felt no longer the slave fetters binding my very thoughts, and here I may say was sown some of the first seeds from which has sprung the principle of the present,—known under the head of woman's rights. A small beginning, some may say; yet for that day and age of tyranny over woman, wonderful beyond all previous conceptions; and, too, a principle once evolved through the needs of the soul finds never a grave; it is a power positive of earth and air, and moves in undulations far and near, touching here a brain and there a brain, and each brain thus awakened gives ungrudgingly its tithes and offerings, thus swelling its power, until it acquires and holds a position unquestioned by the law-givers of the land. Thus it was in that land and home barbaric, a few threads in the warp of this then unwoven principle were laid. Those threads were never lost, though perhaps by the many unseen, for the fogs on life's shores are dense. Since then other threads from time to time have been added, until the present shows a principle that is rapidly unfolding to a power that when once established must call for a sacrifice of many of the weaknesses of society, much of its trash and folly, and herald in the morn of reason and common sense, twin brothers of honest thought, that lets the soul out beneath the arches of Infinitude, where bud, bloom, and fruit await the half-starved multitudes with conceptions weakened by the unnourishing food from pulpit worshipers, who have put out no receptive efforts.

In addition to the information my husband gave me and of which I have spoken this was added. He acknowledged to me his total disbelief in idols, and as I had ever done worshiped through them the god of his soul, to whom he gave neither form nor place. Here was another bond between us, here the birthplace of another principle, that becoming a power must go rushing like a torrent, resting

never until its waters mingle with the mighty tides of the hereafter. This principle was then but a single drop in the world-wide desert, and what prophetic eye could then scan the horizon of the far-off ages, and paint them from the wondrous and varied picture that but waited the passing ages to become the world's realities? Time did pass, the drop took unto itself through its own powers of attraction other drops, until in time a tiny brook sang a low song: so low at first that priestly ears heard not its babble, and when at last heard it was past arresting, for it watered many lands, and still flows on. It is true many other streams, such as life could then alone produce, flowed into it and muddied its waters, but the present day shows the brook grown to a mighty tide washing all lands, and clearing from its own waters whatever is foreign to them.

CHAPTER XI.

A PRINCIPLE finding its way to hearts that have already been opened by the mysterious key of soul receptiveness, soon becomes a power, with an increased radiation and active undulations; and brains thus pregnant with angel-sent truths fill their own immediate centers of homes with symbols that are the actual soul expressions and are understandable by souls that bear within the holy of holies sufficient light whereby they may be explained. Thus it was that our home became a center, and it was not long before the attractive force therein drew to this center a few kindred souls, awakened in a measure to the truths expressed by the symbols that were cast from our united brains and in one sense were children of our household. I am not mythical in thus describing the birth and center of power with the symbolic expressions cast from brains on the surrounding elements. These are facts, not mere suppositions, and any one gifted with sufficient clairvoyant power can, through the expression of symbols, decipher the attributes of individualized existences: aye, can even read

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the hidden motives of the heart. This power of clear seeing is steadily on the gain, which is accounted for by the progressive steps marked in nature's calendar of epochs. As I mentioned before, our home became a center whose attractive force added new links in the then not far-reaching chain. Through this attraction we established, with the few kindred souls thereby drawn to us, an order, as you would term it. This was entirely secret, as all orders must in a sense be, or the attractive power is weakened by bringing into the ranks many whose hearts have never hungered for aught but the commonest things of life, and whose only stimulating motive is an idle curiosity, which, becoming gratified and the soul left untouched, ends in tale-bearing, that has not the merit of truthful representations or sensible connections.

There were in our order three merchants, who dealt respectively in silks, jewels, and precious stones. They, having become convinced of the righteousness of holding as theirs but one wife, had put from them all save the one to whom they were first plighted. These with the one wife each retained added to our household constituted at that time as our order the first faint gleam of a morning that still lingers afar off, over which cloud after cloud must pass, hiding for a time the faint glimmerings that spoke to our souls in voices prophetic of a wonderful yet to be. At the meetings of our little band, which were frequent and occurred at stated times, we intuitively sat with closed eyes and communed as we thought with our own souls, though in truth we felt the breathings of superior and as yet unseen beings, who came to us on the current of harmony thus formed. Then we each gave utterance to the thoughts that filled our souls, and by so doing, gained at each meeting a power which we then but little dreamed could exist. At these meetings the doors were always closed and secured, and to avoid the suspicion of passers-by no lights were placed in the room, though the lights the household gods demanded through the custom of bigoted ignorance were kept burning to keep unawakened the suspicions of the men and maid servants, for suspicions aroused in the

minds of unthinking ignorance create a blind power that might overturn thrones and behead sovereigns.

As we thus at one time sat in our closed and darkened room, there suddenly fell around us a light of such ineffable brilliancy that we were struck dumb with fear, for with our limited experience and comprehension, this was the first emotion we were capable of experiencing. While we yet held our breaths in our agony of uncertainty, a voice, whose intonations held volumes of inexpressible peace, fell on our ears, with more than the tenderness of a father's blessing, saying, "Peace be with you! cast off all the impurities of your lives, and the unseen world shall be opened to your gaze." The light then faded until we sat again in the darkness that for the time seemed to stagger us and take from us our very breath, so dense had it grown, and when lights were brought, whitened faces attested without words that the great deeps of each soul had been reached. We looked in each other's eyes and read there an unyielding purpose to turn not back to heathenish idols, for a voice from the unseen unknown had called us with its subtile power and we must follow. It mattered not over what obstacles we passed if the end be gained, and with firmer resolves than ever before felt, we clasped hands and thus took, as we did at the close of each meeting, an oath of secrecy and loyalty to the order and its individual members, calling on the god of our own souls to witness the truth and purity of our motives, and asking death and annihilation if we failed in any point.

Oh! those days when the sun of civilization shone not through the spiritually illumined brain were days of bitterness and woe to many. Policy was ever uppermost, and in fact proved the flag-staff that bore on the deceptive tyrannical breeze the motives of each hoping, fearing heart. A man or woman weighed in the balance and found wanting in devotion to the gods, which was proven by the appeasing incense that was, according to the law, to be daily burned, was destroyed by ways and means that would chill the heart of the strongest, at the present time. It thus behooved us to live in the real and seeming, for we were unconsciously

sowing seeds that must go on producing and reproducing until a power iconoclastic was born that would react from age to age, tearing down the false and making thereby a birthplace for the true. Therefore we burned the necessary incense, and for a time it was a blinding power to the eyes of our immediate world; but it is the nature of light to shine, and in doing so it is often the cause of strange shadows, which depend on the way it shines, also on the objects over which it casts its rays. All this is a natural result that cannot be avoided, therefore must be met. Our light at last shone, partly through the circumstance of putting away of wives, which made a hideous shadow for the eyes of those whose highest aim seemed to be a multiplicity of companions who in the strictest sense were but the slaves of their law-made master, whose whims and caprices were responded to by the women he fed and clothed as suited his tastes and passions. Partly, too, our light was made to shine, through the friendly greeting of the members of our infant order; these greetings seeming to partake so much of the brotherly love that is noticeable where there is unity of feeling and purpose, and is always significant of a laid plan into which curious and suspicious eyes think it their highest province to peer. The few rays of light that thus strayed from our center brought to us a slight addition in numbers, there being two others who felt there was with us a something their souls craved. These two were tested in all ways, before being admitted, each male member (there being then but four) making himself a spy upon their actions. When the time came for their acceptance they willingly took upon themselves the oath, which was simply loyalty to the order, which was a principle, and to its members. The penalty for a failure was death, to which rash lips whispered a stern and meaning Amen, that boded ill to the one who should in any way forfeit his or her claim to the sacred bonds which united them as one family, each seeking and dispensing all light and knowledge received for a mutual benefit.

Time passed its busy fingers of circumstance, weaving chaplets for brows that must wear them regardless of the

actual thorns that lay hidden under the hope blooms that each heart involuntarily gathers from the world unseen, and through which the soul gains strength to meet the rallied forces of an opposing principle. With the few whose purposes were as firm and unyielding as the everlasting hills, whose holy aspirations were as high as the dome of their own souls' cathedral, we watched and waited, yet dreaded the unfoldments we were promised and which we felt sure were to follow the promise unsought, as bloom follows bud, and it did come. A power strange to us then, and which we never had dreamed existed in the seen or unseen, fell upon us. Through this power, to which we then gave no name, we saw the then present age fade away, other scenes, other nations, with other gods, take the place they occupied. These too in turn faded, and passed from earth, and still others followed. Thus they seemed to come and go; nation after nation passing ere the stern night of barbarism yielded to the subdued light of our early morn, and through all this night we saw the one silvery thread running like a mythical river, sometimes broadening, and sometimes almost fading from sight; but at last gathering to itself the power each age had bequeathed it as a legacy from hearts that could suffer till the night of so-called death hid them from the unsealed eyes of man. It became the one stream that bore on its placid surface the love-laden boats of man's purest hopes, highest aspirations, and most certain possibilities. A portion of this long-ago vision has been fulfilled, and a portion still awaits the steady march of time, which means in the strictest sense a harmonious unfoldment of mankind.

In our frequent seclusion meetings we were at last brought face to face with beings from the other world. This at first chilled our very hearts' blood, because it was too unexpected, though in time we learned to look for these un-winged messengers as a child learns to turn its innocent eyes to the light that shines brightest. A copy of all that was seen, heard, and expressed at our gatherings was secretly kept, and these parchments were handed down for ages to those who in time took the places of those who were

called up higher. These copies were by members of the same order destroyed ages after, which was done as a protection to those who believed; otherwise they would have perished at the hands of idol worshipers.

There came a time after our order had become firmly established on a foundation of actual knowledge, that there came to us one whose bearing was noble, who, as far as mortal eyes could discern, was the embodiment of as much perfection as the earth at that age could bestow on man; yet around this unknown there was a mysterious something that spoke to our souls in a warning voice. He was conscious that we held a power through knowledge he had not attained to, and humbly solicited the privilege of becoming a member of our order. He was bidden to wait until the sun had risen and set seven times, before he could receive the decision of the few true and tried hearts who were turning leaf by leaf the unwritten pages of the unseen through the power now termed clairvoyance. During these days, that he knew not to be days of trial, his steps were followed by each male member of our band in perfect disguise. At the end of that time as nothing wrong was found in him he was accepted by us, and without a dissenting word took the oath of loyalty, and as we in unison uttered the ominous Amen, the room trembled as though shaken by a terrific earthquake, and with it fell on our hearts a dread, as though the shadow of an unending death was hovering over us. Nothing further followed, the evening ending in silence. We parted, speaking no word of our suspicions, if we harbored them, against this accepted stranger, though I read in stern-looking eyes words I forbear to rewrite. The pages of that barbaric age are wofully blotted and the margins thereof are crowded with notes that breathe not of peace and love. We had at this time a few laws, or as you would say by-laws, that governed our actions and deportment to each member. Among them, and standing first, was one that read something like this: "No member shall on any account say aught disrespectful or suspicious of another member, on pain of penalty." This was binding; we had received into our ranks one towards whom each

soul at that moment turned with accusations of unjust motives, yet no lips condemned, and as far as he could perceive all was well, but he never came again; it was rumored afterwards that he was found dead, though no one seemed to know or care how or when it occurred, and no questions were ever asked. From this time we felt that we were suspected, and when not long after two applicants came to us in seeming innocence, we knew we were watched, and knew too that sudden disaster would overtake us, unless we planned to thwart it.

Accordingly a special meeting was called, and it was decided to leave the land wherein we dwelt and seek another land, and other homes. To do this successfully the greatest secrecy was needful; besides, to escape detection, we were obliged to take upon ourselves the clothing and semblance of vagabonds. We gathered together all of our wealth in gems and precious stones that we could carry, and on pretense of a day's journey left our luxurious homes where abundance had always crowned us; but we took with us what we more deeply prized, our religious freedom, which we could enjoy even if we were driven to the wilderness. Once away from our homes, we clothed ourselves in previously prepared rags, and continued our journey, wandering upon the face of the earth. Our band, which composed the entire order, was too small to excite suspicions; thus on foot we roamed wherever we chose, subsisting on nature's productions, which were abundant and failed us not. We at last heard of a country afar off where the inhabitants were not obliged under penalty of death to worship idols of man's construction, burning incense thereto, and thus filling with gold the coffers of a king whose right was might, for at this time the incense moneys went to increase the wealth, and power of a tyrant. Days counted weeks and weeks counted months, as you tell time, and yet we wandered, hoping sometime to reach the land we sought. At last we came to the border of India, or what you term India at the present time. This was the land of which we had been told, the land we sought, but our sweet dreams of homes, like unto the ones we had left afar, were doomed to fade.

Yet we murmured not, knowing that time here would end the strife, and we were ready at any time to lay down the armor we were wearing, for the peaceful homes we knew awaited us. In this land that we had sought, a fearful war was raging, brought about by enemies, whose love for devastating the fair lands of peace and plenty was the actuating principle; accordingly we were obliged to tarry in the borders of the country, making our homes wherever we found safety, wandering to and fro, yet never losing sight of the great principle, the following of which had driven us from our homes.

CHAPTER XII.

WHILE yet as a band we were wandering, with a feeling that the desolations of the earth were our only birthright through the power of circumstance that made us so unlike the many, we through a seemingly mere accident, and with no special purpose in view, followed a strange, wild path that seemed to beckon us on through its very wildness, until it at last brought us to a half-hidden opening, which upon investigation proved to be the mouth of a cave. After some consultation, lights were secured, and, by removing the low brush and some fallen limbs that the trees overhead in their tossing and bending to the stern winds had deposited there, we entered, and found ourselves in an apartment the size of which surprised us, and, upon further investigation, other and smaller rooms were found opening from this main room. It seemed to us that the loving hands of the unseen had for a purpose guided us hither, and with one accord we accepted it with grateful hearts as our future home, made doubly dear and doubly sacred by the shadows through which for a principle we had patiently wandered. It soon assumed a homelike appearance through our united efforts, and joyously did we labor, for the love of home lightened every passing hour.

I have not mentioned that the man to whom I was sold

was the Eon of my past, present, and future, as there has seemed no fitting place to make mention of the fact; all this you undoubtedly know, drawing your conclusions partly from preceding chapters, and partly from the half-awakened memory, that in the present catches at times stray gleams from the past, almost hidden by the towering hills of time, in the shadows of which many facts to man are but faint possibilities. But this you remember was in strict accordance with the promises made us before this incarnation by the spirit father and mother, who watched us fall asleep. At the time of which I now write, I knew not that my companion was my own soul's mate, with whom I had roamed the ever fair fields of the sweet forever; yet this was true, and the purposes of our lives lay before us.

Thus explaining, I will return to the hidden retreat we had blessed with the name of home, which at that time signified to us heaven. We built no altar to the unknown god of our own souls. We were a harmoniously united family of husbands, wives, and children, and the home rights of each were acknowledged and respected; which in itself strengthened the cords of fraternal feeling by which we were bound. To the heart of my husband and myself whispered the tender voices of three other little ones, the blest children of our wanderings; and our hearts were strengthened to stern endeavor as the dimpled hands sought with pure caress our sun-browned cheeks. These three were sons, and as years passed by leaving them at the gate of manhood, they were numbered among the wise men of the East; and with a feeling of tender pride, I add that they did much to increase the knowledge and power to which we had attained before we knocked at the gate of the cities unseen, and traced no longer the shores of time. Here in our secluded retreat we succeeded, through the help and guidance of immortals, in establishing an unending power; in lighting an unfailing lamp, whose steady gleam has shone adown the ages then afar off, and with the power that has at times been added thereto has lighted the pathway for countless millions, the tramp of whose feet then echoed not in the valleys of time. It is true the light was at times wavering and un-

steady, thereby making uncertain shadows, for remember, Eon, the wildly furious winds of our opposing power, that held almost unlimited sway at the time of which I write, seemed at times ready to extinguish it forever, and would have done so, had it not been because it was a power positive,—consequently in the strongest and best sense an inheritor of immortality, and which being immortal could in no way be overcome or annihilated.

Eon, I see in your heart many questions; they flit to and fro in the soul's chambers like dim, hungry-eyed specters, and with these questions, and surrounding them, is a constant wonderment why souls who had reached to great heights in intellectual achievements, as I had done on the planet Jupiter, and in which you as my guardian spirit had fully participated, should, as far as could be seen exteriorly, sink far down into the low valleys of existence, and become so benighted or befogged through the grossness of matter. I will answer in a limited manner, and you will understand much. Who would or could imagine a ship-builder (having the knowledge of his trade perfected) being so short-sighted as to send oceanward to a burning, sinking, or befogged boat, a frail skiff that the angry winds and wild waves might swallow up at one sweep, thinking thereby to save crew and cargo? You see the idea, and understand the influence. These have guiding forces to earth and its children: have ever been spirits whose mission it is to bear earthward light from soul's summer-land, where life in the actual exists; and the higher the achievements to which they attain in the spirit spheres of their own planet or elsewhere, the greater will be their positive power on earth, the more powerful will they be to oppose and overcome undeveloped conditions, and plant firmly with a might and right the immovable landmarks of progress, towards which the homeward-bound pilgrim may ever turn for the assurance that he is on the true path to his father's house. These strong spirits who take upon themselves incarnations in gross matter that they may be the world's light-bearers, lose none of the glory that was theirs in the land of souls: it is simply laid aside for the time to await the fulfillment of their mis-

sion; and with the laying of it aside, the memory thereof, too, is left in the land from which they have departed; which fact proves to the spirit one of the greatest blessings of incarnation, for who, dwelling in beauty that has never been and never can be told in words, where the soul forever drinks from the well-springs of peace, love, and wisdom, could be even comparatively happy in taking the memory of such surroundings with them into the dull, sorrowful valley of earth existence? No, it is a blessing to forget, else in pining for home with all its joys the good for which they come would be left undone, and their own labors receive no compensation. It is true while here they express not all their unfolded attributes, because matter, through which they make themselves known, will not allow it. Neither must they of necessity retrace their paths in the land of souls. Law on each side the mystic river is in its nature binding and inexorable, holding good in matter as in spirit; consequently a spirit not superior to it is made prisoner and can walk or work in no other paths than the law that governs will allow. Thus it was with Eoná. She labored faithfully in the grooves in which her waking found her. Thus it was with the husband into whose eyes she then dreamed not she had ever looked until her father placed her hand in the hand of her purchaser as his personal property to do with as he deemed best, while the seller, seated on his luxurious rug, counted the sparkling jewels for which she was sold.

The avenues of the incarnation, of which I now speak, were too befogged by the grossness of matter to allow me to turn backward my glances, thus gathering from the past the heart approval to facts as they had previously existed. The mists of the valley in which I walked shut out the light and peace that ever rested like a benediction on the hills and the vales of the forever and ever. My work lay before me like the result of the commonest circumstances, and as such I did it, knowing not, seeing not, through the closed and barred windows of the soul, that it had been previously prepared for me, and I for the work. I took up the burthens that lay before me, knowing not what the end would be,

except a quiet, unmarked grave for the body, and, as I then supposed, an untried existence in the land of the hereafter. Never before had I been so shut out from my fatherland. I caught no sounds of its murmuring brooks, felt on my dark cheek no breezes from the far-off hills that border the lands of the blest, felt in my soul no responsive echoes that told, in the language of parables, tales of another land. All was night except the existence I then vitalized. It is true we received what to us was the depth of wisdom, from the unseen world, though the information received spanned no bridges that could lead us back to the peaceful home we had left, told us not that we had dwelt together in cottage vine-clad on hill-sides that were ever green; all this was hidden, and it was well, for the knowledge imparted to us was what that age, for purposes the then far-off future would in time evolve, most needed.

Thus, Eon, you will readily see that our incarnation in that age barbaric had a positive object, which was the forming of an avenue through which came the engrafting of a principle that soon assumed the shape of a power, though still in its infantile wrappings. It was for this we left the sweet fields of the forever, in response to a voice that called us from afar off: called us until through all our beings we felt the magnetic thrill of an unyielding purpose, and we sent back the answer, "We come, we come." It is true we seemed through obedience or response to this call to sink back again to a condition almost as primitive as the one occupied at the time when memory placed its first landmarks, crude and ill-favored, and back of which there was no retreating; but it mattered not, so long as the end was gained. Truly the ship-builder saw in the distance his befogged ship, and sent oceanward some of his best, most reliable, and most enduring life-boats, that could outweather the gales, and ride safely on the highest wave and tide, to aid to secure moorings the great boat, with its untold freight of humanity. And was it not well that we were sent? Surely we lost nothing. Our May day would wait for us; besides the fields of the eternal never become scared and yellow, like the deserted harvest-fields of earth life, but

bud, bloom, and fruit are always there, and hands that have for long years lifted the heavy burthens of our earth existence, forget not how to gather them when once freed from the fetters that bind. We can readily trace in the engrafted principles the true cause of our united efforts, the true cause of both incarnating at one time. Seeds, from the growth of which ages then unborn were to reap a golden harvest, were to be sown; consequently the positive and negative must work in the same field, or the work would be but half accomplished, and our both being drawn earthward at the same time was one great reason of our feeling in our souls no breathings from the past. Neither the positive nor the negative was there to transmit in direct lines to the earth-bound pilgrim; consequently the mists in the valley never lifted; yet there was a pathway out, although we saw it not.

In the secluded retreat to which I have referred, we continued to hold our meetings, our order taking in no new members. An unseen and unthought-of attractive power had drawn to its center the few souls that, in that country, at that age, were the light-bearers of the ages then untold. These, like us, had been incarnated for the work they were doing. I can look back now from where I stand and see how perfectly each soul of us fitted into the great wheel of progress that moved slowly yet surely to the consummation of man's greatest good, the full realization of which has not yet appeared, and for which we still, as spirits and mortals, labor unceasingly,—we bringing our forces earthward, and mortals, consciously or unconsciously, utilizing the same, which the world reads in the book of facts ever opened by angel hands, where they note the manifestations, unexplainable except through natural laws, and for which in times past many true men and women were driven by death-dealing bigots across the mystic river, carrying with them the condemnatory papers of their persecutors, who had unconsciously written them and signed their names thereto, through the power of conscious wrong the same, at the time, bare evidence to. Thus Compensation stands at each turn in the road, dealing with unwearying hands merits or

demerits, as the demand may be. In our established seasons of communion we continued to gain knowledge, that was to us a power, our oar with which we rowed the life-boats far out at sea, making points invisible to the mass of benighted wanderers, points that were actual landmarks, actual light-houses whose steady gleam the experienced eye could readily detect. We mingled not with the world in its pursuits, its pleasures, and pastimes; though we at times frequented cities for a purpose, when it behooved us to astonish with the power we possessed even the wise, who came to look upon us as being possessed of an almost supernatural power. When it seemed wise and best, we spoke with warning voice, foretold important occurrences with an unfailing accuracy that startled, while it carried conviction, and as the result of which we were called seers. We were left undisturbed to follow our inclinations. None ever followed us to our retreat; in fact it is very probable they had not the courage had they possessed the desire, for, though endowed with courage in wars, in the face of what seemed to them to partake too forcibly of another life, they were the kings of cowards, which rendered our personal safety a settled conclusion. We in time became chemists, partly through the teachings of the messengers who came to us, and partly through our intuitive power, which, although we then comprehended it not, had its birth in the land of souls, the real birthplace of all principles, all powers, and from whence they are borne to the receptive brains of the children of earth. Such brains are centers, or, in one sense, suns; they receive, and they radiate, and the mighty truths of the universe are borne through the valleys of time, up the steep hills of progression, by these same burthened brains, while the ignorant crowds hurl after them their anathemas, that are in truth but simple air echoes, by which ignorance advertises itself to the world. After our knowledge in chemistry became founded securely on what basis the age could afford as a tribute to knowledge, we established a school of chemistry in one of the cities of India (now extinct). Our appliances were somewhat simple, yet the results attained were startling to those who gave

their time and attention; and the number was small, because so few had the courage to witness or take part in the experiments.

CHAPTER XIII.

EON, have I not unraveled the web of the Arabian incarnation sufficiently to prove to you, if you could need proof from the hand of Eoná, the necessities of the step recorded at last, with the many whys and wherefores that would naturally cast shadows athwart the doorways of the soul? Taking it for granted that you are satisfied, with a few closing notes of explanation, I will gladly roll the stone to the mouth of this not pleasant sepulcher, from whence I have bidden actual facts to come forth in their grave clothes. We continued to live as we were living, continued to labor as we were laboring, until, on the dial of material existence, time had left more than one hundred marks wherein was told, with the coming of spring, the long wearisome struggles with the powers of earth and air, wherein were breathings of hopes fulfilled, or buried under the flowerless turf of disappointment, until, with work all done, it was not unpleasant to feel that our faces turned towards the setting sun, that fell with a softened halo in the valley whither our paths were leading. We cared little if those paths were rough; we were not there to gather flowers, but to sow seeds that would spring up and in ages yet unborn give bloom and fruit to the gleaner. It was during that season of the twelvemonth wherein the sun shines hottest that my feet wearied and finally in the valley rested. That poor Arabian form, how worn and wearied it had grown with long marches and many battle-fields! I think of it now with a feeling akin to pity, and kindly ask of Gabriel when he dons his fresh linen, preparatory to the sounding of the final trump, to leave one blast unblown, and let the poor form rest, with its face still turned towards the setting sun. It would not be missed in the motley, jostling crowd of

resurrected forms; besides I might not be pleased to have it claim me as its rightful landlord, and surely I do not propose to play the captain over the several forms that have kindly served my several incarnations,—it would be a hideous company to marshal over the starlit floor of the beyond. From nature's great wardrobe they were taken, to serve a purpose then apparent, and were of necessity hung on the last peg at the doorway as I passed out, and afterward utilized for younger members of our Father's family. How long, oh how long, before there will be an evolution of ideas that can keep pace with the evolution of matter, and man come to realize that it is through matter he must ascend the ladder of progression, before he can catch even far-off glimpses of his real life, of his real home, from whence Mother Nature in need of workers calls him, and as he gathers the thistles from the blooming hedge with the winds of fate, she then lulls him to sleep on her bosom. Oh, stern, exacting mother, many voices are silent in the Father's house because of thy loud calls that must be obeyed, yet most just thou art, and none can say aught disparaging thy purposes and fulfillments, and the faithful child takes home when the long day is ended compensation meet for his services.

As I have mentioned, I rested at last in the valley, and sweet and dreamless was the sleep that followed. How long I slept I know not, but I seemed roused by the sounds of musical waterfalls forming a rhythmical undertone to the voices of happy children. I noticed not on my sudden waking where I was, but rose hastily and went in search of the happy sounds, that seemed to sweep over some chord of the soul's harp that had not quite lost its vibratory power. I pushed back what at that moment seemed to me the closed door of a tent, and, as I lifted it still farther, I saw that the door was formed entirely by long, swaying vines, fresh with newly opened blossoms, and as I peered out there came to my soul a subdued feeling of peace with a half realization of something familiar in the surroundings, as though at some time I had traveled either the same road or one akin to it. Before the door played several children,

robed in material such as immortals alone wear. I passed my hands quickly over my eyes with the feeling that I must be dreaming and could not wake. Then for the first time I noticed that my clothing, too, was of the same beautiful material, noticed that my hands had lost their angularity induced by toil, and were both white and shapely. I passed them slowly over my hair, which hung to my waist, and that was dark, glossy, and wavy. At this moment the little ones caught sight of the anxious face that peered out from the hanging vines and came towards me with happy smiles. This was more than I could bear without explanation, for I thought of myself as being but an old, time-worn Arabian, against whom certain powers had arrayed themselves. I accordingly called with a loud voice to the husband whose presence had ever been the power through which my courage had asserted itself. I waited and listened a moment for his familiar step, when the tender vines were lifted and there passed to the interior of the tent two beings of such wondrous beauty that I fell on my face before them asking only for my husband, the companion of my pilgrimage. They bade me follow them, and I had no power to do otherwise. Passing from the vine-hung lodge, they tenderly took my hands and bore me down, down, until the mists of earth-life touched me with their chilling breath, and I shivered like one grown cold. Presently we stood before the opening to the cavern; when, waiting a moment to gather the needed power, we passed in, and then memory, faithful in all points, began unraveling the mysteries that in a little time seemed to have grown into mountains impassable. I saw then the husband, to whom I had clung through all the changes of a strange existence, felt that in my transition he had grown inexpressibly dear, and as memory went on gathering up its tithes from the fields of the past and laying them at the very door of my soul, I took in more and more, until at last the chain was complete, when the white-robed messengers said, "We will go now, as there is work yet to be done." Then I knew they were the spirit father and mother who had watched over our incarnation in this barbaric land, who had led us in our wanderings to and fro,

laying plans for our fulfillment that were to be the world's inheritances. Before leaving you, I drew to myself power sufficient to touch you, at the same time, by a great will-power, whispering to your ear, "Eon." You started and wondered much as to the import of the one word, knowing not that it was the name you left in your other, your better life. I left you then for a little time, left you to gather from the fields of the eternal proofs of all that memory had vouchsafed to bring in testimony of the land and the life from whence we had strayed.

It would be pleasant, I felt, to note again the old landmarks, to rest in the shade of trees that had in the long ago seemed so lover-like, and in doing so overcome the Arabian feeling that clung to me yet. I longed to press with feet no more weary, all the paths over which I had passed with the Eon of my soul; but Brier Hill and the dear home, or the dear home there awaiting us, I could never visit until we could hand in hand climb the sacred paths together. I knew the dear cottage waited for us, knew the doors and windows were open, and the fragrant breath of brier blooms whispered to the waiting rooms, "Eon and Eoná are coming." But not alone, no never alone could I wander through the pleasant rooms; yet all the rest of the way I wandered over, thinking how sweet it would be to walk with you over those same paths, calling your attention to this or that as we passed; thinking how I should enjoy your brightened look as memory recalled it all. Oh, Eon, never was bridegroom more longed for than then, never did heart call more loudly for its own than did the heart of Eoná at that time. All the regained beauties and pleasures of that home of the soul were but half noticed, half enjoyed, because the eyes of Eon gazed not on them with me, but were peering yet through the shades of Arabian twilights for a glimpse of my spirit robes. Sad-hearted Eon, how he missed the old Arabian woman whose place in the coming twilight was always by his side! How he listened for her step that he knew then would be light as the fluttering of a bird's wing! After I had visited hills, and vales, and winding streams, till all the old landmarks had come to seem to

me like old-time friends. I had nothing to do but to wait for the coming of the bridegroom, whose eyes, wherein I read a love untold, were often turned skyward, as if in search of the hills and spires of his native land. I well remember, through the countless ages that have passed, how I watched with joyous heart the paling of the cheeks that told of the tinted blooms that were all gathered to shores immortal; how I smiled as I saw the once firm step falter, and the hands fold wearily, as though there were no more burthens to carry over rough places and up steep hills; and when there dawned the final morn, in which you bowed your head on your hands without one murmur and lifted it not again, then was added one more hallelujah to the charioteers of the Infinite, that methinks must echo still in some emerald isle of the ether seas. Your form at last rested by the side of the one I had worn in my pilgrimage, and like mine it was threadbare, showing where the wheels of time had rubbed against it, defacing its comeliness.

The look in your eyes, as you opened them on the new morn of the soul, was the look of a startled child, who, after playing long hours in the daisied meadows, falls asleep by the singing brook near which it strayed, and wakes with the brook's songs in his ears instead of the familiar music of the mother's voice. You had slept, after the long years of wandering in the thorny fields of earth existence, and the brook songs of your fatherland sounded again on your ears, and you understood not the sound thereof. You seemed to lose consciousness for but a few moments and soon stood looking on the old form with a look of wonderment bordering on confusion. At last, as though to make sure of something, you hardly knew what, you touched with your shapely hands the bowed head of the form from whence you had fled like a passing breath of summer, and then you realized the full fact that you were no longer a dweller in the caves of earth, but a dweller on shores immortal, liberated at last from the chains that bound, the links thereof being iron welded in the furnace of circumstances wherein seemed blended no pity. Eoná stood near you, and gently touching you caused you to turn towards

her your eyes. You seemed startled, but there was no look that said, "Soul of my soul, we meet again." As one stranger may guide another through the winding streets of a strange city, so I kindly offered to guide you wherever you most might desire to go. I was not disappointed that you did not recognize me, nor grieved, for I knew that in time memory, true in all things when unfettered, would on rapid wing sweep through the beautiful fields wherein we had strayed and gather therefrom all the missing links, and when the chain was complete I knew the first link would begin with your soul and the last one end with mine, when recognition would be complete.

Taking your hand without a word I led you away. As we began ascending you intuitively used your will-power to keep pace with me; this was no difficult thing for you to do, for your will had of necessity been in the ascendancy for long years. With it as a propelling power you had climbed many hills of earthly opposition, and led upward with you the companion of your joys and sorrows. Now I was leading you over the beautiful hills that bordered the land of souls. We passed many on our journey, and I noticed the wistful glances you ever turned as though in quest of some one. I understood it all, knew well that you were peering into the faces of the passers-by in quest of an old Arabian woman to whom your heart clung with a tender memory and for whom it hungered even then. Oh, Eon, how I longed to comfort you, longed to tell you who I was; but no, it would have served but to confuse you and hinder instead of helping you back to a memory of those days and other scenes.

At length you asked me if this was spirit land, as though half doubting, so strange did everything seem to you. I told you it was, and asked you if it pleased you to become an inhabitant of so beautiful a country. You said you were pleased, yet felt like a stranger and illy fitted for a land so beautiful, where all whom you met were fair as though in life's morning. I noticed that you still walked in a feeble manner and with bowed form; not from necessity but from the force of habit that had come to you in your last days as

an Arab. I could but smile to see it, for your face was the same dear face of the long, long ago. This you knew not, and seemed not to notice the beauty of your clothing, there was so much else to attract your attention. At length there came over your face a look of disappointment, and you remarked that somewhere in this land you had a friend who had gone hither in advance of you; a wife, you farther explained, and you much feared you would never find her more, and if you did not you must return once more to earth, as perhaps she was there yet waiting for you, and had not known when you passed out. We were passing a fountain round which little children were playing, and I led you towards it, bidding you bathe your head with its cooling drops, and, as you leaned over the marble-like basin, you caught a sudden glimpse of the face there reflected, and looking again turned towards me saying in a startled manner, "What does it mean? I see not the face that for long years has greeted my eyes, but one fair like the faces of all the inhabitants I have met." Then I explained to you that you had left behind you the form you had worn, and the one you were then occupying was the new one from the hand of the Infinite, or rather from one of the attributes of the Infinite, which was by law in all its exactness. Then for the first time you noticed your clothing. Your form was no longer bent and feeble, but stood erect in all the perfectness of manhood. Suddenly, as though stimulated by a new idea, you remarked, "Will my wife, too, be young and fair as I am?" I answered that she would. Then you said, "Let us hasten back, for I may have passed her in the crowds we met." I found it difficult to detain you long enough to explain all you were in a condition to accept. I told you that was impossible, for I knew your wife, and would in time take you to her, that we had some distance yet to go, and you were in need of rest.

As our path was the one frequented mostly by those coming from the earth, it was provided with restful nooks, homes of beauty, that while they furnished a place of rest also drew the mind from earth and what there most attracted it. Seeing a bower formed entirely from the run-

ning vine, I led you to it and bade you rest, while I would sit outside. You slept at last, and it was what you most needed. Hours passed, in which I had time to think over the past, so strange and wild at times, and yet again so peaceful. At length you awoke and came forth refreshed, but yet you knew me not. So dark had been the long night of our incarnation that as yet the sun of memory pierced not into the soul's chamber, revealing therein the true pictures. You seemed impatient to be gone, and again, a stranger, I led you along the homeward path, wondering when memory would note its first landmarks. Coming to the third sphere, I led the way to the little cottage we had called home when we dwelt in this belt. You sat on the porch, still vine-hung, and, looking afar off, seemed half dreaming, when at last you said, "I feel the peaceful breathings of home brooding over my spirit as though I had been here before, and the cottage seems to claim me as its own child, come home after a wearisome pilgrimage." I answered nothing, for I knew memory was busy gathering from the harvest fields of the true life her golden grain. We journey again, you seeming almost loath to leave the little nest wherein such welcome dwelt. As we passed one object after another I noticed that you seemed more and more interested; seemed like one just awakened from a long sleep, wherein the dreams had been so real that they cast their dull shadows into the waking hours, making all objects partake of an air of half certainty and half uncertainty.

We reached the fourth sphere, and there was something in the light that pervaded it that seemed to have power to roll away many clouds that were sailing athwart your sky, and you said, half to yourself and half to me, "I shall find her here, I shall find her here." "Yes," I said in a low voice, "you will find her here." We passed through the streets of the beautiful beyond, where lay the home in which we had dwelt. We neared Brier Hill and began the ascent; you with your head bent as if in deep thought; I with all my soul calling to yours for recognition. Stopping a moment, I gathered some fragrant blooms from the well remembered hedge, which until now I had not approached.

I handed them to you to attract your attention for a moment, which done, I said suddenly, calling you by your own name, "See, Eon, our home on Brier Hill!" This proved the key to the inner chamber; the door opened, the light of memory flooded the whole sanctuary, and, being completely overcome, you sank on the tender moss. As a tired child weeps on the peaceful bosom of its mother, you wept, kissing again and again the flower-dotted moss. Looking into my eyes you read there the name of the poor old Arabian woman, whose fate was through the promise at incarnation so linked with yours, and through the promise of the Infinite would ever be thus linked, it mattered not where the fields of the future lay. Again, hand in hand, with hearts too full to break the sacred spell that bound us, we passed on to the dear home that awaited us, as it had done before, on our home-coming from Jupiter. Every bird that sang seemed warbling a song for our ears; every breeze that blew whispered for us tales of love; every flower that bloomed seemed offering to us its sweetest fragrance. Heaven grant all souls as sweet a home-coming is the prayer of Eoná.

I have been thus explicit as to your home-coming that I might thereby show how, through incarnation, memory lays aside its happy visions of the past, and deals only with the material objects by which it is surrounded: it would be a difficult matter, aye, an utter impossibility, for a brain to be developed through any condition the earth at its present unfoldment could offer, that could recall and retain all the by-gones of the spirit, and at the same time deal actively with the present. Spirit expresses itself through matter, is governed or bound by it, and sees, feels, and hears through the material avenues offered; and the readiness with which it recalls the past, when it returns to its home after an earthly pilgrimage, depends entirely on the density of the elements by which it has been surrounded during incarnation. This will explain why you, fresh from your Arabian incarnation, came as through the shadows of strange dreams, and continued to feel like a man grown old and feeble, while at your former waking you realized that you

were in your true home though haunted by an unpleasant dream, the memory of which disturbed you—until you came to know that what you called a dream had been an earth existence.

The picture our home presented as we entered it will never be forgotten by Eoná. From the center of the ceiling in each room was suspended a harp, through which the brier-scented breezes of an unending summer swept, touching the chords, until the vibrations mingled in harmonious murmurs, making a melody that seemed to have been born in the higher spheres. The walls were festooned with freshly gathered flowers, fastened at regular intervals by bouquets, the center flower of which was in each a beautiful white lily, from the heart of which fell a silver-like spray. In one room a small fountain played, casting its spray into a basin that seemed formed of green leaves and sweet-scented blooms, so perfectly had a vine of tinted leaves been twined around its base. Around this fountain flitted birds of gay plumage, lighting now and then among the flowers, and adding other strains to the music of the harps. In an alcove formed of vines and blooms was a table spread for a repast, the food consisting entirely of rare fruits, and a nectar made from fruit such as the earth has never produced was placed in exquisitely formed goblets. All these preparations had been made by loving hands, prompted by the unselfish impulses that characterize true unfoldment. A heart whose only light is reflected from the gold of earth lacks sun, moon, and stars, and in the life to come will peer long among the shadows of a dim twilight. All about us were beauty, peace, and love, and our souls bathed in the atmosphere of this eternal summer and were refreshed. Then again, with clasped hands, we entered the Temple of Love. Never before had so deep a feeling of sacredness breathed itself into our hearts, as with bowed heads we approached the inner arch of the temple. The united voices of singers fell on our ears: "Blessed, thrice blessed, are they who labor and bring hither golden sheaves." Then as we stood before the well remembered altar, the voices of the singers ceased, and there fell over

us the misty veil of the temple, the veil of the bride, the veil of the bridegroom, in the form of a silvery spray. This symbolized consecration. The voice of the holy one who presided over the temple then addressed us, saying, "Twin souls of the spheres, the fields of the eternal are fair, and the blooms thereof fade not. Gather them and bind your brows therewith in the peaceful vales, forgetting for a time that thorns still grow on the shores of the life from whence you come. Drink deep draughts from the fountain of wisdom, for the Father hath yet great need of his messengers, and as such you were chosen ages ago, and over you has ever shone the sacred light of the spheres. Rest ye now, and when the Father shall say unto you through the voice of your own souls, 'Children, take the lamps and go earthward, and light through the perilous valleys my wandering children,' tarry not, for unto those who obey great compensation in time cometh. Go ye now, for the fields of the summer-land call you to their feast of flowers." Then as we passed out, the voices of the singers again fell on our ears, and as we tarried yet on the steps of the temple, every breath of air seemed to undulate with the music from within.

We were too filled with joy and peace at being once more in our own home, to let our thoughts wander beyond the happiness of the hour. We had fought many hard battles, won many victories, and cared now but to turn our faces toward the blissful summer that breathed peace over hill and vale. For want of explanation, I will say that not all who meet a dual soul visit the Temple of Love. This is done only by those who are, and have been through ages, messengers to earth from the land of souls, for you understand, Eon, that all ages have been blest with men and women whose development showed them far in advance of the age in which they lived. These have always been scoffed at by the ignorant, which was the best they knew to do, yet they have always left a beacon on the hills of time that sent valewards its light, which in time the stoffers were obliged to accept and walk by as the only way out of difficulties. The lamps these messengers bear aloft were kept

filled from the shores immortal, and no cyclone of so-called religious ideas can extinguish them. Your heart questions many things, all of which can be answered in but few words. You think it strange that the dual principle was not years ago taught, thereby doing away with the darkness that reigned. Many others question in the same manner, and in reply I will say that if you have sent you from a foreign country a rare flower-seed, you immediately study the nature of the same, and draw therefrom conclusions as to the soil needed to cause it to germinate and grow in fulfillment of its own powers. If the proper soil cannot be obtained, and you are foolish enough to consign it to the improper conditions that poor soil can and must of necessity furnish, the result will be simply this, your labor will be lost and the seed sacrificed, for if it springs up it will be but a weak, sickly blade of green, which instead of commanding respect would be scoffed at, and finally cast out altogether as unworthy of a moment's care or thought. Thus it would have been if ages or even a very few years ago the principles of the present had been taught. There was no soil or quickening power in the souls of mankind to make the sacred seed germinate, and spirits from the higher life, who watch the future possibilities of this planet, cared not to waste time in planting seed to see it prove a perfect failure. Now I rejoice to herald forth the truth, that the soil is ready, and here and there the seeds are being sown and watered by the dews of heaven, and the years coming will prove to you the wondrous power of angel workers in this vineyard of bigotry. Priestly dogmas must and will die, for the truth is growing, and will attract to itself all the nourishing elements of earth and air, and the result will be an overthrow of the false and a triumph of the true; all this will be done through the exactness of law that fulfills all things, and through the developments of earth, man.

CHAPTER XIV.

IN continuation of the same subject, I will add, that many messengers bearing their soul lamps through the valleys and up the steep hill-sides, making thereby the way clear wherein others may walk, are sometimes almost as incapable of following the true path as are those who walk in darkness. This may seem strange, yet they fulfill their mission to the world, and the world is the better for it. All this is no positive fault of theirs, and the actual cause of it may be traced back to their antenatal existence, when through the laws of nature the house they were to dwell in for a season was being built, and if in its construction some upper rooms were left incomplete, who would be to blame, the builder or the occupant? Let common sense answer. It would be a difficult matter also, when the dwelling was completed, and the rightful owner had taken possession, to put in a principal beam, had it been left out by the one whose business it was to furnish the same. There are two sides to all questions, and he who draws conclusions for a final judgment by looking at one side alone does his own soul as well as others injustice. "Nearer, my God, to thee," as sung in *séance* and prayer-rooms, is of itself a rippling rill from the rivers of the inspiration, and as such is sweet to the ears of mortal and immortal; but whoever seeks to live near the Infinite must forget not the mantle of charity worn by those who approach thereto, and if on investigation the mantle is found to have fallen off, let the occasional wearer thereof be sure he is far, very far, from the Father whose love is measured by justice, and whose justice is the result of that love which gives birth to perfect law.

Again I return to the spheres. Love is not always idle, especially the love that has been developed through the incidents that come to united souls, who labor here and rest there; who battle on earth, and wear the victor's crown in the land of souls. Such love, when the first May day of peace is ended, seeks avenues through which it may

become a positive power for good; it develops through its own far-reaching attributes a throne whereon it sits, and from which it exerts a divine power over the realms wherein dwell those whose hearts are in need of the peace such love brings. Thus had our love grown strong through the united perils of the journeys hitherto taken, and established in our home and hearts a kingdom of its own. The messenger spirit within us had become so positive a principle that we felt not at rest unless fulfilling in some measure the mission we felt was ours to fill, that of lighting the lamps in the valleys of mists, that exist in some spheres of the spirit land as well as on the earth plane. Accordingly we established a school of thought in the third and second spheres. We were not alone in our effort; other messengers united with us and we labored with light hearts, for we felt that thereby more light would be made to shine, so that it would fall even in the valley of mists, on the earth's shores. A temple was erected in each of these spheres wherein we were to labor; from the dome of each floated a flag of pale blue whereon were stars of silver. This school came in time to be known as the order of the stars, and the badge each member wore, and by which he was recognized, was a simple knot of blue. In this school it was the privilege of the individual members to bring at each regular meeting questions to be explained, that they had not the means of verifying beyond a doubt, and doubts to them were the spring-time swallows that built their nests high in the caves and chimneys, and were so difficult to get at that they were never quite sure if they were swallows. If the questions propounded called for answers in advance of the knowledge we possessed, they were without delay sent to the higher spheres, by messengers whose duty it ever is to go to and fro on such errands, and whose compensation for such services is the wisdom gained thereby. The questions were laid before the teachers of philosophy, and received immediate attention, in the form of written replies, which were sent us, whereby you will understand we too were the gainers in wisdom as well as the questioners. The school or order attracted great attention, and was the means of open-

ing the door to many who sought a higher life wherein to pursue the study of the sciences and arts, for many there were in the spheres referred to who possessed great power mentally, yet through lack of spirituality were in bondage, and found themselves unable to accomplish all they had anticipated and desired. Art and science are heaven born, and they who arrive at a great comprehension thereof must have in the inner chamber of their souls a fountain of peace from which the spray falls in rhythmic tones, thereby harmonizing the coarser sands of life.

In these spheres there were also many who in earth life had stood before the people and taught them in the name of Jehovah. Many were honest while some were not, but they were in the wrong path, not entirely because they had imbibed erroneous ideas, but because they stubbornly adhered thereto, and this adherence piled in the way of their progression mighty rocks that no hand but theirs could ever remove. This class, all reformers among the spirit spheres find the most difficult to approach; like clams, on feeling the house wherein they live touched, they immediately close the only entrance, and thus maintain their clamship for ages. This is the result of the dignity they feel is theirs through the fact of their having disseminated ideas theological, whether false or otherwise. They have in earth life made a great amount of noise over humanity, commanding in tones full of force, that their congregations pay special attention to this one point, and become as little children, at the same time taking no part of it to their own souls. This class form what are called by many in spirit life divinity seekers, and they are always expecting some divine movement that will set them right in some undefined way, and in some undefined place that they are pleased to designate as heaven. This class are not only idlers, feeling that their labors ended with their earth existence, but are supremely selfish, and would, if they could, appropriate to themselves all the good of the land wherein they dwell. Believing no word of the tidings brought of spheres beyond the one in which they tarry, they are ever waiting for the hour when they shall sit at the right hand of God and judge the na-

tions of the earth. They dwell in commodious tents, mingling not with other inhabitants, and at times actually endeavor to resurrect a form of revival, such as they were wont to participate in while on earth; and they also find great consolation in visiting like scenes on earth, returning more puffed up with self and selfish assurances. I would have no one to understand that all who preach the gospel of the present day are like unto the description I have here given, though many are, while others there are whose hearts have been touched with the refining fire, who talk not isms, but teach in the spirit of truth and purity, being blinded only by early teaching. Such are true souls, who seek ever the right path, soon see where they make mistakes, and put not far from them the proffered light that is ever waiting for those who will accept.

In connection with the temples referred to, wherein our order met, there was soon found great need of a laboratory, as many of the questions brought us could be answered and verified but by chemical analysis, which carried undisputed proof to minds so strongly material that otherwise they could not have accepted the answers given. This class of questioners we found to have been while on earth unbelievers in aught save what their eyes saw and their senses were obliged through seeing to accept. They were good thinkers and good reasoners from the premises they occupied, but when shown how far from right those premises were, they were like a boat at sea with no chart or compass. Many of this class were taken for a short visit to the sphere above, which was the only way of assuring them of the truthfulness of our utterances. Not that they entirely doubted us, but they had it not in their power to believe what their eyes had not seen, and we censured them not, but made all needful conditions for them as their honesty demanded. In the second sphere there is nearly always an unpleasant wind blowing, which at times seems almost scorching, withering the flowers and drying up the grass, as is often the case when the summer-time of the earth becomes excessive. This wind brings to the ears of the inhabitants discordant sounds, as though somewhere

storms accompanied by thunder raged and filled the elements with coarse mutterings. The direct cause of this heat-laden wind and seeming thunder is traced to the dissensions of the spirits of the first sphere, whose homes know not the first wave of harmony. This sphere might well be called the prison of spirits in whose hearts reign only the vilest passions. Those whose dwellings are now situated near where the two spheres join, and who reside there from choice, are conscious, when they choose to be, of what passes in the sphere of dissensions, and those who dwell thus near are among that class whose greatest pleasure is in knowing the ins and outs, the whys and wherefors, that should mostly concern others whom they are pleased to call their neighbors. This is their heaven, and the discordant noises are the music thereof. This class we attempted not to reach with our heaven-born philosophy, for their souls as yet respond not to the thought waves of truth that undulate through all spheres, and blessed be they whose hearts can feel the hungerings and thirstings that tell of a soul ready to leave the valley for the mountain side.

There comes to all who labor earnestly for the advancement of true principles, a forgetfulness of self, which is one of the highest links binding the soul, thus grown godlike, to Deity, and every movement put forth, without self creeping in, is one more gem to shine starlike in the crown immortal, when the ages to be have taken the place of the present. Thus, Eon, with self cast out, and the hope of bringing the dawn of peace through knowledge to others enshrined in its stead, we labored, not as spirits to whom all knowledge had been given, but in earnest humility did we carry the bread of life to the dwellers of the spheres below us,—the same spheres wherein we had previously dwelt, and through which by learning the needed lessons we passed to the home that there made our heaven. Thus, you understand, we had been just as far down in the scale of existence as were those to whom we then, as an honest return for what we had received from the hands of others, gladly administered; no one has aught wherewith to boast over another, as all must travel the same road, though some trav-

eling more rapidly than others reach their Father's house earlier in the day, leaving those who take many rests by the way to catch glimpses through the uncertain twilight of the hills, peace-crowned and fair, that betoken an approach to their fatherland.

I have given you but a poor idea of the successive spheres as I find them and the people who find abiding places therein. The first sphere as you leave the earth is the actual prison-house of criminals, many of whom laws, man made and man sanctioned, force thither, with revenge burning deeper and deeper in their hearts, thus making the fires of Hell that blind instead of lighting the way out. This sphere must of necessity remain what it is at the present, until the earth from which it is born becomes the home of people who have become a law unto themselves, and have cast out from their midst the dismal dens of felons, when it will take the appearance of a waiting-room. It should be understood that each sphere directly drawing its forces from the earth, thus being dependent on it, also returns to the same its annual tithes, and if these returns take the form of pestilence or disasters in any form it is, in the truest sense, but reaping what has been sown. There is a mighty truth underlying this that would be as Greek to the multitudes, yet it is a positive fact, positive beyond discussion, that the dissensions of earth cast off from the brains of its inhabitants are born into this first sphere, thus deepening the dissensions and wild ravings of the terribly vile, and are again returned, poisoning the earth elements or atmosphere, until the result is the wild winds and storms that here and there vent their fury. The second sphere is where we have erected a temple for our order, and is inhabited principally by those whose earthly desires are still in the ascendancy, thus crowding out spiritual growth, or using the whole ground so that other seeds find no room to sprout. Most of the inhabitants of this sphere reached not old age during their earth pilgrimage but journeyed thither while yet the hopes of life were unrealized, or as they are apt to term it, misunderstanding the proper word, unfulfilled, knowing not that realization belongs to the body, and fulfillment to the soul.

It is from this sphere that the messenger Swedenborg drew most of his knowledge of spirit life, which he gave to the world as a beacon light. Here he found them carrying out the pursuits of life, with all the energy and satisfaction of an earth existence, endeavoring to accomplish the unfinished labor that was before them when they were obliged unwillingly to push out from the shores of earth. Hence they were sowing and reaping, buying and selling, to their hearts' content, thinking it not so bad a place after all, nor so sorry a thing to leave the earthly homes to which they clung, where were so many joys unrealized, so many ever unsatisfied. Here was still time, place, and opportunity for all they most desired, while they were so closely allied to earth that they scarcely missed, through their constant communion with it, anything they considered of vital importance to them. In fact, to one not spiritually developed, this second sphere has nothing more objectionable than is to be found on earth; it might very properly be called probationary ground, though I should call it the battle ground of disembodied earth-bound spirits; and as such it is of the greatest importance, for somewhere man must develop a spiritual nature, and if he fails to do this on earth, he finds here ample time and opportunity, regardless of the denunciatory pulpit exhortations to the contrary, though here as on earth, be it remembered, effect follows cause, and is intensified in the same proportion that matter is laid aside. So there is no escape for the wrong-doer or willful idler. This sphere seems developed almost entirely to meet a demand made by earth because of its lack of unfoldment, through which cause it is not always able to hold on the shores of material existence those to whom it extends protection, and they pass on before the fulfillment of certain powers which, whereto their souls born as their rightful possessions, prove the means by which their journey homeward is accelerated.

In this sphere the politician's voice is still heard, and in fact so much like earth are all the surroundings one hardly misses any of the specialties that go to make up life in an earthly home. Here, too, are to be found those who on

earth have held high social positions, in church and State, although their monuments may say to the passer-by, these same men have gone home to Christ, and no one would dare to question the assertion the marble is obliged to make. Of course it does the world no special injury to believe the tell-tale monument; besides it has a pleasant sound to ears accustomed to listening to such ideas, and all know the marble is not to be held responsible for misunderstanding. Yet, if the mists of the valley could be lifted from the eyes of those who thus believe, they would for once be astonished, and perhaps a little chagrined, to find these same members of society, over whose last resting places the bestirring world spreads a halo of sacredness, bustling through the crowded thoroughfares of earth in quest of some information regarding crops and prices, or mingling in the political contests of the day, endeavoring to turn the scale by their efforts, and if the battle closes with the cry of victory on their side, hurrahing with their caps in the air as zealously as though they were of the earth, not just outside. There is still another reason why this sphere is of importance to the earth. Homes governing matter demand and exact a certain amount of obedience from each of their subjects. This in many cases cannot be rendered unless the pilgrim to whom the earth furnishes a covering tarries within certain limits for the space of many years, that counted bring old age, for the majority do not, and perhaps cannot, at the present development of the earth, unfold their spiritual life without thus tarrying, and the earth allows none of her applicants for materiality to pass beyond her bounds, which take in the second sphere, until they have received an impetus spiritually that will prove a passport to the sphere beyond. The inhabitants of this sphere are often of great assistance to the dwellers of earth by laboring zealously for those they still love, often by their clearer vision leading them out of trouble that threatens. They also labor to overthrow erroneous laws and customs when once convinced of their existence, and endeavor to build in their stead platforms of honest principles, that shall prove a saving power to the earth-dwellers, in whom they still feel the greatest interest.

In this sphere are also found lovers of pleasure, many of whom had not time, money, nor opportunity to eat, drink, and be merry to their hearts' content; had not time to fill nor opportunity to quaff the supposed sparkling draughts of happiness; consequently, when upon entering this new world they find they are not in a condition of endless punishment, they take up the thread of life where they left it, and continue their search for pleasure. They usually find it, and drink deeply of what to them at the time seems the soul's nectar; drink until the waters become bitter, when they would gladly lay it aside, but this they cannot do, and are obliged to drink the very dregs through the power of circumstances they have caused to be born, and which as an army of captors they are obliged to battle with until they through their own efforts wear triumphant the victor's crown. Eon, have I wearied you by this explicit description? If so, be patient, as I felt it best thus to do, for the reason that so poor an idea seems to exist in the minds of believers of the spheres I have spoken of, and these ideas retained result in confusion when one seeks to talk understandingly. Then let all honor that is due it be given to this second sphere, for it is in one sense the world's work-house, where life's proof-sheets may be read with results beneficial, where conclusions may be drawn that will prove stepping-stones to higher results.

The third sphere, of which I will now speak in connection with the first and second, has also great need of a simple and plain presentation to the world, a presentation that will completely do away with the mists of suppositions and probabilities through which even crowds of believers have been compelled to look for glimpses of the beyond that bear a semblance to rationalism. Tidings from this country have been too indefinite, partly because of failure in earth language to express ideas correctly, and partly because of the inability of mortals to understand. The latter hindrance is fast passing away, and the former even shows signs of improvement. The air of this sphere, ever balm and bloom scented, breathes to the earth-worn pilgrim who has come up through great tribulations benedictions of

peace: while the deep feeling of rest and home comprise all the heaven their souls can crave until grown, through this rest and peace, to a spiritual understanding and demand of something better and purer. Still it must not be understood that purity is not a characteristic of this sphere, as it surely is; yet there are degrees of purity, as well as degrees of heat and cold, and one is as perceptible as the other. In this sphere we found many little children, who, from causes hidden from the world but well known to some hearts, are obliged to seek prematurely a home and a love that crowns it: all this being denied them on earth, the justice of which is not for me to decide. There are many arguments on both sides and my expressed opinions would in no wise stay the unconscious tide of emigration to this peaceful country, a fit place for innocents against whom is raised a warning cry as they approach earth's shores in response to a call from Mother Nature, who speaks to be obeyed. I have but this one anchor to cast into these deep waters, which is this: Compensation fails not in its dealings with prince or serf. Here too in this beautiful land are found many who during their earthly pilgrimages, through an incorrect understanding of nature's laws, were for many years invalids and felt but seldom the direct rays of the sun on their forms, knowing not that thereby they lost vital power. These wearied early of earth and earthly pleasures, and in consequence of this turned their better thoughts towards the needs of the spirit, some through one avenue and some through another, yet all honestly, and honesty in this direction is the pilot in whose hand is the guiding star of each soul.

In this third sphere will be found religious worshipers from all classes; yet so peaceful in all its appointments is this land that no dissensions creating inharmonious ripples occur. The true bread of life is here found in the Temples of Wisdom, and all must sooner or later eat thereof, but no one is driven or urged. Thus to all through growth comes the desire for the sacred truth, and when in this manner accepted, there is never any going back after the false and untrue, as is the case after the sensational seasons, called revivals, are ended. In one case there is the solid rock to

build on, in the other the uncertain sand. If the safely landed invalids just referred to have for years suffered through the invasions of disease that has barred from them the outer world of light and vital power, they are taken to a hospital, the doors of which are always open to such, where all is kindness, peace, and harmony. There they soon recover full power, and seek such homes and employment as possess for them the most attraction through their adaptation, which is in all cases the deciding power. There may seem something strange or even ludicrous to many in the idea of hospitals and hospital-treated in the land of immortals, where people have been taught to believe was a folding of hands and a rest on whatever seat might be offered. Yet it is actually necessary as well as consistent in all its bearings. Let it be first understood that from the soul cells of the material body are developed the sublimated ethers that go to make up and in one sense sustain the soul, the spirit's body, or, in other words, the refined matter through which spirit separated from the gross material expresses itself. Now if the physical is impoverished by a disease that being protracted weakens the fine tissues, the soul's cells suffer a corresponding weakness and can in no way furnish the sustenance necessary; this being the case, the body of the spirit shows a like exhaustion that the home rest and harmony of hospital life in this sphere rapidly restores.

The inhabitants here are from all classes and ages; some found these peace shores in life's early morn, before the inharmonies of life's unavoidable circumstances had woven themselves into the mystic web of existence; others at maturity, and others still at old age. All inherit from the Infinite eternal youth, so the marks of age reach no defined lines past maturity, which is perfection when applied to forms. The inhabitants that comprise society in this sphere are thoughtful as well as studious. Through the many avenues here offered, the intellect receives extensive cultivation. In this sphere are towns and cities with parks, drives, and groves, with winding rivers bearing many a pleasure party, who usually combine mental improvement

with the pleasure gained, which increases both. Here are societies for the relief of the suffering ones of earth; bands of spirits established for the special purpose of waiting on those who lay aside the mortal robes and seek the land of souls. Between this sphere and the second there is a marked difference. In the second sphere is to be heard the bustle, turmoil, and jostling incident to life on the earth. All the rivers are busy receiving or sending tidings, while the heroes of new inventions that they are endeavoring to give to earth, and thus as they suppose immortalize their names in this sphere, are blowing their own trumpets for the ears of the multitudes, some of whom listen, while others intent on their own specialties pass on. In the third sphere a Sabbath-like peace seems wafted on every breeze; the very brooks babble their songs to the green banks, soft and low as the lullaby of a loving mother. This is truly the sphere of rest, wherein all powers are recuperated.

CHAPTER XV.

UNTO all who labor unselfishly there comes sooner or later a sure and satisfactory reward, that fills the soul's deep chalice to the brim, and this compensation is in itself the key by which are unlocked doors leading to apartments more roomy and possessing better appointments. This compensatory key unsuspectingly to us had turned noiselessly in its lock, while a door had as noiselessly opened, and from unseen apartments we heard voices, hopeful and tender, calling us, the import of which was to come up higher. In the sacred Temple of Wisdom, where we had never ceased to labor, and from whence to other spheres we had borne the results of our earnest endeavors, were many who had become masterful thus far, and with us were still laboring with untiring zeal, that seeks not selfish ends, bearing here and there all the truths that beings to whom we carried them could accept or receive proof of that would be abiding. To this temple, from whence we had drank un-

stintingly, came at stated periods wise men and women of the fifth sphere, bringing with them an influx of spiritual wisdom and power. At these visits the temple of the fourth sphere was brought *en rapport* with the corresponding temple of the fifth sphere, and to express in earth language, which is all too weak and powerless, was recharged with powerful magnetic waves from this temple. This occurrence is one that is looked for by the teachers and seekers for wisdom of the fourth sphere, and great preparations are made for the same, as it is no yearly occurrence, but one that takes place at the close of periods that in earth's calculations would cover many years. At these seasons selections are made by the wisdom fathers and mothers from the wisdom-seekers, appointing such as are deemed prepared for the change to be in waiting and return with them to the fifth sphere. The intelligence proved of a startling character to us, when we were informed that among the names of the chosen ones stood those of Eon and Eoná as worthy messengers. We had often thought and talked of this, to us, unexplored country, and expressed desires to journey thither, though our desires, I think, partook more of the passive than the active form; for now, when we fully understood that we were among the chosen, we involuntarily shrunk from leaving the dear home where we had so long tarried, going from its sacred bounds earthward on a pilgrimage that lasted for years, then at the close of the earth volume, returning to find every bloom on Brier Hill fresh with the incense of welcome, every breath love-laden. The very moss on the hillside seemed to rebuke us for entertaining thoughts of wandering away, with no more peaceful home-comings after earth twilights, as the rightful possessors. Indeed, so tender did our hearts become, so restful, and peaceful, so soul-satisfying did our home and all its surroundings seem in the shadow of the long good-bye that hung cloud-like over it, that we were about to request a removal of our names from the list of those who had been decided worthy to go up higher, when as we stood on the upper balcony that was vine-hung and almost vine-hid, looking at the peaceful city below us, watching the quiet

flow of the water, dotted here and there with sails that wound among banks of tender green like a thread of silver, we were suddenly recalled from these regrets, caused by tender memories, by seeing a cloud, soft and fleecy, through which seemed darting silvery light. We looked to see from whence it came, and what it might portend, when we became conscious of the presence of a female whose beauty far exceeded the beauty of the inhabitants of the fourth sphere. On her head was a crown, not of gold, but of golden glory, in each point of which shone a single star. She said: "I have come from the council chamber of the fifth sphere and bear for you from them this message: 'The time has come when fulfillment has set its seal on your brows, and for such as you the shores of the fifth sphere, hath need; unto such as you welcome is extended from the age wherein you placed your first landmark where the wash of the waters from time's river could not deface it. You have been messengers, sometimes to the spheres below, and sometimes to the shores of earth, and such must continue to be, until from the highest tower of the Infinite is heard the grand marriage chime of dual souls. Thrice blessed are you, inasmuch as you belong to the chosen ones who bear to and fro the white banners of truth, for unto you is given the key of greater knowledge.' The united voice of the council says, 'Come up higher.' Will you obey?" Not long had this fair one to wait our decision, for while she yet spoke our hearts had decided, and with hands clasped we replied as though but one voice answered, "We will go." Then as suddenly as she came did this fair messenger depart; but the cloud seemed to have become absorbed by our clothing, for it had taken on the sheen of silver, like unto the robes the messenger wore. As we looked into each other's eyes, there ran through our entire beings a thrill born from the decision of the sacred moment, and we were prepared to go thence; though regrets might spring up in our pathway, we would never during a moment's hesitation allow them to open to full blooms and thus retard our progress, on the fulfillment of which depended our future wisdom.

It took us not long to conclude our preparations, as in the land of souls there is no moving of household goods, no disposing of real estate at the highest price. Neither are there elaborate wardrobes to be carefully put away in immense trunks and shipped by land or tide, to distant places. Each country furnishes its own houses and lands, and the soul's robes are ever fresh and sparkling with the diamond dust of the Infinite, that is if the soul has won it. Whatever is won is worn, and the robes of immortals tell of the soul's wealth, as the houses, lands, and costly wrappings indicate the purses of earth dwellers. They who are rich on earth shores are often destitute in the better land, for gold is at discount among the heaven-born; besides there are in the summer lands no banks that deal in the world's trash, termed thus because earth dwellers make of it hedge-rows that bear but sharp thorns that keep out the great good that only awaits their bidding. Many men and women in whose purses the gold of earth glitters while they turn deaf ears to the known wants of earth's less favored children, will find on their entrance to the other life their destitution appalling, and they will seek in their shame to hide themselves from the eyes of the passers-by. Such have to learn the lesson that they have impoverished their own souls through their intense greed for gold that in turn curses them with a curse that they have to outlive and outwork, before they can be anything but paupers, on the borders of the beautiful land that seems to know them not. Eon, give thanks that such is not your destiny; your robes of white await you; be patient, for Eoná treads the valley with you and together we will hail the glad morn as it dawns on the beautiful hills beyond.

Hours towards which eyes are turned with earnest longings or silent dread come at last, and after them follow in unbroken line the circumstances over which they preside, and towards which they point a finger prophetic, the import of which dawns on their souls' consciousness, when other hours unburdened with expectations have unsummoned glided in. So to us came the hour towards which we

had for but a little time been looking, with emotions wherein lights and shadows played a hide-and-seek accompaniment to the breathing of hope that remained in the ascendancy. We well knew that the path which lay before us was the better one; knew that where it would lead there would dawn and ever shine a greater light, a greater glory. Yet it was hard to sever the magnetic link that bound us to our paradise of peace on Brier Hill; and brighter glowed the link as the hour approached that must sunder it. Dear was the home nest, the rooms of which were ever fragrant with the breath of scented blooms, and in our hearts dwelt regrets that over the same paths of tinted, budding moss, must wander other feet, other hands pass caressingly over the ever-present offering of blooms that crowned the hedge, from which was wafted the breath of springs and summers untold. As we passed from room to room, we felt that never again could home be so dear, so peaceful; but all that it then was, all that it had been to us, was to be left, and the hours for preparation had sped away, leaving in the corridors of our souls the echoes of good-bye and good-bye. We made no different arrangements in the rooms for others, but left every room as we had been wont to keep it, thinking it would be sweet to thus preserve the memory of these unchanged. As we passed out beneath the swaying, drooping vines, they seemed to sweep low down, touching our cheeks and brows as if in benedictory kisses, while at our feet fell a shower of blooms, as a tribute of love. At the temple, to which we immediately repaired, all was in readiness, and we, with the travelers to a better land, waited. The air of the temple was spice-laden, every breath of which, as it was inhaled, gave to us a feeling that we were growing lighter; indeed we felt that we could soar forever and know no weariness.

We were led at last by the wise men and women with whom we were to journey to the highest portion of the building, whereon rested the glittering dome. Here we were all seated, while all was quiet save the low singing of the wisdom fathers and mothers, whose strangely sweet intonations filled our souls with harmony. Thus sitting, and

waiting for whatever might follow, we discerned in the distance, and floating towards us, a cloud, wherein was blended the softest tints, as though the center held the positive principle of all colors, from which radiated all the soft, glowing tints that attracted our attention. All observed this, and all save the fathers and mothers wondered what the import might be; they gazed upon its approach with expressions of perfect peace, that assured and reassured us. On it came, seeming to us larger as it approached, and as it drew still nearer, we detected waves of melody that rose and fell as the tints in the cloud lighted and faded. It was soon directly over us, when the music became more distinct. Yet the singers ceased not, but joined hands and signaled all others to do likewise. The signal was obeyed, and we again became conscious of the odor of spices, and again felt ourselves ready to soar through the realms of infinitude. We dared no longer look up in quest of the strange cloud, for we felt that undefinable awe that announces the coming of something unrealized, something that must touch the very soul, and had it not been for the presence of the peaceful singers, who, as the moments passed, seemed to grow more radiant, we should have fled from the place overcome by fear born of dread. As it was, we clung the more closely together, and waited, which was all there was to do. There seemed suddenly to fall into our hearts the dews of heaven, for a peace born from the depths of infinitude came to us, and we both saw and felt that we too had grown radiant.

At last, as our souls thrilled with a harmony heaven-born, the sacred cloud settled slowly over us, growing to our gaze less and less dense, as looking towards the center we saw, to our joy and surprise, that what we had supposed to be but a cloud was a beautiful island, enveloped by a tinted cloud, that had floated down to us from the ether seas. Standing on a mound of green that seemed gemmed with stars, was the radiant being through whose will power it was moved. Over her head shone a single star, the radiance of which had tinted the cloud that we so anxiously watched until it parted and took us into the holy of holies. In the center of this island rose what, for want of a more

expressive word, I must call an edifice. It seemed formed of tinted clouds that through the law of love had bent themselves into symmetrical arches. The island in itself was a bed of many-colored and many-formed blooms, mingled with running vines of tender green, far exceeding in their perfection of loveliness all that our eyes had ever before rested on, and in comparison with which Brier Hill sank out of sight. There seemed occurring on this island a constant change in its appearance, which was caused by buds slowly unfolding to full bloom, and in doing so they emitted a silvery light, that seemed like a new-born glory, until in the heart of each full bloom we felt sounded the sweet echo of a seraph song. So wrapped were we in what our eyes saw that we forgot all else, and noticed not, until one of the wise men bade us look back, that we had been borne up and away on this lovelit isle. Then, as we all turned our eyes in the direction indicated, we found to our surprise that we were already far above and beyond the temple, the seats we had occupied invisible from the distance that lay between us, and the temple looking like a low dwelling. I remember even now, Eon, the ineffable peace I saw in your eyes as you waved a good-bye to the past that had been so much loved, and wherein many pleasant paths had wound in the beauty that was spread before us. There was no longing to return to the bursting blooms or singing brooks of the fourth sphere; we were outward and upward bound on waves of peace that left pleasant echoes on the soul's shores. We felt, as the soft breezes of this beautiful island swept over us, that we could ask no more of heaven than this gem of the ether seas held: that we could ask no more than to dwell in the midst of its bloom and beauty till the shores of the forever were lost to our view. This feeling was not born of weakness or a desire to idle on any shores, however fair, but the beauty that here greeted us at every turn so far exceeded all beauty of the past that it charmed and in charming bound us.

We were soon far away from the sight and sound of the home over which we had breathed prayers like the last blessings of love, and which might change to songs of wel-

come to other hearts on whose altar burned the messenger lamps. As we moved onward the light that fell around us was momentarily intensified, and at last, passing under a mighty arch, beneath which for a moment the island rested, as though held by an attractive power that was positive in its demands, it swayed and trembled as with a magnetic thrill, which was perceptible to all. Here the light fell around us like a halo of glory, and the unspoken joy of our hearts met it in responsive waves, while at the same moment a burst of music, such as we had never dreamed dwelt in the center of infinite harmony, fell on our ears, reached our souls and wakened therein a harmony that told itself in songs of gladness, that fell from our lips as a tribute to the spirit of all good. We were nearing the fifth sphere, from whence waves of harmony floated outward like the breathings of Deity. Already we breathed the air thereof, laden with the odor of spices and balms. Already the spires and domes from the city of light touched with the sheen of silver the fleecy clouds that floated above them. Already in our united hearts brooded the white-winged dove of peace, while we felt the welcome wafted to us on every breeze, and the tender home feeling creeping into our hearts as an abiding guest. The cloud-wrapped isle floated on, the music filled with soft undulations every breeze that passed us, and we wondered that we had never caught the echoes thereof, in our other home. We passed over the city until we came directly over the Temple of Wisdom, from which radiated a light so intense that seen elsewhere it would have terrified us, but not here. We were in the realms of peace, and the great light thereof but served to increase the peace that was enshrouded in our souls. The island rested for a moment over the temple, then gradually descended, and when it again lifted and floated away, we stood on the height of the temple, from whence we for the first time saw the city of light, bordered on one side by the emerald hills, and on the other by the river of palms.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER the unexpected occurrences through which we had passed, and in which we felt that all our dreams of the beautiful had been more than realized, we could look down on the radiant city with feelings both restful and peace giving; we could accept here homes, and rejoice in the fadeless glory that was above and about us, feeling in no wise as strangers in a strange land, but as children for whom the bells of welcome rang. After resting for a time to take in the beautiful picture that lay before us, we were led down to the interior of the temple and into the audience room, the floor, walls, and ceilings of which emitted a light that our souls felt must have been born from the spirit of love that pervaded all the beautiful land that had claimed us as children. In this room we were greeted by songs of gladness that touched responsive chords in our souls, the echoes of which were deep hallelujahs. Our clothing had lost none of its glory, that through the silvery cloud had been added to it on the upper balcony of our home of the past, that now in the glory of the present seemed hidden by the hills of the far away. From the audience room we were taken to the bower of consecration, which was a large room with high arched ceilings, from the center of which fell what resembled flakes of silvery light, as though here light was born and transmitted to all the outer world; yet this light was taken up by the air, in breathing which we felt each moment the waves of consecration sweeping through the open doors of the soul, and we felt that to labor in this land of love would be the greatest boon our hearts could crave. In connection with the falling light, there were waves of music that rose and fell, in harmony with which our thoughts reached out towards the Infinite, until we felt that the music we heard must be the far-reaching echoes of the harpers in our Father's house. Waiting thus, with the light falling around us, and the music echoing and re-echoing in the arch above us, there came to us a wisdom father and mother, bearing in their hands chalices. They placed their hands, letting the

drops of liquid light that fell therefrom rest on our bowed heads, saying in unison, because they were dual soul messengers, "Beloved, on your long and sometimes perilous journey home you have at last passed the grand arch of the fifth sphere. You have felt its magnetic thrill quickening your entire beings, whereby you have become possessed of soul powers hitherto to you unknown, the perfect unfoldment of which the harmony of the fifth sphere waits to fulfill. Before you lies all of purity and beauty that your hearts can crave. Therefore gather abundantly from the fields that lie before you. They are bloom-laden and peace-crowned, and possess the power to fit you for the labor of love that still lies before you, and towards which the finger of time points as yet afar-off, and at present casts no shadow on the dial, thus showing a long summer of beauty and of bloom as compensation for the thorns the past has held. Yet forget not that you are still messengers, and must still bear your lamps earthward to light home the children of the Infinite. Go hence with our blessings, the messengers wait to guide you home." Then, as we passed out, the air seemed filled with unspoken hallelujahs, the unsung melody of which my heart still treasures as among the sweetest memories, the date of which is now in the by-gone.

Before us waited a group of little children, whose fleecy robes bore the same sheen of silver that we had observed elsewhere; these, we were told, were the sweet guides whose mission it was to lead us to our home, going before us all the way, singing tender home songs. Each child bore in its hands a harp of silver. Sometimes their fingers touched the strings, and sometimes the song-filled air swept the chords, making music such as words, partaking too much of materiality, fail at the outset to express. Let me say here that language has yet in earth to experience great unfoldment, the extent of which it is impossible for you to estimate, and it would be folly for me to attempt it, as it is not wise to ask believers even to accept ideas that seem drawn from the world of fancy instead of fact. Besides, Eon, you with me will watch the fulfillment of this in the better land, the true life, and perhaps take some part in its

advancement, as a labor of love bequeathed to the land that at different times gave to us forms through which we unfolded the good to which we now have attained. Our fairy-like guides led us on over beds of moss wherein were myriads of buds that seemed to wait our coming, for as we passed over them they opened to perfect bloom and breathed on the air their sweetest welcome. As we still journeyed feeling no weariness (which is earth born), we passed through groves of spice, the winding paths of which led to bowers of beauty, to silver lakes where fountains cast their spray on bud and bloom, near which children played and sung, their happy voices mingling with the notes of birds that lighted on their shoulders as though drawn thither by the law of love that was told on every breeze that blew. So much of beauty our eyes saw, so much of harmony our souls drank in, that we almost shrunk from having our first walk home in this new land of peace close. Yet when we reached the foot of a hill the heights of which were crowned with groves of spice, we felt that here beauty had perfected and crowned herself and would forever hold sway.

Half way up this hill, which was a continuation of the emerald hills that bordered one side of the city, the slope of which was so gradual as to be almost unobserved, stood the home that awaited us. Its situation reminded us again and again of the home we left on Brier Hill, and we felt that some kind hearts in this beautiful land knew the struggle in our souls before we could break the golden chain that bound us to what we then most loved. Instead of a brier hedge, extending the entire length of this hill on each side of the broad band of tinted moss that formed the homeward path from the foot of the hill, we saw, not a rose hedge, but mounds and bowers of roses, that were of all sizes and colors; indeed, the path itself was bordered on either side by a running rose, the blooms of which rested lovingly on the beautifully tinted moss. At the foot of the hill we rested, not overcome by weariness, but our hearts were so filled with the beauty of the wondrous picture that reached out before us as far as our eyes, long accustomed

to spirit land, could see, that we felt it almost sacrilege to tread on the tender moss, or to enter the sweet rest that awaited us. As we passed up the hill we noted more distinctly the home, the open doors of which showed that we were expected. It looked in color something like the sunset clouds of your earth. There were visible the tints of amber and rose; through all its whiteness, not a dull, positive color, but a color that each moment emitted a light that seemed to change in intensity, sometimes almost fading, then again having the appearance of being refilled with tints direct from the sun's rays. Here were balconies extending around it, and over the balconies were arches of the same material as the main part. Around this lovelit home that was to be ours was a hedge of roses: these were white and the most delicate shades of pink. Within this hedge, which was low, the grounds reached far to the north, south, east, and west: in the center a fountain played; the misty spray, giving birth to a rainbow that faded not, fell in a basin formed entirely of shells, and the tinted hearts, catching the sounds of the falling spray, wove them into songs of home and love. The outer position of the shells that formed the basin had the look of burnished silver and emitted a soft light and cast a halo on the moss and blooms that grew near it.

Reaching these inner grounds we stood by the fountain and took in all the beauty that lay below and around us, and our eyes would have wept tears of joy had this been a land from the elements of which tears could have been produced, but it was not, and instead of tears our lips gave birth to songs we had never before sung; but new harmony was born in our hearts, consequently new songs fell from our lips.

To this beautiful home we then gave the name of Rose Garden, for such it was, and the love of roses has never since ceased to dwell in your heart as well as mine, and it is the sweet memory of this home, wafted into this incarnation, that causes you to make bloom around you in great profusion children of the rose family. As we yet stood by this fountain the little harpers flew like so many

birds from bush to bower, gathering here a bud and there a bloom, until returning they crowned us as princes over this realm of beauty, then waving their hands towards us they joyfully departed, touching with fairy fingers the harp-strings, the music of which reached our ears long after they were far down the hill. Long we stood there, watching the children as they passed from our sight, listening to the sweet sounds that filled the air and seemed the breathings of infinite harmony. Being thus absorbed, we noticed not the approach of another, indeed knew not that a being save ourselves was there, when a hand touched us and a voice whispered, "Welcome home!" Turning, we saw the beautiful one who came in a cloud to us on the balcony at Brier Hill.

Until the unexpected appearance of this beautiful and well remembered messenger, so rapt had we been in the legacy of love that was bequeathed us in our home and its surroundings that we had neither seen nor heard aught of the white-robed throng that now awaited us on the balconies, among whom was our sweet sister Zair, who has twice dropped into your soul's casket, making each time the brightest jewel it held, the glory of which rests on you even now. As we turned to enter our home we were greeted with songs of welcome, the echoes of which must have been caught and resung by the birds that dwelt in the spice groves beyond our home. We joined the happy throng, sang with them the songs, and with them passed from room to room, gazing in rapt wonderment at the beauty of design and form that gladdened all this home that was ours, and was to be ours through time that extended farther than our spiritual vision could reach. There was in this home one room which I will mention as the refreshment room. It was long, with a table extending part way through the center. On one side of this room were hung exquisitely tinted pictures; many of them were taken from scenes in the spheres in which we had dwelt in other ages, and were to us pleasant reminders of by-gone ages. Others were faces of friends we had known and loved on earth and elsewhere. The opposite side of this room was formed en-

tirely of windows that extended from the ceiling to the floor and opened out on the balconies of arches. These windows were separately draped with the lightest tint of blue, on the surface of which glittered stars of silver. The material of these draperies reminded me of the tender June skies of earth, and I felt as I gazed at them a thrill of delight that these same sometimes smiling and sometimes tearful skies arched not then above me. Over this sky-light blue hung folds of a soft, fleecy white, that fancy pictured as being made or formed from the choicest light clouds that floated over those June skies of earth, and through which the silvery stars shone as shine through fleecy clouds of earth the silent watchers of the night. These windows were open, and from them we could see the grove-crowned Emerald Hills, while the breath of spices floated down, gathering on its way added sweetness from the garden-like green that lay between the hills and our home. The carpet in this room, which is the only room the belongings of which I shall take time or space to describe, looked as though it were a bed of tinted moss, so frequently seen in this sphere. On this moss lay white roses, looking as though they had fallen there and were waiting to be gathered. To this room the welcoming throng repaired and here partook with us of the refreshments that had been spread in anticipation of our arrival. Do you care to know of what that far-off repast consisted? Eon, I could not tell, as memory gathers and keeps only that which is dearest or most sacred, often made thus by stern discipline that brings to the surface the mightiest tides of the soul, the roar of which quickens the dull ears of earth dwellers until almost unconsciously to themselves they are borne on the current of other people's ideas, until their natures become deepened and broadened into a full acceptance of facts, when to their souls are born tides, the waves of which reach still other ears as a quickening power.

The feasting and rejoicing ended, we took up the pleasant duties that at once demanded our attention, among which was first of all the long, sweet visit through which our souls were to become imbued with the magnetic power

of this sphere, the tidal waves of which brought from the great central source a quickening power, through which the perceptiveness was brought to the surface, making the solution of what had before seemed mysterious clear ripples from the rivers of the infinite. This quickening and deepening of the soul's powers was the baptism of the fifth sphere, through which we were to be able to grasp and retain the wisdom here taught: first, for our own good and unfoldment, and for what more the ages then unborn whispered not to our souls. You must not forget that I am giving a very incomplete history of our many windings and wanderings through the spheres and on the earth plane as messengers, and remember, too, that the experience of messengers is not the experience of the masses. For while the far-seeing messengers row, avoiding here a rock and there a sand-bar, the thoughtless masses ride and ask no questions of from whence or where. We counted not the years, the time passed before we became more active workers. Years are but as moments when placed beside the untold ages that stretch away and away beyond the most perfect mathematical calculations of earth's wisest minds, yet we did labor when the time came, as it comes for all purposes.

Our first attraction was toward the Temple of Wisdom, for this in each sphere is the fountain of truth, from whence multitudes gather the spray that vanishes not. Here we began labor in earnest, labor that was to benefit us, for knowledge that would be an abiding power. Here we delved deeper than ever before into the mysteries of chemistry; for this we had special attraction, and craved to peer into the very depths of the hidden wells and draw therefrom all the positive facts the fifth sphere possessed, to verify. In this sphere we took our first lessons in producing from elements through will-power material that to us was as tangible and real as the loaves and fishes formed from the boundless wealth of the elements by the Nazarene, whom the hungry multitude followed. By this power we learned to clothe our forms, and the more positive we became and remained while weaving from the unseen webs

of the universe, the more perfect were our draperies, though the sheen of them depended, as it always does, on the actual spiritual unfoldment, or soul's imperishable wealth. Since our removal to this sphere we had become separated from our labors in the second sphere which were taken up and pursued by others towards whom our hearts went out in waves of tenderest sympathy. For this seed we with others had sown by the wayside, and cared for as the anxious and expectant gardener cares for his choicest plants, and we longed to know that it had sprung up and borne fruit for the hungry ones of the kingdom; and we desired that the kingdom wherein the seed had been sown with a liberal hand might become imbued with a subtle magnetic power that would draw and hold it more *en rapport* with the higher spheres. It is an indisputable fact, whether so accepted or not, that the lower spheres have become, through the drifting of the ages already told, improved, and are susceptible of still greater improvement, the fulfillment of which depends almost, if not quite, entirely on the dwellers of earth shores, who find in these spheres all the heaven their unfoldments, with the deeds and doings that are borne therefrom, give them the key to these spheres to unlock. I mean the first and second. The greatest good is to accrue through that the spirit world is laboring to bestow upon them through the means of messengers posted here and there over the battle-field of life. They are the magnets, and from them radiate the truths that are heaven born and angel sent. When these spheres can and do assume a home-like appearance the harmony of the earth plane will be greatly increased, and the millennium morn will dawn which no twilight will have power to overcome. It is for this we labor, for this we are willing to wend our way back and forth from the shores of the soul's sweet home to the wreck-strewn shores of earth, planting the mighty pillars of truth in the loving, trusting hearts of our soul mates, knowing that time will come when the night will turn to day, and with our loved ones we shall hail the dawning thereof.

CHAPTER XVII.

EON, I am well aware that all the minor points that go to make up existence are pleasant to reconsider and refer to, but if Eoná should attempt to gather up all these points, and endeavor to weave them in the web already prepared, the work she has in her heart to do, would be in the loom of time ages hence, and your heart would not be gladdened by the fulfillment of a promise recorded in the past. This I know you will understand, and are satisfied that the principal parts in which you and I have played in the here and hereafter are recorded for your pleasure, which means the good of many. We continued to labor earnestly for the fulfillment of the soul's possibilities, and as messengers whose harvests of golden sheaves told of their advancement, we sought to pile high the glistening sheaves in the soul's storehouse, and with what success these written pages must explain. Returning from the Temple of Wisdom, where we had brought successfully from the elements some of its own expression of material form, we found seated on the balcony beneath the central rose-twined arch, an inhabitant from a land of which we had received no tidings. He was tall, of fine proportions, and radiant, which in itself proved his superior wisdom and spirituality, as such unfoldments tell themselves in radiance, making utterance of no use. His clothing was white, and around his head shone a belt of light, that twice repeated itself in the atmosphere above him. He arose at our appearance, and we gave to him the greeting we extended to all, and he tarried at Rose Garden, for a time, visiting all points of interest, but saying nothing of his own land, and we sought from him no tidings thereof. The fullness of beauty and joy in our own land was all our hearts could crave, and we cared not to know that there were other lands. Finally he went away, saying he should come to us again, though when we did not ask him. When he had been gone a little time we felt his absence far more than we had done his presence, and wondered that we had asked him no more questions; wondered also that he had

not told us, unquestioned, whence he came and whither he went. At last, from wondering our hearts grew to hunger for his presence. We felt there were depths of wisdom in his being that for some reason we needed; accordingly we sent here and there the soul's telegraph, thinking in that way to reach him, which we did, as a responsive chord in our hearts told us. This manner of telegraphing has been given to earth in a measure, and there exist now those who are the possessors of this power that future ages will see unfold. The elements surrounding the earth will become more subtle and the brain of earth's children more perceptive and receptive.

Not a great length of time passed before we again held as honored guest the one on and above whose head shone the triune crown of wisdom. We rejoiced in his presence, and hastened to question him; asked him whence he came and whither he journeyed. He answered that he came from many worlds, and journeyed wherever he felt wisdom was both received and would be received. He told us that he had lighted the valleys of many worlds with his soul lamp, but his first appearance through matter was on the planet Saturn, and he had in the ages past stood high in the spirit ranks of that planet, but lost his power by overreaching, because wisdom occupied in his being the ascendancy over spirituality. This was a lesson he was obliged to learn, that by it he might lead others around the pit in which he had fallen, and from which it had taken ages to work his way out. He had longed to rule, to become powerful, but through the law of compensation had been obliged to serve, and through the same law had been led to a willingness that had made him place himself as a peace-offering on the altar of Deity, and for ages he had navigated the magnetic tides of the universe, stopping wherever the law of love, that had been born in his soul through tribulation, whispered to him that the wisdom of love would be accepted. His name, he stated, was still retained in the council chamber of the spirit world of that planet, and he had been many times requested to receive the seat that through his absence was left vacant; but he had no desire

save to serve the Infinite in ways that through infinite love were whispered in his soul. This explanation made plain to us the reason of our missing the radiant stranger, who, saying nothing of himself or his labors, had left us without our asking him whence or whither. The wealth of his care had been with us, and unconsciously to us had quickened thought in our brains: consequently when he left us the aura that permeated the atmosphere until we were the recipients of its bounty was removed, and we felt as though a shadow had fallen between us and the sun. Now that he had returned in response to our call, we questioned him concerning other worlds, the tides that led to them, and their relation to us; also their future prospects. He informed us that many planets had but just been quickened, or, in other words, that the positive magnetic centers or embryotic worlds had but just received from the hand of the Infinite their first baptism of attractive force, by which they drew and held unto themselves the invisible world dust of the universe. The tides leading to these embryotic centers, he said, were not harmonious in flow like the tides leading to planets that support even vegetable life, and were navigated only by wisdom spirits, who were waiting and watching for the age wherein spirit could incarnate. Many other worlds, he stated, were just in the glory of their vegetable life, others had developed animal life, in the forests and on the plains of which unmolested roamed the four-footed inhabitants, knowing not that they had yet to give way to man, who is the fulfillment of the law of animal life. Not that he has developed from animals, but is the fulfillment of the law that has been evolved from a succession of expressions of lower law through matter. Among the planets wherein animal life had long expressed itself in lower forms there was one, he said, he was watching with great interest, and where he often dwelt for long periods. On this planet, he said, vegetable and animal life had developed in great perfection and harmony, which was owing to a harmonious magnetic relation it sustained to the central source. There were no extremes of heat or cold, and no night, only a subdued twilight. This planet, he said, had three moons. He

said also there were no immense bodies of water, only peaceful rivers that beautified the face of the country; the stone or rocky formation was in color white, with a deposit in it that absorbed and reflected light. The harmony of its formation, he explained, had given birth to no mountains, only hills and pleasant valleys. As he continued his narrative of this planet, we asked him to be our guide to it, that we might see a world whereon no mortal dwelt. He seemed to hesitate, but when we informed him of our life on Jupiter, he thought more favorably of it, but proposed first to visit with us the Temple of Wisdom, and explain there what his eyes had seen in the universe of Deity.

This voyager of the magnetic tides spoke to the wise men and women of the temple of his wanderings through the ages that had gone; drew charts of the unseen worlds, and the magnetic rivers flowing to and from them; explained how spirits who had reached great power, not to rule but to labor, were explorers of the universe with as much zeal as is shown by the dwellers of earth, who in their ignorance imagine they have found countries whereon the foot of man never before trod, dreaming not that the earth had been peopled before. It was decided, after much thought and discussion, that a certain number who had learned to become very positive to all elements they desired from any cause to control, should under guidance of this voyager visit the planet he had described to us as being so harmonious in its development. Among the number who felt themselves fully equal to the undertaking, were the spirit father and mother, who with you watched my incarnation on the planet Jupiter. They listened favorably to our earnest solicitations, and we were allowed to make part of the company. We hailed the decision with delight, remembering our journey to Jupiter. Besides we had become so accustomed to sudden and extreme changes during the ages that had known us, that the even flow of hundreds of your earth years received a pleasant break.

The time for our departure arrived and all were ready. We needed no extra outfit of clothing, for we had, as you will remember, learned to weave our own draperies from

the elements, as therein lies hidden untold wealth, that greedy, selfish man has not the power to reach. The tidal traveler who was to be our guide had absented himself for a little time, to bring to our shores the boat in which he made his journeys, but met us at the appointed time and place; and with glad, expectant hearts we embarked, our number counting but six, besides our guide, who as yet had given no name, and which by spirits is not a matter of importance as it is among the dwellers of earth. The boat in which we embarked was bird-shaped and large enough to give all the room required. In the beak of the bird-boat shone what in shape seemed to be a star, but was in fact an electric light controlled entirely by the wisdom of the guide. You must not understand that we were in need of light, though our guide informed us that during some portions of the journey it would add to the pleasure of the trip through the beauty it would create. We left the summer shores of the fifth sphere with light hearts, that knew no change. Going directly out we soon came in contact with the tide that took us past the shores of the upper spheres. We saw them not, through the amber-tinted mists that enshrouded them, but the breezes therefrom came to us laden with a heaven of sounds. I confess I had no desire to look beyond the mists, for my heart was set on the planet of peace whose every breath told its tale of harmony. Consequently, with my heart filled with such desire, my eyes cared not to pierce to the unseen of any heavens. Passing these shores we again struck out on a tributary that bore us to another of the main streams, but the light they emit is much less intense, while the atmosphere becomes suddenly cool. Reaching the main stream we sailed against the tide. Do you ask how we were propelled? By the will power of the guide, which was assisted by our becoming and remaining positive. Every breath seemed to exhilarate us as well as to increase our positiveness. Over this rapid current, against which we were gliding with perfect ease, blew a steady breeze that we felt but little because it remained so close to the tide. We could actually see it, as it retained the appearance of a very light fog and traveled with the tide.

On we sped, seeming to go almost directly up. After reaching a great height, we saw to our right and at a great distance, what bore the appearance of an immense sea, the waters of which were of the brightest tint of blue, with now and then a sheen as of gold, undulating as do the seas of earth. Over the bosom of this great expanse we noticed what seemed like islands, only they were radiant, and white like the clouds that drift on the unseen currents of earth's skies of summer. Our guide informed us that these were, as they seemed, islands, and the undulating blue was an ether sea. He also informed us that upon a near approach to the islands we would find the whiteness and radiance to disappear, as it was due entirely to the reflection formed by the islands on the waves, the waters of which caused the reflection given to be thrown into the air, or atmosphere, and there retained. He described these islands as being very beautiful, and the abodes of dual souls. We had no desire then to explore this region. Some other time we would think of it; we only cared to speed on the swiftest, surest wings of thought to the one place that above all other places we desired then to reach. We were curious to visit a world on whose green turf the foot of mortal never trod. Our souls thrilled with enthusiasm that we could not express. We felt that we were nearing the heart of Deity, and that the magnetic tides were the great arteries leading thereto.

Passing beyond this group of ether isles we sped over another tributary that bore us away to the left. Worlds were swinging in space, some seeming like the stars upon which your eyes gaze, while others were much larger. Some that we passed had developed to that point where an atmosphere was formed that was sufficiently positive to dim our light while passing through it. We were charmed by the power of the jet of electric light that sent here and there its flood of silvery wonder. By it we were taught by our guide to read in the atmosphere of the planets we were passing their actual development. It was in this manner, he informed us, that he had found the planet towards which we were sailing. This was to us a point of interest.

and, regardless of our desire to reach our destination, we felt a longing to peer into those shadows made by the positive unfoldments of worlds. Consequently, nearing one from which an atmosphere had been evolved that was capable of receiving the tell-tale expressions and holding them, our guide bore us on the small tributary leading to it, far enough into its atmosphere to see plainly its record, told in language clearly seen, and easily read by the tidal traveler who has passed ages on these strange tides. As we entered this atmosphere we were conscious of a sudden falling of the temperature that was not agreeable. Remaining in it a little time, we saw reflected in actual shadowy form the condition of its surface. Not even a blade of grass could spring as yet from the barren soil; mountains towered here and there, and only gray rocks and grayer soil told us that the wedding-bells of mind and matter had not echoed on its shores, though the tributary leading to it assured us it was in the care of the Infinite, and drew therefrom its unfolding power, that in time would fit it for the habitation of man.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PASSING from the atmospheric boundaries of this growing world, we gained the main tide, and glided over its luminous waves, on and on, through scenes of beauty, sublimity, and grandeur, the recital of which would cause the dwellers of earth, vain in their own conceits, which in reality signifies their boundless ignorance, to raise their voices in one great cry of "impossible," remembering not that they, while giving their unnatural ideas to the hungry world as unalterable truth, interline their poorly drawn arguments and conclusions with, "All things are possible with God," to which Eoná, and the dwellers of the higher spheres respond Amen, prefacing with the one word, natural, the oft repeated quotation, making it read as it should, in order to give what honor there is due to common sense and reason, "All nat-

ural things are possible with God." So much by way of defending actual knowledge, which must, sometimes, bear the palm of victory, regardless of the turbulent rills of opposition.

We at last reached what our guide informed us was the final tributary that we were to explore in order to consummate the real purpose for which we had embarked. As the boat glided over its waters our guide, whose eyes ever beamed with an unspoken tenderness, yet whose manner always told plainly that the surroundings, which gave to us the peace and rest of heaven, awoke in his soul no response, grew suddenly animated; the great deep of his being was moved, which told itself in the radiance that fell like a baptismal wave around him, and he grew fully alive and responsive to the possessions of the hour, seeming to greet with love that spoke not every breeze that was wafted to him from the planet he loved, and as he then told us he had watched for ages, waiting the time when the fulfillment of the law, that then held the ascendancy, should place thereon its seal, from which should be evolved the higher law that should bequeath to this planet a material form, wherein the spirit of man might dwell. For this and the wisdom gained therefrom, that was gladly given to others, he had watched and waited while the ages came and went; knowing which, I wondered not at what to me had looked like indifference to all we had deemed most wonderful in the beauty of perfection. Instead, I wondered most that he deigned to rest beneath our home roses, or respond to the calls we sent for him, when his absence came to be felt like the pangs of keenest hunger. As we reached the atmosphere that surrounded this long watched world, the coldness that was so apparent in the atmosphere of the undeveloped planet was not here noticeable. As we peered with delight through the mists that formed the title-page of this world, whereon was recorded, in unmistakable symbols, the progressive points made in its onward march with its sister worlds, we also noticed here what we had never before seen or recognized as a fact—spirits of diminutive size, as compared to all mature spirits that we had ever seen, flitted here and there on

wings of light to express what we felt as well as saw. We were puzzled at this beyond expression. We had heard that somewhere in the love realms of the Infinite dwelt beings like unto the ones we now saw; but we felt that hearing was not seeing, or in our case believing, and when we actually gazed on these bright beings, we could for a time ask no questions for the wonderment that filled our souls.

Our guide felt rather than heard the torrent of questions that told themselves through the surrounding elements, so intense were our feelings, and in reply informed us that they were what the spirit realms had in all ages called cherubs, or in other words love children of Deity; that they had known no earth existence, consequently dwelt only in an atmosphere of perfect purity. He also informed us that through their presence the love element, which they brought with them, was woven, like a thread of imperishable gold, through all the unfoldments of the world they encircled, and that whatever the world had in the fulfillment of law given birth to had been permeated with this ever present love element. Hearing all this, we felt indeed that the sweet songs of cherubs had been the cradle melody of this rare dweller of space. In reply to the wonder words that still bubbled in thoughts to the surface, but broke not in direct questions, he told us that what we had from their peculiar form and situation deemed to be wings of these little angels, was in reality, the love answer that thus expressed itself, taking the form that might be called wings by those who understood not its nature, as in our case, we giving it that name more from previous information than from what we had witnessed. The cause of this form of aura, he explained, was induced from their never having come in contact with matter, and through continued contacts developed the wisdom which those who travel over the hills and through the valleys of earth existence again and again attain. In spirits who have attained wisdom through love, at the same time increasing their love through wisdom, the aura encircles the brain, forming at times a halo of light over their entire beings. This halo always brightens and radiates still farther when the heart feels the promptings to great deeds

of love to humanity. This is also often noticeable in the dwellers of earth when their hearts have grown large with the sweet love that floods them, through the consummation of great good to others: the unseen aura shines over them, and mortal hearts are led to query as to the beaming expression that is enthroned in the soul's eyes, and through them the mortal eyes, and its glory.

Have I forgotten my journey, in minute explanation? No, it holds too sacred a place in memory to ever be forgotten. As we neared the earth plane of this world, cherub-watched and angel-guided, the recording mists were left behind, and with one great plunge of the boat that bore us, we touched the world to mortals as yet unknown, and soon stood on the welcoming green that wrapped it, tenderly and lovingly it seemed to us. Who would not ask what we first did, as we stood there looking into each other's eyes, each other's souls, seven spirits in all? Oh! Eon, I will tell you, for the shadows of time on earth's side of life's tide dim your eyes, and obscure the glory of the past, that is none the less yours. We sang the grandest anthems that until then had ever swelled our souls: we flooded this new world of beauty with the melody of song, to which the deepest hallelujahs of the soul were as amens after prayer. Your earth language, Eon, has no power of expression by which I can explain the almost deific love that was born in our souls. We felt as we had never before felt the grandeur of existence, and longed in the depths of our souls to breathe over the entire world our purest benedictions of love. We had formed no previous plans of action. We knew not that there were any to form; but now we felt budding in our souls strange thoughts as to the future of this planet. Yet we gave them no utterance, knowing that time was not a volume to close and clasp, but unending as Deity. We knew not that another spirit in the wide universe knew of this, to us, new-found world, and we were more surprised than I can express when there stood in our midst the most lovely female spirit I had ever as yet seen. Her floating robes shone with inwoven pearls, and without words we knew her to be the soul mate of our unknown guide, and when his soul

breathed the one word Pearl, we felt that volumes of untold love were expressed.

In the midst of this wide world of new wonders and beauties we stood, conscious in the inmost depths of our beings of the unfolding power of infinite law, that was breathing its purposes in tones the import of which, although our souls felt, we as yet comprehended not. We asked no questions, sought not to peer into the deep wells of world love that to us were hidden; but as time swept by the great truthfulness of our natures was strengthened, until we felt that we could neither conceive nor doubt the boundless possibilities of the power each heart enthrones in its most sacred precincts of Deity—from whose laws of life, love and justice, and their many tithe-paying attributes, were whirled into existence, world upon world, with all their embryotic possibilities that were to be recorded in letters of light on the pages of an epoch so far away among the inconceivable mists of the future that the untrained eye of man caught not the slightest glimpse thereof. We accepted unquestioningly the condition in which we found ourselves in the harmonious borders of this new world, where as yet dwelt in the godlike form of man none but immortals. There was an unspeakable peace in the thought of remaining silent watchers of this new world. It is true there was here no Rose Garden, no Emerald Hill, nor River of Palms: but the heart of the Infinite beat here, and it was heaven, and there came to our inner selves a consciousness through our nearness to Deity—by which I mean a more perfect understanding of universal law, of a fulfillment through evolution of a positive law, that in this new world was to express itself, and thereby place its first inscription on the already prepared title-page, furnished by the hand of the Infinite. How or when this fulfillment was to occur we neither knew nor asked; we only knew that across the door-way of our souls was the prophetic shadow cast from the heart of Deity.

As I approach this part of our past history, I regret, more than I can express, the utter weakness of your earth language when called upon to express in an understandable form truths brought from the more productive fields of the

Infinite. Were there broader avenues through which these Deity-crowned principles could be borne, I could in written words bear to the understanding of man the true manner of the heavenly kingdom, which would place ignorance and superstition born therefrom among the fossils of the past; but in the limited condition in which I find myself, through an undeveloped method of expression, I am compelled to lay aside the minute details that I could and would lay before you, and to sum up in the poor expressionless language of earth the grandest truths of the universe. In the higher realms, with whose occupants our strange guide and companion was in harmonious relation, a plan, corresponding in perfection with the master minds that developed it, was born and became an actual, positive, tangible reality. This plan, embodied in the minds of the higher realms, held positive relation to and with the planet of which we write. This plan was evolved from what you in your earth language would call a circle, which in the higher realms symbolizes placing in different form that which never had beginning, consequently could never have any ending. From this heaven-born circle radiated a magnetic power, wave after wave, that brought to our souls a constant assurance of the steady progress the forces were making toward a consummation of which we, as yet, had no definite idea, and the knowledge of which startled us when it was vouchsafed us by the tidal traveler, whose nature, through great experience and communings with Deity, had deepened and broadened until to us he seemed as an island of wisdom in a boundless sea of infinite love.

When the time seemed ripe for actual expression, it came. Our strange guide, unto whom we at last gave the name of Wisdom, called us together in council, and there explained to us that through the undenied laws of nature there was to be given to this new world its master and future possessor, as the expressed fulfillment of an evolved law of universal life; and to consummate this crowning glory, we, as a united band, were to be the attractive power that was to hold there, in perfect subjection, the unseen yet active forces; or, in other words, we were to form a circle in unison with

the heaven-born expression of will power, and watch and wait its fulfillment. This was not to be the work of an earth hour or day. In the beautiful and perfect expression of law, Nature neither crowds nor hastens her ceaseless workers, the unseen forces, but all time is given, while the elements are rich in the needed positive and negative compounds, that must by attractive power be brought into perfect harmony with the highest angelic perfection, that is born as an ideal in the heavenly lands. This ideal expressed in the higher realms came home to the understanding of each member of the silent band. In this there was positive necessity, for there could not otherwise be projected from the elements a material form that would be the counterpart of the ideal, which was in itself the highest expression of will power that could be produced through the united wills of the heavenly minds and our band of willing workers in this laboratory of the Infinite. This comprehension established an unbroken harmony that was to express itself in final consummation. Eon, through your earth experience would you call this a planetary materializing *séance*? The name is too harsh, and savors too much of earth and earth-born disappointments and trials that come to the hearts of despairing mediums, who are compelled to bear the jeers of many who hold in their lives the semblance of truth. In the strictest sense, our little band of dual souls in connection with a corresponding band in the higher spheres, were, through the perfected laws of this planet, holding such relations to the higher heavens, to the powers with which the higher spirits dealt, and to each other, that positive materialization was in process; not such an one as you witness in earth life, but a materialization that took years to accomplish, in which the positive connection of force through the harmonious blending of will power of the united bands fastened both web and woof in the wondrous loom of the Infinite, and thereby bequeathed to it many years in which to dim through use the strength and beauty of the material.

Do I startle you, Eon, with this narration of a positive creation through the evolved law of a being called man? And

do I hear you say, it is too much for the world of critics? Earthquakes are at times necessities, if they do startle people by compelling them to change worlds, and thereby their modes of living. You and I passed through one long ago, and its memory gives no pain; besides it is well for critics to chip away at the heavy timbers of heavenly wisdom: it is the only way by which they will ever come to positive knowledge, because as a class they are conceited and poor reasoners, drawing their conclusions from the foam, while they see not back of it the wave that is bearing it, and is all the clearer when it has deposited the foam among the pebbles and rubbish where it belongs.

It ever behooves man and woman, as beings upon whom common sense has been bestowed, to make both active and practical use of the same in demanding a sensible explanation, through an unchanging law, of all the questionable problems of life, and they are many, and just as numerous are the explanatory solutions to be found in the unabridged expressions of nature. It is too true that there are dwelling in blissful ignorance scores upon scores, who fancy they have in their possession a Deity-bestowed right and title to all the heavenly realms. Break down their imaginary jasper walls; unhinge their pearly gates, that are dearer to them when seen from afar off; dethrone their Deity, and they are like the wandering comets of the universe, of some importance somewhere in the economy of nature, but what or where is still undecided by the wisest of earth's minds. Let stern visaged croakers croak, and let critics with sensitive nerves and dyspeptic symptoms criticise; the world nevertheless moves, and in moving keeps time to the universal hymn of nature, that is taken up and rechanté in the highest heavens, by the full-orbed angels of that better land, while earth's honest workers sing in unison with them the sweet songs of peace, which bubble up from the soul's great deep as spontaneously as the spring-time flowers creep through the dead leaves of a past autumn. Thus we sang in that long, long ago, the little band of eight immortals, that numbered but seven before the beautiful Pearl, soul mate of Wisdom, stood in our midst; sang, watched, and

waited for law, that never fails, to set its final seal, and we doubted not its harmonious fulfillment.

Our guide and instructor, Wisdom, selected as a positive point for the concentration of force a grotto wherein the light never penetrated. This was overgrown by the gorgeous wealth of leaf and buds, and heavy vines. Eon, does this strange (and as some might and would call it, sacrilegious) narration remind you of the passage in the much worshiped book called by the children of earth Bible, wherein is written something like this: "And God said, Let us make man" etc.? I can, in the honesty of my heart, but wonder that if there was on the broad green earth as yet no man or woman to stand a listener at the key-hole of the deific chamber, how the works of God came to be recorded on earth by man, who, though acknowledged at his first appearance to be crude and undeveloped, is not to be disputed or even criticised with wholesome conjecture by the brightest, wisest, and most godly minds of the age. There is in the idea, to begin with, a positive contradiction of terms that turns grave-digger to the premises, and covers the statement with the crisp and dead leaves of a senseless superstition. These dismal and uncertain echoes from the certain shores of the past make dismal sounds, when heard in unison with the voice of science, philosophy, and common sense, that echoes with the joyous ring of angel love, on the brighter shores of the present. It might be well for these stubborn Bible worshipers, who cover the soul's eyes with a shade of green lest the light of science break in upon their fossils, to query as to the propriety or necessity of Deity deeming it best to counsel with those who were dependent upon him for existence and heaven, as though he, having created them in all glory of angelic development, could not without their assistance and approval create man, whereas the rewards of progression show beyond a doubt that he took no extra pains to startle the heavenly residents with his final success. These statements, that cross and recross each other at all points, with their attached inconsistencies, are poor weapons of warfare against ignorance, and we will turn our heads on the whole catalogue of mistakes and

blunders, and take up once more the thread I loosed for a little on the bank of one of the turbid rivers of the far away past.

The surface of the new world, that I called new because it was so to us, was rich in its abundant expressions of beauty; rivers that never felt the wild ravings of tempests here and there brightened and freshened the land, while beautiful waterfalls glistening in the sunlight seemed ever to be wearing silvery robes that when worn disappeared. The grass, or final covering of the soil, was unlike the grass of your earth, much more resembling a creeping moss, and bore small blossoms, bell shaped, and of a pale blue color. The trees, in harmony with all else, were neither dwarfed nor of an immense size. On many the leaves were long, narrow, and instead of being of a common monotonous green, as are the trees of your land, they were tinted and bore pure white blossoms, with hearts of pale pink. These grew from the main line on the underside part of the leaf, and gave to the air around a fragrance, as though a breath from our home heaven in Rose Garden had sought and found us in our wide wanderings. We named these flowering trees, which were by far the most beautiful I have ever seen on any planet, Balms, and the Planet we called Harmony, because over all the landscape far and near the beneficent smile and blessing of an approving Deity seemed to rest in an unbroken halo. Throughout the length and breadth of this beautiful land roamed, as kings of the realm, animals in whose nature dwelt kindness, that corresponded fully with the harmony of their surroundings. They found their needed supplies of food and drink at nature's bounteous table, whereon the abundance never failed. At stated periods rains like the gentle rains of your summer months fell, but violent storms never came to deface the beauty of the landscape by causing disastrous floods, and at all seasons of the year, flowers akin to the sweet spring-time blossoms of your earth spoke in the language of nature, the harmonious unfoldings of the same, leaving no broad expanse of green whereon they did not lift their tinted hearts. In many places, especially near the rivers, vines in luxuriant growth

crept over the mossy grass, crowned with fruits that matured beneath the sun's rays. In all points this beautiful world was well worthy of the name we gave it.

CHAPTER XIX.

In this land of great promise, through the material portals of which the curtain shadows of deific possibilities were being cast, we missed not the home of harmony that was still ours in the fifth sphere of the earth's spirit realm, and felt towards it no great heart-longings, as though, because it was ours through compensatory law, we must superintend the sacred precincts thereof through the coming and fitting time. We well knew that future years would still find it Rose Gården; knew the same unconscious welcome of bud and leaf would fall on our hearts in benisons of peace, when we again stood within its boundaries, and with this consciousness it was sweet to remain where we were. We felt that we were especially chosen and appointed as silent helpers in this deific laboratory; consequently we found in remaining our greatest heaven. It is a mistaken idea that the glory and unfading bliss of heaven is realized only through being able to sit on specially prepared and moss-grown banks, whereon love-born occupants while away the countless ages in gazing into each others eyes, as though there were no other eyes from whose pure wells of love were reflected the soul's deep crownings. Love tells itself most perfectly in its self-appointed labors, and shouts not the same to the ears of idlers. Thus we in love with this beautiful world, child of Deity, labored in harmony with the willing workers. Over the selected grotto, that seemed made for special purpose, there fell at last a soft white cloud, like unto the white clouds in your summer skies when they pile their whiteness like hills against the blue, only the cloud was radiant and entirely hid the grotto, as though it were not in the immediate pre-

cinets of which went at stated times Pearl and Wisdom, while the remaining number stood without, yet stood within the radiant cloud. At such times, had mortal man dwelt on the planet, the magnetic waves from the upper courts in their passage would have brought to them deepest consternation; but there being no one to be startled by these magnificent displays, and no one to record the same, the work went on without the side play of a single thought, accompanied by its never detached magnetic current. The little band of unwearied workers held in their midst, through the souls' will powers, one end of the magnetic chain that was transmitting from the loftier realms, *not creative power*, for that is an attribute of Deity, but a power that was to *change* the actual formation of certain already created elements, and this change was to take the form of man and woman, or positive and negative. I look back now, over all the hills of time that tower between the then and now, in silent wonder and praise as the glory of that watching, waiting time again seems falling over my soul, when with hearts attuned in love to the heart of the Infinite we waited the grand fulfillment of infinite law.

It came, and I shall never forget, as time goes on folding his misty mantle over the millions of yet uncounted eternities, the great joy that told itself in deep hallelujahs as we looked down upon two beautiful forms, the final fulfillment of an evolved law, on which the blessing of Deity rested as a crown imperishable. Above these forms hovered two deific babes, attracted to them through a positive law of their own beings, of which only heaven-born language could express the significance. In time, through the life-giving power of soul magnetism, there became noticeable both respiration and circulation, which when fully established were self-supporting. Still they slept, while from the awakened cells there emanated the soul tissues or ethers through which these deific babes could become united with the forms and remain thus soul possessions of an immaculate conception and development, through the concentrated creative force of the deific principle called God, in which the willing workers of the spirit realms blended their soul

desires and labors. Eon, do you ask if there will be objections raised against this manner of the creation of man? Most certainly there will; but do you imagine they can far outnumber the objections already arranged in hostile garb and warlike attitude against a certain recorded narration of the creation of man by the Jewish Jehovah? I think not. He certainly gives a plan of procedure, and all any one is supposed to know is based on a written statement that no one believes God ever wrote, that he asserts he made man from the dust of the earth. This statement is broad and liberal in one point; it leaves all thinking minds free to draw their own conclusions as to the quality and quantity of dust used in the creation of an average man; it is also reasonable to suppose it took less for the woman, as God had one rib to start on. The Biblical statement goes on to say that he in time became so thoroughly disgusted with the work of his own planning that he washed his hands of the whole affair in a mighty flood that lasted many days and nights, leaving thus upon the face of the whole earth but one man and his family to bear testimony to the deific ablation of the primitive ages, and one family, wondrously like a moral to a flimsy story, must have missed their neighbors when they stepped out again on the broad, green earth. Certainly there were no immoral surroundings to tempt fathers and sons, no evil devices save those of their own souls. The key of ignorance has for so many ages been turned in the lock of superstition that common sense could find but one rock on which to erect its much-needed lighthouse, and that was the rock of progression, the saving power of the world, that is bringing from a starless night a morning resplendent with an unfading glory.

Eon, do you shrink from the pen pictures drawn by Eoná's hands, all true to the hour and age? Nevertheless, I must go on, well assured that it is given to the children of the kingdom to know the mysteries thereof, and assured too that the certain needs of humanity are far more than you in your mist-dimmed realm imagine. Surely no one need be startled by the narration of a creative process, when Mother Nature is ever busy giving through corresponding

laws expression of the same, in dust and air. That same creative power is generated in some human beings, and it is often the case that atmospheric parasites are by it created and exist through this silent and too little understood force; besides, people who thus unceremoniously surround themselves are a draft through this same expressed power on others, and are themselves ever in imminent danger of sudden physical disaster that wise doctors are unable to name. In process of time the deific watchers who had hovered over these silent forms lost through the evolved ethers the semblance of babes, and became so united by the magnetic cord to the brain region, through which all expression of thought and feeling must be made manifest, that they of necessity could not disunite until the years bequeathed the material while yet in the loom of time were fulfilled, except by accident, and accidents were not among the expressions of the planet at that time.

There comes to all objects, the fulfillment of which has called for special supplies of thought and force backed by law, a fullness of time when the required powers that wrought in the loom of possibilities as governing principles can be and are withdrawn, and are never found exhausted by the part they have taken, because they are infinite in their power and possibilities. Thus it was with the radiant cloud that for so long a time stood sentinel at one of the material doors of Deity, entirely screening the chosen grotto from the never idle powers of the elements which were at home in the atmosphere surrounding the world of beauty, so that not even could the sun's rays pierce this illuminated barrier, beneath which, through concentrated force, was being solved the grandest problem in the whole line of possibilities. The time for the withdrawal of this veil of the Infinite had arrived, and slowly it returned to the realms from whence it was sent. Thinner and thinner it grew, until it resembled a light mist through which objects of a material nature were visible. It returned thus slowly, lest if suddenly removed, the occupants of the grotto should be injured; yet it must of necessity be withdrawn, else these children of Deity would never waken. Accord-

ingly, in perfect harmony with the special demands of the fulfilled time, this gradual removal went on, thereby lessening the deep sleep that had long held these angel-cherished forms in a state of unconsciousness wherein dreams pleasant or otherwise wove no colors to fade at the time of awakening, and that long-looked-for time came at last, when these pure children of the Most High opened their eyes to see falling around them a soft light thrown into the grotto through our united powers. In this light stood Wisdom and Pearl, and beckoned them to follow, which they did, till at last they stood together, the only mortals in all the length and breadth of this harmony-bathed world. Above them arched skies of the tenderest blue; beneath them, and as far as their eyes could reach, spread the moss-like grass peculiar to this planet, and as their unclad feet pressed the warm, flower-gemmed turf, they involuntarily looked down, as though they heard the tender voice of Mother Nature singing her waking song to the children of her love and care. The first chord in their awakened beings was touched, and in sweet response it vibrated, while a smile like the trusting smile of a little child brightened their faces, shining longest in their eyes. The positive principle, or man, was tall, finely proportioned, with dark hair and eyes; the negative, or woman, was also tall, when compared with some of the daughters of your earth, with long, fair hair that fell in shining waves to her waist, while her eyes were of the color of her native skies. As the grand expression of deific power, they far exceeded in brainal development the children of your earth, at their first appearance on this not so harmonious planet. Truly, Deity here had no need to blush for His children, unto whom was bequeathed, as their rightful possession, the beautiful world whereon until then no incarnated child of our father ever found an abiding place.

It was impossible for these children to realize the great responsibilities that were casting their shadows across the doorway of their material existence. Being full of wonder at what they saw, they wandered here and there, hand in hand, till at last they seated themselves on the bank of a

stream, the waters of which were so clear that the small white stones in its bed were distinctly visible. Looking at them, as they in all their innocence watched the peaceful flow of that unnamed tide, my heart for a moment grew sad, for there came before me all the many winding paths wherein we had wandered since, in just such innocence, we looked through the first arch of materiality. Oh, how long looked the pathway before them that must lead them home to their Father's house, where with the innocence and purity they then inherited must be found linked both wisdom and love, gained through many battles against and victorious over the undeveloped good that must be transmitted to them through the unseen links that bound mind and matter on the planet Harmony. My heart the next moment grew restful and hopeful, for I saw that they were to take only one step at a time, and that will end the longest journey; besides, the way would be sufficiently lighted for them to see the stepping-stones. The power of a newly-evolved superior law is felt by all the materialized expressions of inferior or lower homes that are of the same order or family, and not only felt, but in connection with its appearance there is born as its handmaid an unseen, silent force, that demands a certain amount of homage to be paid thereto; this fact we saw fully demonstrated between the new-born children as highest expression of animal love in all the universe of the Infinite, and the expressions of the lesser loves of the same family.

As these welcome children of Harmony still sat on the bank of the stream, which stayed not its onward flow that they might gather its ripples, there seemed attracted to them through the unseen forces, the animals that found an abiding place on that portion of the planet. We watched them with unfeigned pleasure as they gathered around this newly-found central power. Here were the king and queen, here also the willing subjects of this harmonious realm. As the animals approached, we could but note the look of kindness, not far removed from love, that shone in their eyes. Some lay at the feet of the children, as though to comfort and protect; others came still nearer, resting their heads

on the uncovered hands and shoulders of his king and queen of the law of animal life. One beautiful animal somewhat resembling the lion of your earth, though not as large, and covered with long hair, white, silky, and wavy, stood at the side of the child woman, laid the silky hair of his head against her cheeks, as though inviting her special attention; then, as she turned towards him her eyes, he pulled from the grass a small section of a vine that was hung with berries, large, and of a deep red color. This vine he let fall and with his teeth picked off a berry and ate it, then again held it in his mouth until through this language of nature she saw and understood that they were to eat, and as the beautiful animal still held the vine she picked a berry and ate, at the same time giving one to the male at her side. This was their first meal, and their attendant a silken-coated animal. They finished their repast with a genuine satisfaction that was very evident. This morning meal in the morn of their conscious existence was unsurrounded by the elegance that civilization brings, yet was watched over by immortals, whose wisdom and love far exceeded expressions of the same nature made by your most progressed earth dwellers at the present day, and this meal had in it one advantage over the refreshments of our Adam and Eve. There was no Jewish Jehovah slyng around making snakes until one was found vile enough to carry out the plans concocted by him against the innocent work of his own hands. There were no special creations against which they were to be warned on penalty of death. In this world, without barriers of sin, they were free to live lives of progression, and the sooner they became as gods, the sooner they proved their title to their Father's estate, as full-orbed angels and master minds superior to all matter.

The known and seen of immortals so far outweighs the unknown and unseen of the children of earth, that I should have shrunk from giving in detail the last few strangely-sounding chapters, had I not previous to giving them peered through the mists of the future, and thereby been assured that the end would be well, and productive of good results, both to spirits disrobed of gross materiality, and spirits in

the form. The truths thus freely given (and which must receive at the hands of believers and unbelievers also severe criticisms) will remain unblemished, and form a ladder of light, consisting of many rungs, down which spirits, ever anxious to do good to the benighted earth traveler, will send additional experiences as proofs of an actual existence outside the limits of coarse materiality; while the earnest seeker will, over the same ladder, send heavenward his aspirations and great soul calls, that will reach a responsive chord in the love-imbued heart of some angel of mercy whose great joy it is to feed the hungry who crave from the abundance of the Father's table. The day has dawned when from a continuation of unfoldments the world can and does receive all manner of shocks, and stumbles not seriously at collisions of religious ideas; even though the most sacred points of the creeds are made to vibrate to the very center, to the extent that many lose their bearings, find their anchor of faith a mythological affair, and turn with sinking hearts to the fountain of actual knowledge that bestows on the soul that willingly accepts a peace as unbroken as time.

I must return again to the children of our love and watchfulness, who in their innocence wandered by singing streams, or rested on the generous moss beds, followed often by the kind-eyed animals who were to them both a pleasure and a profit. We left them not alone, though all the world whereon they dwelt was flower-strewn, tree-crowned, and beautiful, but waited and watched in patience, until they became accustomed to the forms they inhabited, and the land they inherited as their birthright. Then we led them little by little into a limited field of thought, that of itself developed into an expression of thought by means of words which in time increased until they had a language sufficient to express all thought that could then receive birth; for the birth of thought depends not entirely on the brain; there must be material objects that address the brain in a language which the brain feels, when immediately there is born a response to the objects that address, which is a power in itself that acts in the brain.

making it susceptible to deeper impressions and more extensive responses. In this mission of love we were all earnest workers; and in harmony, such as is born in the higher spheres, we labored, having before us but one grand purpose. Thus time fully winged passed on, weaving in its many-shaded meshes of cause and effect, that are, and ever have been, the mighty pillars, the strong walls, and towering domes of the boundless universe. These dual principles born in Infinity, ever walking side by side, and hand in hand, have left their indelible marks on all spheres and in all ages, and echo in the inner temple of every soul, expressing itself through matter, its songs of redeeming peace and gladness, or its wails of deepest sorrow and desolation. These children of our love, being true children of nature, in its most perfect expression that could be evolved from the combined forces on the planet Harmony, learned to read the unmistakable lessons of Deity as they were spread out, page after page, in rippling waves that reflected sky and tree, in leaf and bud, and perfect blossom. Truly, they could never again in all their pilgrimage homeward be nearer Deity than they then were, as they drank their first draught from the never-failing fountain of wisdom. This fact for a time saddened me, and the tender mother nature within me came to the surface, and I longed to spare them the many winding and crooked paths that would leave them foot-sore and weary, long, long before the love-lights from the home headlands would fall over them, making them forget in its tender halo a past that at best could but hold some dull shadows, were they cast by no greater sadness than the unclasping of hands on the wave-washed shore of life's river, to clasp not again till the journey was done and the mists in the valley were lifted. With my own experience like an open book before me, I could not always sorrow for them, for I knew well that each path that seemed to diverge must bear through experience lessons that would be remembered and prove landmarks in the future, not for themselves alone, but for many others that were to follow as proofs of successive incarnations. I could only pray that their harmonious developments and surroundings might

install a succession of circumstances, wherein many of the bitter cups pressed to the lips of Eon and Eoná might never be numbered, which prayer was granted before it was asked, because effect ever follows cause with no intervening digressions. Thus it must be that in some channels there would be less of the bitter than came to our hearts in our separate incarnations.

These full-grown children soon learned the proper use of fruits, which constituted their only food, and the animals that gathered around them showed signs of great pleasure when allowed to feast with them, taking from their hands the ripe, juicy food. The climate was such that no house was needed for protection, and no softer couch could be asked than the moss-like grass. Yet, for a purpose, these children were taught to form a bower, where they by their presence helped to concentrate the unseen forces, forming a battery through which we could assist them to develop their perceptions and comprehensions. This bower they arranged by twining together the long lower branches of the flowering trees, then teaching the vines that ran through and over the grass to clamber over them. Here they were taught to carry their refreshments and partake of them unsurrounded by the lower animals, which they fed afterward, evincing the same pleasure that children manifest in caring for animals dependent on them. Eon, it would be useless waste of time and medial power, were I to gather all the many-colored threads in the existence of these dual souls, or to give in full a history of the planet, its seasons, its climates, its productions, and its unfoldments. It is principles we are in quest of, principles that are as unchangeable as the heart of the Infinite, that will open the long-closed doors of the past and present, and give to the truth-seeking world some idea of whence and whither. Leaving the chain in its primitive links, I will take it up again after the coming and passing in silent procession of many ages, and find, where was but broad, green earth, with peaceful rivers and gentle slopes, domes of beauty, wherein dwell men, women, and children, with front brains that give promise of untold power of thought. In the history of this planet are re-

corded no years of war, with their catalogue of untold horrors and devastations, which may by some be considered necessary, as the same is recorded in the past and early history of the inhabitants of your earth by the savage Jews. On the planet Harmony, there was, to begin with, the harmonious result of harmonious laws, with no conceited Jehovah to sow seeds of dissension, plan battles, and watch the results, glorying in the agonies of the warriors slain and the women taken captive.

CHAPTER XX.

EON, it may be well that in the crown of your hopes, earth born, and heavenward tending, the softened light of a single Pearl may be seen to radiate, giving the light it absorbed long ages ago. It is at the request of Eoná, angel of thy soul, that I bring with willing heart and ready hand my tithes and offerings, as tokens of a friendship that began too long ago to reach with date that mind of man would be willing to accept. You understand that man, in his finite calculations, believes nothing possible that with his few years of earth experience he cannot comprehend; yet when he wakes to the remembrance of the soul's long, long ago, his powers of comprehension will seem resurrected from the mental abysses of the past. In the long ago of which I speak, I knew you, the willing worker and co-worker with angel hosts, and, as future writings will show, I was once your spirit mother. The planet from whence I attracted to my spirit, or in other words to myself, the material covering, through and by which I was to gain spirit power and unfoldment, bequeathed to my soul mate and myself a desire to rule. This occurred because our planet was one of the ruling world children of the universe, and we, as often is the case, partook more fully of the attributes of our mother's nature than of our father God, and being at our first baptism imbued with this not divine power, our progression

was marked by this one, strong thread in the web we were to fill, and there came a time when this one thread, grown strong at each incarnation, at last bound us, and left us slaves to its power. Then began a war with our inner selves, that resulted in clearing from the soul's borders the tyrant that ruined our birthright. We left the celestial courts of our special spirit world, since which time we have traversed the unknown magnetic tides of the universe. We are known in the courts of many spirit worlds, and journey wherever peace and good will result from our efforts; yet long, oh, so long, we fought against the one evil of our own natures, before we could make room for the sweet angel humility. But she came at last, and our own worn spirit rested; since which time Wisdom and Pearl have sought no monarch's crown, no golden scepter, and we recognize no ruling power but the power of a God of like love.

It was during one of our journeys over the magnetic tides to man, unseen and unthought of, that we touched the tributary leading to the planet Harmony (of which Eoná has given you a correct description). Instantly our hearts felt a thrill of joy that told us we had found a heaven of peace, a world whose harmonious centers could give birth to no inharmonious results; anger, strife, jealousy, love of power, could there find no cradle in which to be rocked, until capable of exerting a power over the children that should some day find their homes peace-crowned, and radiant with a love over which the heart of Deity might rejoice. Eon, this same Harmonia is one of the Edens of the universe to-day, and as such exerts a harmonizing power that is felt far and near.—a harmony in which the highest spirits of the highest spheres rejoice. From the brains of the inhabitants is constantly radiating a brain power that is felt on other planets; in other brains are wakened thoughts that before had been strangers; purer principles knock at the soul's doors and crave admittance. I do not maintain that all better impulses born on earth receive their quickening power on this planet, but from its magnetic stores it is helping to swell the tide that must some day carry the flood-wood over the mighty falls of the

eternal, leaving the clear rivers of existence to flow on, in rhythmic measures of peace and love, that seek only the good of God's children. Do you ask, my fellow-laborer of the past, how it can be possible that the planet, of which you have recently heard so much, developed man after you had several times been incarnated, and then distanced the children of earth in all the higher and better families? I will tell you, though at first let me assure you that you belonged not to the Adamic creation, with its poorly-arranged and poorly-sustained literature. The bigoted minds of your day look through but the one door there is as yet discovered in their soul's ark; they see always and ever the same landmarks, towards which priestly fingers have pointed since Moses, the well-digger, smote the rock for water; and looking thus, they date the appearance of man on this earth with the date of a bewildered Genesis and floating menageries, and think they have all the truth. Never were babes more mistaken. Man has never since his first appearance on your earth been extinct, yet the now swollen tides of existence have run so low that countries and kingdoms once inhabited have been left without their human representatives, and the lands wherein they had dwelt, when again found by the active explorer, were looked on as entirely new and as such again entered upon the lists of new possessions that were destined to pay homage to the powers that found them. Thus, you see, again and again have kingdoms and powers been swept from the earth by the breath of infinite law, and the lone Adam of Biblical record was not then as Adam when the first expression of man in material form stood on the green earth.

Now to explain the rapid growth of Harmonia, I will ask this question: Should a beautiful plant be rooted in a bed of thistles and made to perfect itself there, amid such surroundings, with all the thistles absorbing their full amount of nourishment from the soil, how long, think you, would it be before from this bed of thistles it would be rounded out in all its possible perfection? Then place a plant of the same family and possibilities in a garden where the soil is fully ready for it, with no inharmonious elements to act on

it, and watch the result. This comparison, without further explanation, answers all questions. Do you ask why all planets were not so related to the center of harmony? Then I will ask why there are two ends to a line? The extremes are the two ends, and without them there can be no line. Worlds, as such, have not always existed, although the elements from which they are formed have. I will return once more to myself. With Wisdom, my soul mate, I tarried long on the beautiful world we together had discovered, until there was born in our souls a longing desire to see here wrought the wondrous, yet natural result of man, creative law. The remainder has been told by Eoná, whose love-light shines ever and ever over the rough and toilsome journey, the end of which will be home, when the hungry, tired heart will reap from the harvest-fields of the eternal, to be no more an exile in stranger lands. Methinks even now the soft home breezes at times fan your cheeks, and you catch on the borders of dream-land, the low bubbling of the brooks of your native land. Eon, the journey is not very long, but must be crowned at every turn with the blessings of fulfillment; and to consummate this, the angel hosts are working, as only angels can work. With Eoná I shall wait to give you my blessings in the land of souls.

[NOTE.—At a *séance*, April 26, '85, Pearl, the soul mate of Wisdom, came in full materialized form; also Eoná.]

Eon, I come back once more to my mission of love, as one happily returns to the pleasant walks wherein he has been wont to stray until no other walks can hold for him the same charm. I come back with fresh bloom gathered in the gardens of the soul's long ago. They are sweet with the dews of a love that fades not with the flight of time, that lives through the upbuilding and consummation of worlds, unchanging as Deity. It is well that the loving light of a pure pearl should for a little time fall around you with its halo of peace, as no chain can be perfect without all its connecting links, and in a chain like unto the one I am uncoiling links are never known to rust out, and over such time holds no devastating power. Long had we been

absent from the spirit realms of our own planet, yet we felt no great heart yearnings, for we well knew the volume of time could not close and shut us from its sacred precincts. We were on the grand high road of progression, not one of the minor paths leading thereto, and in waiting there was joy, for it was our privilege to watch the unfoldments that followed each other in rapid succession on this world Eden. Wisdom, the never-weary wanderer of the magnetic tides, rested not because of the harmonious consummation of angel efforts, or rapid progression of the heaven-blessed results, but came and went in his bird-like boat at will. At times he would relate to us the incidents of his journeys, then again he would seem in deep thought. During his wanderings he had no companion save Pearl. At last there came a time when he bade us prepare for another journey, the object of which he withheld for a time. The company was to comprise all the unwearied watchers of this new planet, who long, long before had with us embarked for a strange journey, from which had been born a result, that, had we been previously informed, we should have considered as among the mightiest impossibilities on the records of time, and in consequence of our conclusions we should have remained rose-trimmers and rose-trainers in the beautiful garden where we at that time tarried, all unconscious of the mighty tide of possibilities that was even then rippling and surging at our feet, waiting to bear us out and away.

In response to the summons from Wisdom, we were all waiting, yet unquestioning, at the appointed time, and again embarked with the harmonious motion and movement of the little boat. Our souls were moved to songs, and we chanted in rhythmic measure until the joy of our hearts told itself to the sparkling tide, and the sweet-breathed breezes that swept over us. On we went all unconscious of the journey's end, yet caring not to ask on what shores we should land. Beyond us, at right and left, as far as our spirit eyes could pierce, we could see the rapidly-flowing tributaries rushing to meet and become a part of the great main tides. Here and there were waterfalls, here and there

islands of rest, while over all and through all the great love-light of Deity seemed to fall. Every breeze brought to our ears notes of harmony, that passed us to give place to others. We knew not from whence they came nor whither they were wafted; we only knew that they came and spoke to our responsive souls in a language of peace, and love. O Eon, the joy of existence, such an existence, unfettered from the clods of earth's valleys, free to journey through the boundless realm of the Infinite, where every breath speaks of a love unending as time! How little the poor dwellers of earth can feel, through the barriers that are thrown around them, of the boundless love of the Father; of the tender watchfulness of the, to them, unseen sentinels. I sorrow for them, but time turns the keys in all locks and when it is best bids the prisoners be released, as we have been, until the sordid fears, born of earth, and too often carried beyond its boundaries, have no more power over their souls. No; too often have we together gazed at the wonders of the Infinite, too often have we felt the power of a deific love thrill our souls, to retain within its harmonies earth-born fears. The breath of the Infinite is ever wafting to our souls baptisms of peace and love, blended with the whisperings of a heavenly wisdom, that we in our unceasing labors are endeavoring to let shine with steady gleam over the pathway and into the hearts of the benighted.

The little band with its freight of fearless yet loving souls sped on, until we were suddenly conscious of a cool breeze, as though some unseen door, long closed, had swung back. We wondered at this sudden change, but questioned not, knowing all was well, and feeling no doubt as to the power and purpose of our well-known guide. Entering a tributary leading to another of the main tides, our guide rested the boat, and pointing in advance of us, and towards the right, bade us look in the distance, whither we turned our eyes. We saw a world, or planet, around which seemed hovering an unbroken night, while the air grew still colder. We went no nearer but waited and watched the result, and, as we waited, our guide gave us the following information:

This planet, he said, he had long watched; it had developed vegetable life in great perfection, but ceased there, that fulfillment seeming to be the consummation of its unfoldments. Our guide said the germs of animal life were entirely missing in the elements by which the planet was surrounded, which proved them to be missing in the planet itself. He also informed us that the seeming night that brooded over it was due entirely to the complete fulfillment of its mission, but added with a quiet smile that another morning would dawn, for which we would wait, as we were no longer bound through the links of necessary guidance and protection to planets or spirit spheres. As the world Harmony no longer needed our undivided care, we waited and listened, and we noticed that the night deepened, until it seemed to us the entire universe must feel its power in the shadow of its blackness; but it was a night that told its tale to no other world, and made shadows that here only drew unto itself its seeming despair. We were filled with awe. Our guide informed us that what we were witnessing was the actual death of a world, and we as the silent watchers could do no better than to chant a dirge for the same, which we did. I confess I shuddered as the low, sad notes fell from lips that so recently had sung songs of gladness. With the group I joined my voice. While we were still chanting there appeared above the dying world an arch of silvery light. This grew larger until suddenly there appeared above the darkened planet we were watching what seemed to be a world—yet not a world of matter, but a world of liquid light; and at the same moment the attractive forces let go their hold on the departing world and it was swept away as though by the breath of the Infinite. What had been a world was reduced to finest dust, and swept from the space it had occupied for ages, while in its stead swung a new world, which our guide informed us was a spirit orb and destined to become a home for souls who had overcome the power of matter. Eon, I am well aware that this will seem strange to you, and you will not recall the scene, for the valleys of your earth let not the light of the long ago fall in their depths:

but you and Eoná stood hand in hand, travelers of the magnetic tides, and witnessed the death and birth of the world.

CHAPTER XXI.

THIS death and birth, therefore, just recorded for the first time on earth shores, or, in other words, this changing of forms as witnessed by us in our long-ago tidal journey, was something to be treasured among memory's brightest jewels, as it proved to us the key by which was unlocked and opened other doors leading into still greater wonder fields of the Infinite. It was also a quickening power to our perceptions and comprehensions, and we grew to feel that if Wisdom had, ages and ages ago, erred to the extent that he thereby lost power and position in the high heavens of the spirit world, to which through his first incarnation he was heir, he had gained fourfold through the circumstances that of necessity followed the step, or seeming misstep, for through it his own soul's grander and better powers had been made to assert themselves as kings over the lower ones, which in time became subservient thereto. Besides, in the great hunger of his soul he seemed driven from himself, and searched the fields of the Infinite for truths to rest the weariness of his heart, and in thus doing, not only blessed himself, but brought gladness to others, for selfishness formed no part of his nature. Consequently the good he sought and gained he gladly shared with others, whose powers of comprehension were such that the mental food he gave them was to them the bread of life.

After drinking this deep draught from the cup of the Infinite, we again turned our faces homeward, and sought once more the sunlit borders of our peaceful planet Harmonia, where there after a time sprung up in the garden of your responsive soul a new and tender bud, that craved to bloom through the harmonious blendings and unfoldings of that planet; and in response to the cravings there fell

over the bright day of Eoná's heart the shadow of an approaching night, as though the long sweet day that knew no clouds was about to close. This shadow was due in part to the remembrance of the Arabian pilgrimage that of necessity held in its embrace so much darkness, so many midnights, that we scarcely knew the day when it dawned, lighting the hills and valleys of the soul's dear home with a love light we could scarce recall. But Harmona held in its peaceful boundaries no benighted Arabia, and no dull shadow land; consequently my heart, regardless of its inner protests, yielded and prepared itself to whisper a good-bye in which there should be seen no tears, in which there should be heard no undertone of sighs, though a murmur of weariness and disappointment echoed and reëchoed through the deep valleys of the soul, and told itself only to the silent, swinging worlds. Eon, think you Eoná was cowardly or selfish? Your dear soul answers me, "No"; but so long had we dwelt together since our last incarnation that I felt our summer could never end. So truly were we one, and so harmoniously had we taken up love's labors through which so much knowledge had come to us, that I cared not to leave the boundless fields of the Infinite, where there were such harvests of golden grain yet ungathered. I shrank from seeing the sun set again in the valleys of any material world, it mattered not how fair; but the shadows on the dial pointed to a material pathway. So, in Arabian expression, I folded my tent and prepared for the change—prepared to stand sentinel at the door, the opening and closing of which was to separate us for a time that telling itself in years would soon be done. It is well at times to put away self, either for people or principles, for the returning wave is ever bountiful in its compensatory power, and the unselfish heart is never impoverished by its sacrifices. Our long-trusted guide, Wisdom, with his soul mate, Pearl, were to be your spirit father and mother, and with them was left power and privilege of selecting your future surroundings; and not only selecting, but rebaptizing them with the power of their magnetic life and love, that the current of your future existence might flow among

the banks of your yet unseen earth life with a harmonious ripple, gladdening the banks it touched and receiving into its very depths the soul of the blooms therein reflected. With this light falling like a tender halo ever over the circumstances that were to weave new threads into the loom of existence, my heart grew more restful: besides, I knew this digression from the one grand highway would leave its pilgrim on the same bank from whence he started, and would also leave with him an added power as a legacy that would lessen not through the ages untold. Wisdom and Pearl sought for and decided on the home center to bless and be blessed by your incarnation, and after harmonizing the entire beings of the earth father and mother, we all became inmates of it for a little time, previous to the introduction of a story that told its moral in another life.

Then you fell asleep, while I, life of your life, tarried, humming the soul's lullaby over the cradle of your incarnation. In the heart of the mother I whispered my most sacred love, while I was unconsciously to her the sunlight of her life: and hope buds, that sprang beneath the purest arch of her soul's garden, came to the surface in response to my call. Thus I hourly strove to fit the mother's hope and Eoná's great soul comfort to occupy a niche far up the stairway of progression, and in blessing you I blessed the tender mother heart: for the buds thus quickened into bloom never faded and never ceased to breathe their sweet incense through all the peaceful years that followed. I look back now to that long, long ago, with a thrill of loving tenderness for the beautiful and holy-hearted mother who watched and waited at the gate of maternity for the coming of another whose little lips in time would whisper to her the loving words that would fill the inner temple of her soul with a holy light. Time passed, until at last Eoná, sentinel and guard at the inner door, heard in the valley wherein she waited the low cry of a child, and she knew the burthen of material existence had been taken up, and the Eon of her soul must remain behind the misty veil, on earth's side of time's river, and through the mists alone could he catch a sound of her voice, or a glimpse of her robes.

During this incarnation I remained a more close attendant upon you than at previous earth pilgrimages. I did this to weave into your heart and the heart of the mother all the bright love links that the chain of existence could hold, and with joy I watched the rivers of harmony flow around you, bearing you on its shining tide, as though in the peaceful borders of angel land. There were in this home to which you were brought, at the time of your coming (lighting the home nest with your love light), no other little beings claiming care and guidance. No others as yet had rapped at the door of existence, consequently there was born in the heart of the mother and your father a most perfect understanding and harmony, until the voice of the mother seemed the voice of the child; as the voice of the river and the voice of the brook that depends on it are one. There came in after years two fair sisters to this home, but they disturbed the deep love and harmony that existed before their coming.

Time turned the leaves of this pleasant volume in a harmony so rhythmic that blessings fell unconsciously, as fall the many-tinted leaves of autumn time; though unlike them, they never withered beneath the silent touch of time's frost, for they had their birthplace and growth in harmonious centers, from which radiate only good, as happy songs alone fall from angel lips. The undeveloped centers of your mother earth will some day, through the yet unseen avenues of progressive unfoldment, become centers of harmony, when the dissensions of the present time, like broad fields of bitter weeds and thorns, will give place to a harvest of universal good, and good will to all. But many suns must yet rise and set over hills and valleys where sadness and sorrow reign, and all this will prove stepping-stones to the mountains of peace that yet loom cloud-capped in the unmeasured distance, through which although unseen, are winding many paths, are flowing many streams, and will be found many niches, wherein time will erect his own pillars as landmarks of human progression, on which will be recorded by angel messengers the fulfillment of angel prophecy. I have digressed again, which is only natural,

standing as I do on the mountains of the eternal, that face ever towards those plains of humanity over which long lines of dusty, careworn pilgrims are wandering, some in search of valleys of peace which they have been told are ever green; others peering through the mists for gates of pearl to swing back showing them the glory of the Infinite. In each heart is enthroned a conception of Deity and deific power, which tells itself in the laws of love or hatred that strew the path around them with relics that are readable to the clear seer.

As the little child I was watching grew in stature and unfolded in mental power and capacity, there often glimmered through the mists of his material existence broken and detached recollections of another time, as he expressed it, knowing not that another life was echoing its familiar songs to his soul; and often when sleep came and touched the lids I came very near him, and many times he opened his eyes suddenly through the magnetic power of the kiss that fell from the spirit lips of Eoná, who daily baptized and rebaptized him with the blessings of her love. That love, unconsciously to him, was the guiding star of his soul, and was some day to lead him home. So tangible became these demonstrations, that he at last came to look upon them as the silent expressions of some unfettered denizen of angel land, who sought thus to lead him in paths of peace; yet the Eoná of his soul he recalled not; the mists were too heavy; but I was content, for I knew there would come a time when the tender light of the last valley would waken in his soul the memory of the coming dawn, and with the dawn all it held of peace and love. I had seen too many such mornings with untold glory, over the hills of our father land, not to know the full meaning thereof. Such mornings dawn not in the dull, gray mists of earth, but are as constant and fadeless in their glory as the sweet remembrance of a lover's dream of heaven. Thus I continued to walk by his side, with but a shadowy mist between us, in the midst of which the seven-hued arch of the Infinite spoke peace to the heart that watched and waited. In speaking of the home wherein you dwelt, I say our home because

I was nearly always there, prompting, cheering, and guiding the one soul I loved through the material existence he had taken on, that in future ages he might live nearer to, and know more of the heart of the Infinite. Our home was on or near the boundary line between two countries that I will designate, for want of more expressive words in your language, as the land of bloom and the land of gold. The dividing line was a low line of hills.

As you remember, nature on the planet Harmona allowed no extremes, consequently no mighty hills reached skyward, to the extent that man could find there no abiding place. The hills spoken of extended east and west, and were crowned with buds and blooms during all the years that came and went, as frost and snow were not among the ruling powers of the land where we then dwelt. Trees with tinted leaves and fragrant flowers also found there a home. On these hills were erected no dwelling places for the inhabitants; not that all parts were not easily accessible, but there had been a mutual decision that these hills should be the bloom gardens for all the inhabitants whose homes were near their base, and this broad expanse of beauty and bloom took the place of the parks of your present land, and as such was the great point of attraction for all that entertained or instructed. Here lovers of music repaired as the twilight came, and those who dwelt at the base of the hills lived in a land of song. Paths winding, and bordered with sweet-breathed blooms, ran over all the hills, connecting here and there with the main paths, all of which were broad and smooth. Here and there tents with broad fronts undraped added to the restful beauty that reigned supreme. On these hills many families dwelt for days together in their tents, which remained spread, as there was nothing in the surrounding elements to injure or destroy, and no one sought to appropriate to his own selfish use the belongings of others. This may sound strange, told on these shores, where the records of honesty and integrity show but few marks, where the possessors of these principles have stood the test of the crucible; but this is the case, and it rests the heart that has to be conscious of so much wrong to know that somewhere

in the universe of the Infinite rolls a world where theft and its attending vices are not known. They were not entered on the title page, and were allowed no space on the margin.

At the foot of the hills that I have described, and on the south side, was our home, and here I was often reminded of the far-away Emerald Hills that towered in beauty and grandeur beyond our home at Rose Garden. And often, when time seemed to have folded his wings in this valley of your incarnation, have I, almost weary-hearted, whispered, "Dear home, when, oh! when, will thy doors ever again as in the past swing back to give us welcome? When will the bloom-scented air of that happy land ever again breathe peace to our souls?" Eon, do you wonder that with all the experience that the ages had brought to me, I should feel the burthen of heart-weariness, and sigh for the palm trees of my native land? O Eon, there are so many hills, both steep and high, to climb, and so many valleys, mist-hung and almost pathless, to traverse, before the weary traveler reaches home, that, as I gazed through the light of the past over the hills that stood in the distance, I would at times feel the shadows of the valley fall around me, and long for the morn that as yet showed no signs of tinting the gray hills. It is never well to count the leagues that lie between heart and home; the shadows will always gather unbidden; my heart often even now wearies for our father's children; they wander in such strange paths that the homeward journey seems sadly lengthened, till the nightfall comes to many hearts. But it will all be well by-and-by, and home for all lies at the end of the road. Some find it early, some late, which is due to the spiritual unfoldment. Let man stand under the highest arch of his being, which is the spiritual arch, and the voice of the father will echo through all the valleys of the future, and to that soul night can never come.

Eon, I digress so frequently in my musings from the main line I have laid out, that I crave, not a pardon, but an extensive permit to continue in the manner to digress and return at my leisure, uncensured; for there are so many deep truths in life's river, hidden by the muddy current from the

eyes of the unexpected mariner, that I would bring them to the surface and lay them at the long-closed doors of humanity, for them to find, even if they stumble over them, when the doors swing back, as they must sometime do, if it be not until the unused hinges rust away. Our home at the foot of these hills, ever beauty-crowned, was not large, and consisted of but one division, or, as you would say, but one story. It was constructed of material and in a manner that I find it difficult to describe. Imagine a straw of wheat or oats, elongated to an extent that it would reach from the ground to the height of such a dwelling; then imagine the straw magnified to a circumference of two or three inches, and you have the general appearance of the material from which our home was constructed. Not that the similarity of straws expressed itself in thinness or brittleness, although like straws the material was hollow, and had the appearance more than all else of being golden rods, especially in the bright sunlight. These rods, as I will call them, were not the products of the soil, but were formed by a process known to builders at that time on the planet Harmona. There were also other materials for building, but dwellings that would receive the name of cottages in your land were built of the shining rods described, and when standing beneath the shade of trees that have blooms and tinted leaves, they looked like cottages of gold, formed by a many-colored wreath. It is difficult for you to realize now, with your feet weary and worn with the journey, that such a home was ever yours; yet it was, and in the picture-gallery of our present home in the spirit realms there hangs an exact likeness of it, executed by a renowned artist in the land of souls, and you will easily recollect it all when you stand before it, and will have no difficulty in finding the broad path that led from it up the hillside, where you and your beautiful mother had a tent spread for an especial retreat from all cares, and where with her as instructor and helper you pursued your studies, that were adapted to the planet on which you dwelt.

Each planet whereon man dwells has its particular laws, rules, and methods, as an outgrowth of the necessities of the

inhabitants, and I know of no planet whereon man dwells as a thinking, reasoning individual, that has not evolved from its chaotic conditions the science of mathematics. There seems a special necessity for this: perhaps it is because it forms the base on which mental structures can be reared and sustained. I have not spoken of your father in that incarnation, simply because he entered not largely into your life, as did the sweet mother. It is seldom that fathers do, and I have no time to follow out the life lines of any save the Eon of my soul, and those who did all to head the chapters of his life with pleasant subjects; the face of this mother, or a reflection therefrom, also hangs in an honored niche in our home-gallery. I have ever loved her as a sweet sister of my soul, and she is to-day one of the higher spirits in the sunlit courts of Harmona. Schools, such as your land knows, were never found on the planet of which I now write, and the particular studies or branches seem to exist in the consciousness of the inhabitants. Do not understand that there are no teachers, for there are, and they take the place of your gospel ministers, there being no creeds and no Christ to establish through blood and martyrdom. The teachers are both men and women, and on certain days they talk to the gathered multitudes, not alone on subjects pertaining to what is termed religion, but the deeper principles of life. The history of the planet is also ever kept before them, with the geography of the country. Do you ask where these teachers obtained their information? Partly from extensive observation, that became in itself a deep study, and partly from inspiration. The geography of the country was taught by those who had long made it a study through travel. In this way all were conversant with the power, capacity, and extent of the country or land in which they dwelt, while in your earth home only the children who attend what you term schools are expected to be possessed of such information. Thus, you see, with your inhabitants general information is limited, while with the dwellers of Harmona all classes and ages become the recipients of a universal education, which in all lands, if tried, would do much towards harmonizing the inharmonious tides of hu-

manity, and the puffed-up condition of the few exceptions, who seem to feel the height to which they have climbed on wisdom's ladder of many rounds, would be greatly relieved.

In all cities, either large or small, were erected temples for instruction. These were beautifully adorned, as well as exquisitely constructed; they were also provided with restful seats, and were always well filled on lecture days. This coming together of all ages and sexes for the express purpose of information was productive in itself of a magnetic baptism, from the unseen intelligences they ever attracted. The teachers, or instructors, are men and women, chosen from the daily walks of life, and are sustained by the inhabitants, not grudgingly, but bountifully; and when the years of their lives have slipped away from youth's morning time, and left them in the eventide valley, the doors of the instructors have swung open with a great heart welcome, and there they tarry in the midst of home surroundings and pleasures, until the welcome summons comes to the soul that they are wanted in the heavenly realms. I care not to enter into a minute description of all the peculiarities of the people or all their modes of living, or their business capacities and facilities; the difference in these points between the dwellers of Harmona and your earth lie at such extremes that many things would either shock or displease, or would seem incredible from what is known of life here. Our Father's children have no way of judging of people or principles, except through their own experiences, and if experience is limited judgment must partake of the same narrowness. Consequently it is not best to place them where they feel obliged to judge. There is one point I feel at liberty to touch, and that is their unselfishness. The feeling of complete proprietorship does not exist there, and efforts put forth are expected to remunerate the soul as well as the pocket, making a harmony between the finances of their existence and the soul's gems, found wanting in the morning land, which does away with the danger of an impoverished condition of the soul and the soul's home. Eon, do you think strange that I do not continue my explanations, entering into a detail of all modes of living,

industries, and the long list of planet-born peculiarities? It would be very foolish and unwise, and would at present, with the understanding or misunderstanding of earth's children, end in a confusion of ideas that would work good to no one; and as I desire that good, unadulterated, should be in the foam and in the dregs of the cup I would place to humanity's lips, I refrain, and only add that the inhabitants of Harmona lived up to the highest spiritual and intellectual light that fell around them, which then as now far exceeds the light of your earth; yet I would not blind the eyes of earth's children even with too much light; they must of necessity grow to the acceptance of stronger light, which is always ahead of them, to lift the shadows as they approach.

Better to man is the wealth of wisdom garnered to his soul's storehouse from the field of facts, than the perishable gold of earth that is materialized from the elements through force in the cabinet of the Infinite; and if to this world wherein gold is the ruling power in many classes, were brought the world of knowledge, the wealth of the world, that tells itself in gold, would possess two-fold power; while now, the good it is capable of doing is fettered, because it finds an easy resting-place in a few deep pockets, whose cashier is always the self, back of the pockets. When knowledge becomes general, springing up along all the highways of life, as buttercups and daisies crowd and crown the summer-time paths of your earth, man will have outgrown his selfish nature to the extent that he will be less exacting to his brother man, less tenacious of his perishable possessions, and the soul of harmony will sing unbroken songs of peace through all the length and breadth of the land of your present incarnation. To this end labor unceasingly the faithful denizens of the higher angel land, struggling to roll the stone from the sepulchers of selfish souls; for full long has night that knows but few stars brooded over the hill-tops and valleys of material existence on the planet where you dwell. The watch-word in all the orders of the higher heavens is Onward, and we of the same haste, truth-clad, to the front, each one adding to the sullen streams of material life his mite of wisdom.

fully verified in angel land, to remove thereby one stone after another from the structure raised long ago through circumstances that are the children of past conditions. In the place of temples to man's Deity, we would erect the many-pillared citadel of truth, from the dome of which our angel-consecrated banners must yet float, and they will reveal only a pure white ground, unstained by the life-blood of humanity.

For this purpose, Eon, as well as to gladden through fulfillment of past promises the heart that sometimes wearies in waiting, have I gathered up the many strange threads, unseen to you in the valley, and rewoven them into the sun-web of the present, and for this same purpose will I go on, weaving shine and shade, as the one follows the other, until the end is reached, hoping thereof to reach the inner consciousness of some souls, who through the mists of error that are ever settling over the river of existence are peering skyward for the loveliest rays of truth, that their hungering souls tell them are falling somewhere. Eon, think it not strange that in these echoes from the past I fail to make mention of the two sisters by incarnation who in time became members of your mother's family, after you had tarried with her some years, as time is told with you now. I will add that they were both beautiful and good, because they were expressions of individual existences through harmonious conditions and unfoldments that could allow them to be nothing else; yet the current of their lives ran not in the same channel or direction as yours. You had, through the conclusions of your own judgment, been baptized in this special fountain of mother-love, the awakening and unfolding of which encircled the sweet mother's entire being with a halo of holy light. In this light were the sisters also blessed, though they called it not forth. Back of every desire the soul is conscious of, be it pure or otherwise, stands sentinel-like a hidden cause. Thus, unthought of to you, unseen by either of us at the time, there was a positive cause that awakened in you a desire to cease roaming in the fields of the Infinite, and again incarnate, this time on the world you had seen unfold its greatest perfection.

Time disclosed at last the sentinel cause that whispered to your soul, in one of the many niches of future possibilities, where for the present we will leave it. Peace flowed like an ocean-fed river in this home of your incarnation, bearing your life-bark on its tide among pleasant banks, the memory of which awakens no undertone of sadness, for it wove itself not into the sweet life-psalm you were chanting.

It is well, Eon, that among your incarnations there is one recorded where the battle-cry of opposing principles was not heard. The universe has its extremes as well as man, and in your earth journeys you have found them both, and both were necessary. I told you in a previous writing that Harmona, one of the Edens of the universe, was exerting a power on your planet to-day. Do you see how? Many who are messengers to this earth have touched the shores of Harmona through incarnation, and thereby bring hither the sheaves garnered there, as a harmonizing as well as a quickening power to the thought buds of this planet, from which are being evolved principles that will stand the test of all time and all opposition. You were nearly always the welcome companion of the dark-eyed mother, while between your souls was an untold sacredness in the mystic tie that bound you together; you climbed the hill of many gardens together; you studied from the same page in nature's book of harmonies, for truth always signifies harmony, though the soul is not always at harmony with truth. During these rambles the mother would often seem to look beyond the material expression of nature and read from the unseen volume of the Infinite. The sisters, who were ever welcome, were filled with awe and wonder at such times, and looked upon the mother as an angel, as indeed she was far more than many who had laid aside their material wrappings and dwelt long years in the land of souls. Being an angel does not signify the donning of robes in the land of the unseen. Many angels tread the shores of your earth to-day that are here as light-bearers to the weary, and could the world look beneath the robes of materiality which they are obliged to wear as a protection, they would cover their faces to keep out the glory that would fall around them.

Yet these angels are persecuted, and would be annihilated had the pretending Christians both courage and power to do it. The wheels of time have not moved without a purpose, but at each turn have brought more equality of thought and expression until it is impossible for them to withstand the actual power that has come to the world as the redeemer of mankind, and in their own hearts the dews of the kingdom often fall.

Time told itself, until from a little child you became a lad half-grown to the stature of man, before you developed more than a desire for the universal knowledge that was gained by all with great ease, because perception was one of the happy results of the wedding of mind with matter in the land of which I write. During all these years I tarried with you, receiving in the chalice of my soul the spray from the same fountains wherein you were baptized, making the tender heart of the mother my resting-place. Thus there was brought to her an inspiration from the higher life that unfolded her soul-powers, until she was considered well worthy the honored position of public instructor in the temples, which position she accepted, fearing otherwise the light of her soul would become dimmed. This lessened not your companionship, and opened to me an avenue wherein I labored, speaking through her to the peace-loving children of Harmona. Time has woven many strange and far-reaching threads, has it not, Eon? But each heart has its hidden life, and all, compared with the present existence, would seem impossible, were it not for the light from angel land, that now and then flashes to show you where you stand.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE first evidence of special unfoldment that showed itself in your development was recorded in music, which seemed born in your soul. I had ever been in the habit, when deep sleep locked the outer senses, of leading you to the little bower that served me as home in the spirit realm

of Harmona, and which as such I was to occupy until your journey was completed; after which my heart told me we would once more go home to the realms we had left so long, long ago. During one of your visits to my rest by the way, you seemed to revel in the music that was born at each moment from all visible objects, and so gladdened was your soul with the rhythmic strains that you bore to your home the joy thereof, and on waking your first thought was music. You immediately improvised and sang strains so sweet that your own heart was astonished, and your mother said an angel must have taught you in your dreams. Thus at last had the sweet songs of the better land crept through the doors of the house in which you dwelt. Such seemingly strange occurrences are neither so strange nor so seldom as one might be led without thought on the subject to expect. All messengers who make better the conditions of humanity on your planet to-day are angel-taught by coming in contact with their real home and its occupants to an extent that is little imagined even by the believing children. All messengers can undoubtedly recall hours of sudden waking when their souls were conscious of a thrill of joy, like the first echo in the valley of a song sung on the mountain side. They know not that it was the last sweet strain that gladdened their souls as they turned from the real life to the life on the plains of incarnation. Many messengers of whom the world has great need are in this way kept in the earth path. They bring to the form through which they express, by these frequent visits to their real home, an added magnetic power through which the forms are made to endure even when they seem ready to be laid aside for the imperishable garb of the pilgrim who has been faithful.

After this birth of music in your soul, you grew in love with solitude, and often wandered away thinking yourself alone because you saw no one by your side, when to this open avenue of your incarnation many music-loving spirits brought the wealth of their musical knowledge and power, until you came to be looked upon with eyes of wonder, and the mother's heart trembled lest her first-born would return to the land of souls; but your harmoniously developed

physical frame showed no signs of a devastating power within its borders, and the mother's heart grew at last to feel that the angel world had opened to you one of its shining gates, from whence floated to your soul the sweet notes that in the heavenly lands are ever echoing, and the great love that was born in her heart with your advent in her home was greatly increased in depth and sacredness. It is well that the peculiar development that came to you while you were a resident and adopted child of Harmona, to the extent that it of necessity fell to your lot, became not displaced by some unfriendly joy in the economy of nature, in your present incarnation, or you might, according to the propriety of your land, have been looked upon as one of the world's dreamy idlers, and as such have come far short of the sympathy rightly your due; for I doubt if charity would have strained the folds of her mantle to have wrapped you from plainly-uttered censure. I find in this mantle, as it is fashioned in your land, many breadths missing; besides the fabric of which it is constructed is too thin to be serviceable when put to stern test. I find the children of our Father are in your earth prized mentally and morally by their bank stock, which is at a discount in angel land, and many going there from homes of wealth and luxury, with no spiritual unfoldment, find they have left all their gold among the perishable things of earth, and from living on the wealth of the land, they are obliged to earn all that brings comfort and rest. Many marbles pointing heavenward from the flower-grown cemeteries of your earth mark the resting-places of the forms once used by spirits now worse than beggared in the home beyond. It is well in journeying to another country to be sure that you have in your possession the gold that buys the bread of that land, else there must follow great suffering. Perhaps, Eon, the incarnation, from which I am now gathering here and there a page, has to you more the appearance that characterizes a fairy tale than aught else; which, if so, I consider not strange, because ignorance, with its army of minor officers and footmen, has neither tented nor battled with the armies of Wis-

dom on the planet Harmona. When one journeys long years among the certain mists that make the light uncertain, it is not strange that they sometimes feel that there is no land save mist land.

In the land of which I now write, and where you wandered free from the care that follows the children of this earth to the very river's edge, and is loath to stop where the mists come not, and censure falls from no lips because of the landmarks made by the soul in its expression through matter, there is a certain amount of misunderstanding in regard to the one word soul, which is caused without doubt by those who either give birth to thought or weave thoughts already born into new meanings. The true meaning of the word might be said to depend much on the relation it sustains to other words. At least this would be true to strongly medial natures, who understand the soul's language, regardless of the words by and through which it is expressed; but to more material minds, to whom rock must signify a strong formation, the word soul always answers to the covering of the spirit. As spirit of itself can neither be seen nor described, and they who say they have seen a spirit have seen but the covering, which consists of sublimated ether, and is the body of the soul, and ever bears the semblance of man, which is the highest type of Infinite expression, therefore the soul is ever the body of the spirit, through which it makes its utterances in spirit life, as in earth life it speaks through the more intensely material form bequeathed it by matter as the marriage gift when mind and matter are wedded. The country beyond the beautiful hills you were not conversant with, having had no occasion to journey thither, though your heart had called long for a glimpse of the untraversed land, till at last one morning you kissed the sweet-faced mother, telling her you were going for a little time beyond the hills, and taking your instrument of music, somewhat resembling a guitar of your present land, you climbed the hillsides, singing as you went. Your heart knew no fear, it not being among the possibilities of your being. Along the pleasant paths I walked by your side, though you saw

me not, and heard not the sweet strains of the harp I carried, though your heart even then responded in its most sacred chamber to the love of Eoná. It might seem to some dull pleasure to walk for years by the side of one you love and be conscious that he knew it not, but there is a difference, ocean wide, between the seeming love that speaks in croaking tones through man's animal nature, and the love that breathes in halos of peace in the heart of a full-orbed angel.

Valleys from whence the hills tower not too high are sometimes very peace-giving unto those who dwell therein. The brooks tell their love-tales to nature in musical whispers, and restful are all the breezes that come and go. Yet the hills beyond do at last call, as in the voice of inspiration, to hearts in the valleys below, with many promises of new scenes, beauty-crowned. Thus in your heart, as you journeyed, echoed the same call, until you reached the heights of the beautiful hills that sloped so gently and so far that one in traversing them lost the feeling that they were hills. When the twilight time came with its hallowed hush, that whispered the peace of rest to all the land, you had gained the heights, alone, as natural forms count for beings of thought and purpose. It seems strange that some trivial occurrences that have no special bearing on what one might call his fate, are sometimes remembered, with a singular distinctness and freshness, longer than many occurrences that at the time came home to the heart as being of great import; yet this most hearts will find true, first or last, and the charm that nature leaves when her baptisms of peace rest on the soul are among the specialties never forgotten. And now, as I look far back over the ages crowned with the pictures of joy and sadness from the easel of time, that one twilight time, when I stood unseen by your side on the garden hills of Harmona, comes back to my soul as one of the sweetest strains that fell from the harp of that long-ago incarnation. I told you in previous pages that deep night never came to the planet of peace, but a twilight that instead of obscuring barely left it but half hid; that always gives one opportunity to imagine

largely of the half that is unseen. This twilight has much the appearance of a mist of shining silver, and objects seen through it seem surrounded by a halo. Side by side we stood in this luminous mist, gazing through the silvery glory at objects below and beyond. Suddenly, Pearl and Wisdom, your spirit father and mother in that incarnation, stood beside us, and with one accord we united our forces, and the clairvoyant powers of your being came to the surface, to be bolted and barred no more; your eyes resting on our joyous faces, and looking farther and still farther beyond the seen lines of materiality, you saw the domes and turrets of the City of Light, and as your gaze turned towards the Emerald Hills I whispered to your soul the old-time name, Eon, and I knew your soul responded to the call, for the one word, Eoná, spoke volumes of unsealed gladness, as though all the rivers of a world had found at last the ocean's deep heart, and would forevermore flow on in peace. All the twilight time we tarried with you, and as it faded away to give place to the day dawn, the vision of the heavenly land departed, and the lad was no more a lad in spiritual perceptions and powers of comprehension.

All the day that followed you tasted no food, neither did you journey farther, but, because of the fullness of power and light that had come to you, waited the bidding of the angels that came when another day and twilight time had come and gone. Turning your face towards the untraversed lands below, you saw rivers and plains, and as far as the eye could reach what in the distance had the appearance of being a city. From this city there seemed echoing in your soul a call, and your lips answered, "I will journey thither." The journey was long, but weariness came not to you, neither did you rest by the way only to gather the fruits of the land sufficient for the immediate hour. You entered the city, singing a sweet home song, at the same time touching the strings of the musical instrument you still carried, as that was the only visible companion of your journey. The streets of the city, until then unseen by you, were both peaceful and homelike, and you felt that the breezes of no strange land touched your cheek.

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Passing a home, towards which your heart seemed drawn by the sweet flowers that bloomed around it, you half tarried as though uncertain, and finally rested on a welcome seat near the entrance, still singing the songs of home, still touching the chords that echoed the heart's tenderness, which were awakened at that one twilight time, and that were still baptizing your soul. At length the family, hearing the music, that through the inspiration it breathed touched tender chords in their souls, gathered around you, and when the music ceased they conversed with you, as though you were an old-time friend. Still they asked you no questions of yourself or home; neither did they seek to know from whence you came or whither you intended journeying, or for what reason you rested at their door; but instead their words were full of welcome, and they brought you the choicest fruits of the land, that being the custom among all the inhabitants in all parts of Harmona. Strangers are always looked upon as honored guests. It was near the twilight time, when you rested, and you were bidden to enter the home and abide there until it should be your pleasure to depart. Such greeting as you there received, concluded by an honest invitation to remain, would on the planet of your present incarnation entitle one to the name of lunatic were he to do likewise; nor are the people of your planet to be condemned that in this point they are unlike the inhabitants of Harmona, for the class receiving welcomes would soon outnumber those who had power to bless. The two extremes are too strongly defined on your earth to allow the great rivers of harmony to bear the life-barks of its children on its smoothly-flowing tide. The future ages will receive purer records of this land, though disaster in many forms will make the preface to the volume. On the planet Harmona no mother's heart ever sorrows through fear for an absent child. She knows without added assurance that wherever its path may lead it it will find friends, home, and love, regardless of all circumstances; knows that the hearts of tender mothers will hold for the stranger journeying from the home fold a blessing as sacred as the blessing bestowed on her own

heart's treasures. It is the great mother principle in Harmona that does much to make it what it is, in harmony and purity of purpose untinged with selfishness. It is the tender mother principle that must redeem your land from the curses that rob existence of its deepest joy. I assure you, Eon, the angel hosts of the higher heavens have concentrated their magnetic power on the land wherein you dwell, and as a result humanity must rise from the dark valleys where they have tented full long. Daily, and hourly, the armies immortal are coming earthward, and another twelvemonth will show them encamped around some of the most hostile forts. These silent watchers and workers wield a power on earth and in spirit land that is but little realized by the denizens of earth; let all stand at their posts unflinching, and the power of the angels will protect them, and bring from night the dawn of a morning that will catch the tints from the hills of the eternal.

The air of the angel-guarded Harmona seemed laden with the incense of peace offerings, as free from desire for wrong-doing seems the way of its inhabitants. It is a heaven of restfulness to all within it, and there exists throughout its length and breadth but one common brotherhood, rank being unknown, and all hearts and homes are ever open, and no trust or love is betrayed. Such is the social condition of Harmona, and such we hope will be the condition of the planet on which you now live; but looking over the periods of the past in connection with the written deeds of the present, we would reasonably conclude that time had many pages yet to turn before the records brighten materially, though I know the earnest prayers of true hearts, in connection with the labor of willing hands on this side of time's tides and in the realms of the Infinite, are doing much to unbind and loosen the shackles of ignorance, which is ever a tale-bearer against heavenly wisdom. Mind and matter must walk hand in hand because they are wedded, and there is no tribunal in all the realms of the Infinite through the decision of which they can be divorced. Therefore they must pull each other from one ditch after another until the sun of

mental, spiritual, and physical progression shines over a record fraught with good will and love to all; and this very progression, so much needed, when attained will prove an angel light, flooding the spirit spheres that depend most entirely on the earth with an unfailing glory, and instead of curses resounding therein, psalms of peace will proclaim an unfading morning—such an one as now fills with restfulness the third spheres. Could the stately and dignified church-goers, the moral reformers, and all others who feel themselves so pure, so set apart to a sacred life, see for one hour the mists of the valleys lifted, they would flee as before the face of devils, for they would find that those whom lawful injustice, rightly designated murder, set outside the veil with myriads of others were, instead of taking a brimstone bath (at the expense of his Satanic Majesty), infesting the earth wherever there was a magnetic cord to which they could attach themselves; and these short-sighted Christians would in their holy horror swear by the throne of their Deity that in no way could the curse of the evil-doer be lifted from the face of this one little world. Poor Christians, their God and aim stand at the extremes of progression, one going in one direction, and the other diverging; one taking with him only a few lambs, the other calling all unto him into the fold of the many heavens, where paths of progression wind to peaceful rivers. Rejoice, Eon, that unto you as well as unto many others has come the light of divine prophecy and fulfillment; through this the path will be lighted to the journey's end, and peace untold by angel lips, unsung in angel songs, will hide the shadows of the valley that were but for a time and for a purpose. Toil on unceasingly, for in doing so you are preaching to the spirits in prison whose irons are not loosened by the pious crowds that throng the cathedrals of earth, and whose redemption from their present condition depends not on the Jewish Jehovah, who reveled in the blood of the slain, but on the God of the boundless universe, in whose economy and love there is nothing lost.

In the beautiful land from whence I am at present gathering the needed thread, strong yet of quiet tints, to weave

side by side with others, there is but one language throughout all the land; which makes travel easy, and gives a homelike appearance to all countries. The story of a tower reaching so near the one heaven of their conceptions that they could be easily informed of the proceedings of the psalm-singing fraternity there residing, was never needed for the children of nature on the world Harmona; and a people in whose mental unfoldment such a narration could find a resting-place ought never to bear testimony concerning matters of great import, and surely unto such the avenues of incarnation must call loudly. As I have before told you, there have been periods when the tide of human existence ran low, and when again the tide returned the intelligences deposited as sand-grains on the shores material of the Infinite felt that material objects appealed to their comprehensions with certain meaning, to which they gave their own significance in words breathed into their souls by the objects and their relations to them. This is one of the means by which language has grown to its present power of expression, and I would unveil the mystery of the multiplicity of languages, but I have explained so many peculiarities, and have so many more to explain that will cause wise shakes of the head, lips to curl, and noses to be slightly elevated, that I pass it by as unworthy the time, adding by way of consolation, that among the many windings here recorded there is nothing that holds the common-sense brain from the decision of impossible that must attach itself to the nursery narration of Jonah and the whale. If Jonah had been in possession of his chart and compass, he might have found his way out of his dilemma, and thereby cheated the Jewish Jehovah out of a portion of his sport, besides saving the whale an attack of indigestion, with loss of appetite. Poor humanity, how it stumbles over the senseless errors of the past! Patience yet awhile and the day will dawn, for night cannot double its reign, and the white-robed hosts from the cities of the eternal take not upon themselves a warfare with its long marches and hard-fought battles, without knowing, to begin with, that success lies at the end of the campaign.

You tarried for a time in the home where doors and hearts first opened to you with welcome, and with your songs and music drew around you a large circle of kind hearts. In this home there were several children. I will mention here that in Harmona the mother is the center of home; all revolve around her, all pay her the homage of love, which she in turn bestows on the members of her household, be they few or many, be they constant or transient, the blessings of an unselfish love. It is true that they who give love like gold freely, will freely receive it. In this home center there was one little maid, whose quaint manners and wise sayings quite won you, and you at last passed much of your time together in her company. There was the charm, not so much of love as of wisdom, and yet you loved her with the quiet love that touches in waves of tenderness the heart of that beautiful land, and loving her thus you found it difficult to leave the home and its occupants, although the memory of a sweet-faced, dark-eyed mother often crept into your heart. At last you asked that she might return for a time to your home and it was decided that it was well for her to go as a sweet sister that would make another bright link in the home chain. Then the thoughts of home seemed dearer, and you desired much to hear the voice of your own loving mother bless the sister of your heart in whose wise sayings fountains of wisdom seemed to dwell.

CHAPTER XXIII.

[*February 5, 1885.*—Emadragon says to Eon: “I have watched over and guided you, sometimes seen and sometimes unseen, through many long years. You have found at every special point and turn in the path of life bridges over which you passed in safety. Therefore trust those whose power you have never had reason to doubt, asking not how, or where, or when, or even why, for this very

knowledge might frustrate plans. But bide our time, and understand it is in our power to deal with the unseen in a way that it shall become the seen. Be patient, hopeful, and trustful, and we swear by the arch of the last incarnation beneath which you now stand to protect you to the last.”]

IN the heart and home of the tender mother there was an abundant welcome for the odd little sister, who deemed it but pleasure to journey on foot over all the long but pleasant path that lay between your home and the home of her mother, and with a quaint dignity peculiar to herself did she receive the greetings prompted by mother love, that was full, deep, and broad enough to cover as with a mantle all who came beneath the home roof. The little being seemed in some way to be a part of your very existence. You were necessary to each other, and in the quiet and peace of your home life there was formed in the inner chambers of each a magnetic center that vibrated not in that incarnation. Wonderful indeed are the silent workings of the soul's magnetic tides; it is impossible for man to discern their source or where they at last meet and mingle with others for purposes all unseen to the busy world of bubble seekers. I found on investigation and inquiry that this child of wisdom and thought, who ever after becoming a guest beneath your mother's roof was unto you the truest and purest of sisters, had incarnated on Harmona from the planet Saturn, and was there a spirit of wisdom and a power for good, and like yourself had a mission to fulfill somewhere, and was there becoming harmonized for the labor of love towards which the future was beckoning her. She had brought with her into her incarnation the spirit of prophecy, and also held in her being many pleasant memories of another existence in the spirit zones of Saturn; and as she increased in years the words of wisdom that fell from her lips awakened great interest in the hearts of the people, until at last they were put on parchment and kept as something sacred, because they contained not only the light of the celestial spheres but a knowledge of other

planets also. The children of Harmona, to whose ears came these wise sayings like wonderful revelations, knew not that the fair-faced being in their midst was an incarnation, but unhesitatingly accepted the words of her lips as truths from the fountain of inspiration, that they believe is to be found to some extent in every heart. If they had much actual knowledge of the land of your present incarnation I fear there would be some doubts mixed with their belief, unless their perceptions could extend beneath the piles of rubbish found in many hearts and see these buds pointing in prophetic tints to future possibilities. The sister of your soul, as I will call her, had she incarnated on the shores of your present home, could not have brought to the surface of the tide of her existence the wisdom and harmonious development that made her a radiant center in the land of peace and love, but as it was she blessed that land wherein she dwelt, and the land in turn blessed her. If one could see far enough through the mists of seeming uncertainties, they would see where the tides that seemed adverse break on the final shores, with a murmur that wakens the echoes, All is well, all is well. This may be too strong an assertion to make, and one, too, that cannot be verified; but the pages of the future will show a record of final results that will bear blessings to hearts that labored, yet feared that failure, thorn-crowned, was the only result. In the home of your mother the soul sister bore with cheerful heart and happy song her share of the simple home duties, as though she had known no angel life, had dwelt in no angel home; quiet and unpretentious were her ways, though love marked as with an angel's blessing every deed, while at morning and evening the same peace born of unselfish love shone like a halo in her eyes. The days and years that came and went were like the lines of a sweet psalm sung in the higher heavens. The two home sisters of your incarnation went from the mother's roof to form centers of love, in which they should be the guiding suns; yet the true sister of your soul tarried. The mother love of her being had in previous incarnations been born and blessed to an extent that the fountain had no need in that

incarnation of being unsealed to cast its sacred spray into the hearts of little ones; her life there had for its ultimate another purpose, though quiet in its unfoldment as the windings of a meadow brook, and like the brook it was just as sure of reaching the river's heart at last. The children of Harmona inherit, as a legacy bequeathed by Nature in one of her happiest moods, long life, without the marks of age that are visible in those who have tarried long on the shores of your earth, where the sudden changes in the temperature injure the fine texture of the cuticle; besides in Harmona the inhabitants are harmonious, and the spirit leaves no unpleasant marks on the house it occupies that remind one of signs over doors advertising the goods within. There are fewer cares and perplexities to be met with in the beautiful world of which I now write, not that they are idle people; far from it; but their activity takes a different form from what one sees here. Your modes of life would to them seem a waste of time, because there is so much done here that has no bearing on true living; in fact, no bearing on anything save self, and selfish gratification that has in it no power to open the doors to a pure life. One part of God's children live in luxury while another portion have neither food nor shelter, and yet it is by the majority considered right and just, and those who feast and robe themselves like princes of the earth are many of them pretended followers of the humble-hearted Nazarene who sought only the good of the poor and sad hearted. Surely if he is *en rapport* with earth in any way he cannot feel proud of his followers. Many, very many will in time to come be weighed in the scales of justice and found wanting in many things, not only food and shelter, but princely robes. There are no paupers on the planet Harmona; no one seeking food and finding it not, for so harmonious is the land in its unfoldments in all parts that the store-houses are never empty. There is always bud, blossom, and fruit throughout all the years that come and go, and one that desires it can pluck and eat and no one will seek to hinder; the mine and thine principle that beggars so many finds there no abiding place, for it is in all respects

the land of love, of peace, and of liberty; and purity sits enthroned in all homes and needs no guard nor guide. Eon, you may well rejoice that in the long ago you were a child of Harmona, and lived as free from care as the summer-time song birds. The records of the past show no other incarnation where your life told itself in such rhythmic measures; but, soul and heart of mine, the fields of the Infinite wait your earth-worn feet, and the heart of Eoná longs to see the halos of glory that radiate in the councils celestial fall over you. Only a little time, and the sun will shine with a softened light in the last valley, and the harpers will win you away from the tabernacle wherein you tarry. Be patient, and falter not for one moment, for much remains to be accomplished before I can claim you mine throughout the endless forevers of the future that will give you back to a material existence no more. The years of your incarnation on the planet Harmona came and went like the rhythmic strains of tender love songs echoing from angel lips of the fair dwellers on the peace-crowned isles of the blessed; came, and in harmonious waves that touched the depths of your being and brought into existence new powers that pointed to new possibilities that, in some incarnation not yet risen above the horizon on which your eyes then rested, would radiate the peace and power there gained. Wonderful indeed are the many windings and wanderings to and fro; wonderful the central guiding power of each individualized spirit that leaves the father's house, carrying with it the chart and compass which are often laid aside through the power of surrounding circumstances. Thus the spires of the soul's home are lost sight of, and weary is the pilgrim before his eyes are again gladdened by a sight of the same.

Unto every individual spirit there is carved by the central powers of the same a path over which it through incarnation must walk, and no other path could bring to the spirit the same unfoldment. This seems a hard conclusion to arrive at, but spiritual mathematics proves it without any chance for doubt or question. Thus we accept the fact as it comes to us, and we learn at last to be

thankful for all the hills and valleys that lie between the first sunrise and the last sunset on the shores of material existence; for each one in passing bequeaths unto the soul an added power, without which it could never stand on the peace-crowned hills of the Infinite a full-orbed angel, with no missing link left somewhere in the dull valleys of the past that must of necessity call it back in some unseen future. It is well when the last arch is reached that there is no voice of Mother Nature heard in the valleys of incarnation recalling the tired child, whose ears have caught the pleasant sounds of harpers who wait with music and with gladness unsung to greet the home-coming child.

There came a time, Eon, when the feet of the angel mother rested in the valley that is nearest the sunset. Your hearts sorrowed to miss her, yet you and the little sister grown to womanhood knew that all the links of the chain must be drawn to the other side of time's tide, since it only spanned the current for a purpose that in time would be fulfilled. You both still tarried in the little home at the foot of the hills of bud and bloom, and tarrying taught to many the wisdom that was yours in another incarnation; taught them as though receiving the inspiration of that special hour. And such you also deemed it, having not then power to turn at will the leaves in the volumes of the past, although many beautiful visions came to you both, through the clairvoyant power you possessed. You called them the day-dreams of the soul, and ever felt as though some precious gem had fallen at your feet from the courts unseen, whenever these day-dreams breathed into your beings the sweet memories of the past, waking in the soul a sweet lullaby that never ceased there to echo. There are hours in incarnations when, if we had the power, we would bid time tarry for us while we reveled in the pleasant fields that stretch far and wide with their burden of blooms, and then there are hours wherein we feel that Time has laid aside his wings, and left us alone in paths of bloomless thorns, and there is no way out but to press on slowly step by step, with the green hills ever before us. These two pictures, Eon, are familiar to us both, being the two

extremes, and when these two extremes of all positive principles have met in the same soul, there is born to that soul an unfailing and unfading strength and power that in the courts beyond will be rewarded by the triune crown of wisdom, with its attendants, love and light; while unto those who have stood at but one extreme there is always a half doubt felt and expressed, and this lessens the light that surrounds them, making them no certain guide over the mountains of the present or the future. It is well to feel the power, the full power, of all principles in our being, by standing at each end of the line; then the possibility of judgment and decision is unquestioned, and such a soul could watch the conflagration of the worlds in the universe as unmoved as Deity. Thus it is to be a full-orbed angel. Then why should the thinking men and women in the belt of spiritual light cast such inharmonious glances towards the valleys of incarnation, when these same valleys by their shadows prepare them for the hill-tops beyond? It is well that the children of our Father have not full power over their life paths, wherein they wander on their journey home, since the harpers would wait long for a glimpse of the home-coming ones, and weary in singing their songs of welcome.

I wander oft from the little home at the foot of the hill; but my permit, signed by the hand of Eon, allows it, and it is well that it does. In this home, made dear to you by its sacred associations, in which I fully participated, there came in time another shadow; the sweet sister of your soul found the sunset valley and tarried there, leaving you, as you deemed at the time, alone. I stood by her as she lifted her eyes towards the land of souls, and reached out my arms of love in welcome. She lost not her consciousness for a moment, and looking into my eyes read there the true sister's love that burned on the soul's holy altar. You sorrowed for her deeply, and when the bitterness of grief had told itself we made a united effort to bring to you a consciousness of our presence, which we did. Standing by you as you opened your eyes from slumber, we threw over the brain our magnetic power, made more subtle by the great

love of our souls for you. Immediately you were carried back over the path of forgotten years to the one twilight time when your soul was made conscious of Eoná. Then all was made plain to you and one page of the past after another was turned, until you saw the waiting home at Rose Garden, and felt throughout all your being the depth of Eoná's love, but nowhere in the past could you see where you had known the sister we both loved. Then we withdrew from you our magnetic powers and saw that the triumph of memory remained with you, and with it remained clairvoyance, through which you were ever conscious of our presence. Thus comforted, and re-assured as you were, you took up the duties of life, and taught with great earnestness concerning the higher realms, and many of your teachings were recorded in the book of the wise sayings of the sister, who gives her name now as Mistletoe, who has sought the earth path for your sake, to leave here her magnetic power as a willing mite.

Patiently you continued to walk towards the valley where the feet of your loved one had tarried, nor did you once look back towards the hills of the morning which you had left in the distance. There were other and fairer hills beyond, over which you had long before seen the day dawn, thinking it was a day without a twilight; but the day ended and the sunset thereof found you in another valley of incarnation. Thus it had long been: you thinking each dawn the coming of the endless day, when there would be no more battles to fight on the earthly side of time's tide. Closely we walked by your side, knowing it was near the twilight time, and knowing, too, that you would need the light of our love. While you were yet teaching in the temple of universal knowledge your voice ceased, for the mists parted and you beheld Eoná and the sweet sister of your incarnation. You forgot the crowd who were listening to your words, and reaching out your hands we clasped them in our own, and led you away, leaving the form for Mother Nature to cradle on her own breast, where it was tenderly placed by those who knew you best and loved you most. In passing from the valley of that incarnation, you found

no difficulty in uniting the links in the chain that reached farther back than you cared to wander. There had fallen around you no fogs born of inharmonies dependent on physical development or other circumstances, consequently the soul's eyes were undimmed and readily recognized the old landmarks. Pearl and Wisdom waited to give you greetings; and glad were we all that another valley was passed and other hill-tops were not far away, for had we not been faithful? Aye, even though we had many times wearied of the journey and sighed for home, peering far into the darkness for the gleam of the shore lights that we knew were always burning. And, Eon, they are burning even now, and sometimes the light falls around your pathway, brightening the future, until the domes and turrets of your waiting home peer above the mists, and you whisper, "It is well."

We tarried for a little time in the spirit realms of Harmona, that we might draw unto ourselves the magnetic cords there dropped, through which we had been efficient helpers in the unfoldments of the planet, and at last wedded to it through Nature's most subtle law, the power of which thus expressed set its seal on our souls, ages ago. Oh Eon, with what pleasure will we yet walk the same paths as final victors, bearing the banners of the redeemed from the power of matter triumphant; and peaceful will be our journey, for the voice of nature in the valleys of incarnation will no more startle us, and there will be no more good-byes, followed by forgetfulness. At last the tender home call from Rose Garden touched our souls, and with the consciousness that our mission on the planet Harmona and in its spirit realms was fully and faithfully ended, we once more embarked on the magnetic tides with our faces turned towards home. During this journey we had no guide, feeling not the need thereof, as we were becoming more positive and consequently more masterful, and were conscious of a power within us that spoke in prophetic echoes. With the much-loved sister, who gives her name at present as Mistletoe, we glided over the shining tides as easily as glide through the air the summer-time birds of your earth. And

as we journeyed we sang the glad songs that came to our lips as naturally as the summer brooks babble their rippling melodies. There is an untold peace that crowns the knowledge that the path over which we are journeying is the path that will lead us home. We make no haste, knowing home is there, and the soul meanwhile drinks in deep draughts of peace and restfulness. Thus, Eon, we journeyed, hastening not, for we cared not to break the sweet waking dream that brooded over us—the dream of home and a long glad summer of rest. But one boat passed us on our homeward way, and that carried what you would call a delegation to another planet. Among the number we recognized Zair of the long, long ago. Her dark eyes were full of unexpressed love, and as she waved her hands I felt that I could almost forego the home journey and rest, for the possibility of more knowledge. You felt the half longing of my soul, and touching my hand pointed afar off. Looking in the direction indicated, I could just discern the dim outline of the Emerald Hills, and looking into your eyes I read there the great longings of your soul for the home that had long waited us. Above the hills hung the mists of the fadeless summers that ever gladden our souls, as though the voice of the Infinite were thus expressed, and again we sang the dear home songs of our native land, and watched with increasing interest the lines of wooded hill, of far-reaching domes and turrets, which grew more and more distinct as we approached. Thus we caught the old landmarks, well known to us ages before, and greeted each one as the face of a friend.

Eon, you cannot conceive the years of your earth-time that had passed since we wandered from the dear home shores, only as you recount the incidents that were strung as jewels on the chain of the Infinite; and now we were going home, and as we drew nearer and nearer the depths of your soul were told in the eyes that sought ever and ever the Emerald Hills. The last tributary was traversed and we stood once more on the radiant shores of the fifth sphere. Our hearts became too full to give birth to song, and with the memory of other home-comings still before

us, we walked in silence the pleasant paths we had known and loved ages before. We looked not for familiar faces, for we knew too well the possibility of many going on to the sixth sphere, of returning to earth, or seeking an expression through matter on some other planet; and we knew, too, that all we might meet would be friends in whose hearts could dwell no selfishness, as only the pure in heart feel the tender love of the Father that is there expressed. As we passed on quietly, scarce noting the beauties that surrounded us, so intent were we on reaching Rose Garden, I noticed that a tall figure had joined our little group of home-bound hearts, and, looking in the eyes that were turned towards mine, I recognized my brother in my Jupiter incarnation. He informed us that we were expected in the city, and were welcome after our long pilgrimage. Turning into a broad avenue that led past the Temple of Wisdom towards Rose Garden, we were surprised to see it arched at regular intervals, and the arches twined with leaf, bud, and bloom. We asked no questions, indeed thought not to do so in our great joy, for we were pilgrims from a long journey and only sought the peace and rest of home. I noticed not until then that my brother was walking hand in hand with your sister from Harmona; my heart was distancing my eyes in its haste to be home, but then I saw what I had not known before, that they were soul mates, and as such had for the first time accepted the fact as truth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

As we stepped under the first of the many arches that spanned the broad green path leading homeward, after many windings, there fell on our ears low strains of music that touched the soul until it seemed part of its own harmony. Buds, half opened, fell at our feet, and we half wondered at the change that had taken place here in our

long absence. As we passed under the next arch, other strains of music blended with those first heard, and from this arch flowers also fell. Thus with our passing under each succeeding arch flowers fell and new and sweeter strains were added to the waves of harmony that were waking in our glad souls sweet memories of the past. As we passed the last arch the Soul's March fell on our ears as we had never before heard it, and there, beneath a pavilion of vines and blossoms, the harpers of the Temple of Wisdom were waiting us, and with an undertone of gladdest welcome that I never shall forget led us homeward. We were surprised at the reception that unknown to us awaited our coming, and with bowed heads followed the shining harpers until we reached the foot of Rose Hill. Then resting and dividing their ranks we passed through and continued our walk toward the home of love and peace beyond, they meanwhile filling all the rose-scented air with a heaven of harmony. Reaching the interior of the rose hedge another surprise awaited us. There were the wisdom fathers and mothers who had come hither to greet us,—they who had taught long in the temple and had in ages past been our instructors. In their midst stood Wisdom and Pearl, they having without our knowledge gone in advance of us, thus giving to the dwellers of the temple the information that we were on the tides and homeward bound. This accounted for the happy reception that waited us, and our hearts were greatly gladdened that the father and mother of the Harmona incarnation were present to partake in the joy that came to us. Wisdom and Pearl both spoke before the wise guests, who listened with great interest and pleasure, feeling that superior wisdom was in their presence. We were then accepted by them as father and mother of wisdom, were robed in their garments, and assigned a place in the temple, as we were while in the fifth sphere, to be instructors. We hastened not to our new position, but tarried long within the sacred precincts of the rose hedge, where the blooms were ever fresh.

At last we turned our steps once more to the Temple of Love, so unlike the Eon and Eoná of the long ago, who as

soul mates first stood in the presence of the holy one of the temple, half dismayed at the unthought-of beauty by which we were surrounded. We needed no guides there now, as we had so many times stood beneath the baptismal spray. With us went the brother and sister to plight their vows for the first time at the holy altar. They had met and dwelt together many times before, after passing from an incarnation, but until then had never accepted the fact that they were and had been mates from all time, and through all time to come would be as one. Had they been messengers from the first they would have been conscious of the truth, as this knowledge is the birthright of those who cross and recross the tides of time as light-bearers; and long and earnestly have the messengers labored to establish the divine truth of dual souls in the spheres depending more directly on earth, where even now there is no full acceptance of the glad tidings. These spheres which I speak of as being more directly dependent on earth, are broad fields of labor wherein missionary work is and will long be needed, as only the leading minds who have developed spirituality largely accept and teach the angel-demonstrated fact that souls are dual. In these spheres there is much of the uncertainty that marks the world of society on the earth, a fickleness that seeks here and there, and yet is not satisfied, because there is no complete response from soul to soul. Did seekers of happiness understand that between dual souls there can be only the most perfect acceptance of each other, the most perfect understanding, an unexpressed and inexpressible oneness, there would be fewer mistakes made and less of happiness wrecked, in casting away love that once was deemed eternal for other that in time may prove as far short of eternal in all its attributes as did the former one. The children of earth are as yet very near-sighted, and are apt to mistake the shadow cast for the object, and when in time the mistake is discernible by them, great blame and wrong is laid without further parley at some one's door, though not at their own. There is great need of laborers here and there, but time, the great architect of hope's homes and happiness, will yet rear many cas-

bles of thought and finely-woven ideas, as avenues through which souls will progress, as stepping-stones to facts that are self-sustaining. These castles of thought will be for a time scouted by many, yet when the crowd passes through the doors the scouters will be found in their midst striving to be banner-bearers. Such souls, who move but with the tide, will many times touch the shores of incarnation before they have developed anything but a mushroom existence; while they will exist they will hold no positive chords in their beings until they are born there by the power of circumstances. Such deserve pity, not contempt, for they are the children of the Father, and must sometime reach the courts celestial, though the road before them is long and the marching slow.

Yes, Eon, I have wandered a little from the straight line, which is characteristic of me, perhaps made so by the many digressions from the path direct that leads to our Father's home; but I always return as did we from ages of wandering to Rose Garden, which was then our home center in all the boundless universe. With our brother and sister we sought the Temple of Love. Approaching it we were met by children bearing banners. They were singing sweet welcomes, turning often their bright faces towards us and then with low bows again marching to music that was heard though we saw not the harpers. As we approached the first grand arch of the temple the songs of welcome were taken up by harpers within, and we felt in our souls a great gladness, as though a wave from the heart of the Infinite broke over us, and bound us anew to a labor of love, the consummation of which could not be discerned though we stood on the height of the peace-crowned mountains of the Infinite. Entering beneath the inner arch, we stood once more at the sacred altar and in the presence of the holy priest, the recorder of sacred vows made by dual souls, and waited with bowed heads for words of acceptance that should fall from his lips.

We heard not the words that fell from holy lips, so deep was the baptism of our souls; yet felt within the depth of our beings that the yet unrevealed future held much of

wisdom and peace born therefrom that our cups as yet held not, and knew that somewhere in the unseen were winding earth paths wherein our feet must tread. There are many harvest fields from which to glean, many sunsets with new mornings breaking therefrom. Yet all is well, and all will be well. In many hearts where selfishness reigns supreme, and cowardice closes some doors through fear of the eternal death penalty, there may be to this summing up of all is and will be well, the response, "Then wherefore seek to become rightful possessors of the fair castles in the isles of the blessed, through denial of selfish desires, through seeking for robes of holiness wherewith to clothe the immortal form?" Oh! ye unreasonable reasoners, the height of whose religious aspirations goes not beyond the hairbreadth escape of eternal fires, that according to your belief a God of all goodness, mercy, and justice has somewhere kindled to burn, yet to consume not, the innocent and unquestioning work of his hands. We of angel life, whose feet have touched many shores, whose eternities are gladly given to love labors for humanity, recognize no such deific principle in all the boundless universe; yet the Father's love abides ever in our souls like the baptismal spray from holy fountains. We have no literal fire to escape, that we may thereby become psalm singers before the throne; neither should we feel that while there is work to be done for the children who are wandering afar from the better way we could waste the years and ages in singing sweet songs to harmonize the heart of any deity. The God we serve is enthroned in every heart, and when these same hearts come to know their own these fire teachers of the foolish and incredulous will find the tears of joy have been sufficient to quench the raging fires of their impious God, who to rest well on his throne must be sought regardless of the needs of humanity. There will come a time in the not far-away future, when common sense will spring up, while the hardy roots will run down deep into the soil, and the result will be that the throne of Deity will be suddenly moved from the far-off heavens and established in the hearts of earth's children. Then will dawn the memorial day of the

soul, in the glory of which the Jewish Jehovah will fold his pavilion, remove his banners, and be felt and feared no more in all the shadowless eternities to come. There is joy to-day in congresses of the celestial courts, for in the lines cast on the dial of time that points into the future there is seen the record of a dawn spanned by the bow of promise, and the cry from the courts above to soul mates in earth is, "Tarry till we come, holding firm the magnetic cords over which is hourly transmitted the power that is to free the world from those sins of ignorance that blacken the pages of the past till the heart grows sick and turns longingly towards the future." Unto all to whom in their selfish natures there is born as yet no godlike impulse to bring peace to other hearts, we can but say, "Go on, the fields are broad. Gather, if ye must, what seemeth good, even if it adds to the selfishness in which you have wrapped yourselves as in a mantle of many folds; go on gleaning here and there, pave your earth path with gold, and let your marble, heavenward pointing, say, to screen you from the censure that is rightfully yours, that you trusted in Jesus." Still, I say, all is well, and there is no fire at the end of the earth journey. Yet there is something else,—compensation, the soul's tax-master, will demand of you tribute for every field from which you have gleaned, and this tribute you must pay; there is no alternative, and the gold of earth in the better land is like the stubble of the fields. Then how will you meet your payments? and where will you begin singing the sweet psalms of the blessed? As the road that winds up the hill winds down and back again, so through the same fields must you wander again undoing the wrongs of a selfish life, making full compensation in the humility of your soul; and not one glimpse of the eternal rest will gladden the heart till all the path is made perfect by your own hands. Then, and not till then, will your weary feet reach the fair fields of the blessed; then, and not till then, will peace born of a pure heart that seeks not even its own good through the sorrows of others, speak to you as unto a child of the kingdom. Then, and not till then, will the dismal shadows be lifted and your robes gleam white in

the light of the fadeless day. I say again, there is no fire at the end of the earth pilgrimage, yet there are hells, from which there is no escape, for the path leads through them to those who in their earth lives have with their own deeds builded these places of sorrow. It is well to remember that the heavenly gates open not to the stranger without, and all are strangers unless they have accepted, not Jesus, but holy truth, that sheds over the soul a halo of light by which all children of the kingdom are at once known.

Eon, I so long to reach the hearts of the weary world wanderers, and place before them the bread of the kingdom, that I almost forget the mystic cord on which are strung the strange events of other ages, until at times it slackens in my hands, bringing me back again to a narration of some of the events that were powers in our incarnations that pointed unwaveringly to the paths wherein we were to walk. Gaining the Temple of Love, with its sacred songs sounding in our ears, filling our souls with unspoken harmonies, we sought our own dear home, wherein had tarried our children of the Arabian incarnation for a time; and there the records left told us they were dwellers on other planets, fulfilling their mission, treading in the paths the central power of their own beings placed before them. Wondrously woven and interwoven are the shining cords that bind us, children of our Father, brothers and sisters, in constellations. Again, as willing workers, we took up the duties that lay before us, finding heaven in activity of heart, hands, and brain. The sister and brother, whom we both loved, tarried with us at Rose Garden, and with us dwelt much in the Temple of Wisdom, where we found pleasure in narrating the events that transpired in our wanderings. From here we went often to the fourth sphere, carrying thither the facts that had come to us, and there establishing an order that should send its members to the spheres below, with instructions regarding incarnation, that the dwellers of the spheres might not be taken unawares, and compelled through a lack of force to be drifted wherever the tides of incarnation might take them. We wearied often with the seeming meaningless flow of individualized atoms of the

Infinite that were borne like driftwood to the shores of earth, with no expressed will, and no power to assert will. All they seemed to be conscious of was that they fell asleep somewhere, and wakened not far removed from the same place, to again fall asleep, not knowing that what they in their ignorance imagined was actual sleep was an incarnation, with no marked improvement therefrom. Long and earnestly the members of the order labored to awaken will power in these eternal dreamers. The result of their labors is seen to-day, not only in the homes of peace beyond, but on the shores of earth.

Deepest peace dwells ever in the hearts of those who have gleaned successfully from many fields, rooting out the thorns and planting in their stead the fadeless blooms of our Fatherland. Thus deep peace was ours; we had in our wandering thus far touched the shores of material life many times, and, through the power born in our souls by experience, we were reaping a harvest of peace that in its boundaries seemed to reach out into the unseen eternities. It will be easily understood that eternity in angel land does not mean all time, without end; only long reaches of time, that constitute ages; orthodox ideas are always limited and impoverished, consequently they cannot express the eternal divisions of eternity. To us an eternity is but one of God's years, in which it is sometimes summer and sometimes winter, and in which empires may be overthrown and new ones born in their stead, almost blotting out in their glory the memory of the former. During these mighty years there are strange records made by the children of the Infinite, some of which you have now, as handed down from the last waves of existence that broke with a murmur of progression on the shores of your present incarnation. Some planets, from their situation in the heavens, are subject to an ebb and flow of the tides of existence, the extent of which, were I to give my own knowledge thereof, would entitle the brain I work through, or myself, to the appellation of crazed; yet these same truths must be born in medial brains, and from thence work in silence their great work. Many grand truths in this way come to the world,

casting shadows into hearts until they are accepted as children of mighty principles. Those who from supposition and conjectures jump at conclusions often lead the van of wisdom seekers, and are the most difficult to lead in the true way, not liking to give up their exalted position of self-appointed teachers. Consequently they muster their ammunition, and with great noise make their assertions, with an air that indicates they are not to be questioned, even if they are doubted. This re-assures the unthinking many, and the tide of progression must send earthward yet another wave to overflow the banks of unreliable evidence.

Thus, step by step, are the children led homeward, victory after victory, and the white banners of truth are borne on the breeze. Triumph after triumph must follow, until the unseen becomes the seen, and hand in hand the armies each side the river's flow work for the good of earth's children, in upbuilding the tabernacle of spiritual light in the hearts of the hungry. And, Eon, in the great warfare against error you and I will be willing workers. There will be no time for the harps, and the crowns, while without the fold are wandering the children of our Father. Onward, ever onward, will we march to the unchanted hallelujahs of the soul, strewing the plains of existence with the indisputable truths of the kingdom, as we have ever sought to do, when hand in hand, on either side of time's tide, we have sown the seeds for coming harvests. In looking back over the past which we have traversed, I find many eternities, and even now am awed at the distance that separates the present from the dawn of the first remembered morning from which the progressions of the future were to be dated. There has been no child's play, and the several forms, worn through the law of incarnation and entombed on different planets, testify to the power and unfoldment to which we have attained; and yet we labor—for what? a crown? Yes, but not of gold with the orthodox ring to it; rather the crown of wisdom, that radiates to other hearts the light of the better way.

I have said but little of the fifth sphere, from which I am

now gathering a few tinted leaves that grew on those shores. There are in that land no hells, no seekers for light whose souls have not been baptized; neither does the peace and joy of idleness find there its abiding place. The bridge of love has to be crossed by all who enter its borders; hence all are joyous workers for the spheres below them, and the good they carry thither radiates as light ever does to the earth-sustained spheres. In the fifth sphere scientists of all classes find their homes, which are in accordance with their ideas of beauty, and bear but little semblance to the homes of earth. There is nothing more difficult for spirits to transmit to medial brains of earth than perfect form. There is a clumsiness and lack of proportion that cannot be overcome, because the brains they work through lack the power of receiving the picture; they catch with them the shadow they cast, and work from the shadows. Hospitals for the weak are not seen there, as those needing treatment of that kind find it in the realms below. In this sphere are found the temples of Wisdom and Love. Here, also, the spirit congress meets in connection with the congress of the higher spheres, and sends from there messengers, through belts below, with the information they may need; just as truths are sent to your earth through the brains of sensitives, who are the light-houses on the banks of time's uncertain tide; and it is just as difficult for dwellers of the lower spheres to realize the truths brought them as it is for the creed-bound in your land to accept the angel-taught truths of the kingdom. It is usually supposed by the large majority that when the released earth-pilgrim has crossed the much-talked-of tide, he has all wisdom, and is capable of giving satisfactory information on all subjects; yet he is just as ignorant as when his feet stood on time's side of the stream. Such spirit informants have given very unsatisfactory tidings of the land of souls; and many, basing their faith on such tidings of the land of souls, have been led into errors, and are obliged to release many things, or unlearn, for the sake of making room for the truth. Spirits who, when in the form, denounced the spiritual faith, have been known to attend *séances*, and testify to the falsity of

the vital principles taught, when their presence proved what they denounced.

Thus you see how ignorance strives to peer into the eternities, but goes not far; the light is too strong. As I told you before, ministers of the unprogressive gospels of creeds seldom go beyond the second sphere; in fact, it is difficult to make them believe there is anything beyond them, only the city of the New Jerusalem, and they strive not to reach that, but, singing and exhorting, wait the coming of Christ, who, they still claim, is coming in great power and glory to claim his own. The waves of inspiration and spiritual power that are sent through the spheres touch them, when their zeal is awakened, and they make a grand rally on the shores of earth, attend conferences and prayer-meetings, and often succeed in waking a little fire in the hearts of believers; but it burns not long. The spiritual oxygen is utilized for other purposes, and the fire goes out, leaving only dry ashes. The days of wide-spread revivals are among the past. Thought has knocked at the soul's doors and found admittance; age has enthroned itself in the judgment hall. This much is gained for truth, the Grand Master of the eternities. In the fifth sphere there is no spiritual darkness, caused by the teachings of error or the doubts of the inhabitants regarding the future that is unseen; all have confidence in the cause of the Infinite, and the principles of incarnation and motherhood are here understood. Children of the earth have no idea with what unselfish joy the dwellers of the fifth sphere become conscious of every point gained that makes a stepping stone to higher truths; these centers of acceptance of what the world considers not only doubtful, but utterly untrue, are points of power to the higher spirits, and they guard them with tenderest care; for through the channel they form the rivers of glad tidings must flow, and the purer the channel the more unselfish the record of the laborers, and the more positive will be the manifestations of divine power.

Eon, this day, May 27, there came from angel land, earthward, messengers from the separate congresses. They were led by those who saw just where fortifications should

take place to strengthen the laborers, and still gain ground. I saw them for a long time as they marched side by side, bearing banners whereon are to be recorded the victories gained. They were radiant with love and wisdom, and the baptism of power they will carry to the much-loved and carefully-watched centers will be known to the world by the waves of truth that will break at the feet of earth's children, startling them to thoughtfulness, while more powerful manifestations than have been known will be recorded, that must in time silence the cry of false and untrue. The creed-builders and supporters of earth land have but little conception of the Infinite, and in their books of debt and credit prove this by laying at the door of the Father the result of their own misdoings. All this is not historical, I know, yet there is truth outside of history, and truth it is that paves the way to the kingdom: yet all the truth I hold as jewels in memory's casket I cannot give you now because the soil is not ready for the seed.

While we were yet dwellers of the fifth sphere a religious war spread terror over the earth, or the portion that was then inhabited, the result of which was felt in the lower spheres, but radiated not its inharmonies to our land. At this time the earth labors of spirits were suspended, except those who were dwellers of the first and second spheres, because those who inhabited the higher realms could not approach the scene of disaster and inharmonies. Then it was the powers of each were in the ascendancy, and too fearful to relate were the incidents that followed. Your country's history now dates back far enough to portray many scenes of cruelty and bloodshed, yet they breathe not the horrors of the age of which I write. The door to that is closed, and I will not bring to the light of the present the shadows of the past. The pathway of the church is marked with blood at every step, because ignorance, that never questions, leads the armies of fanatical religionists, who seek to sustain their God, instead of depending on their God to sustain them. It may be a rest to their Deity to be thus relieved from responsibilities; but the children are compelled to drink deep draughts of sorrow, and are sent in crowds to

the shores beyond. War has a decided effect on the spheres nearest earth, and there is also a great change in their appearance; hospitals are increased, flags float on the air, and martial music is heard on every breeze; leaders are exhorting crowds of listeners, encouraging them to cast their magnetic power on the side they wish to see sustained, while they are in constant receipt of telegrams over the magnetic wires that tell of victory or defeat from each battle-field. After and during a battle the paths leading earthward are thronged with participants from both sides, who with ambulances are going to and from the battle-field, carrying to the hospitals of the second spheres those who were separated from their bodies. Some are conscious, while others are unconscious, and wake to hear the music and cheers that fill the air, and think for the time that they are on the battle-field of earth, to which they often hasten as soon as fully recuperated, giving with a hearty will their full powers where their interests already exist. These unseen warriors are powerful in their efforts, and many a battle victoriously fought may trace its conquering power to these same unseen workers, who battle with a will, and in fact express more satisfaction with their own efforts than when in the form; they have passed the dead line, and have no thought for personal safety; balls and bullets are to them as harmless as the flutter of a bird's wing, or the falling of a withered leaf.

Another feature of war tells itself in this sphere that to some might seem strange, but life is real, and much more so in the spheres than on earth. Women in the second sphere,—who are ever patriotic,—when the drums are beat and bugles are blown, make grand receptions for the discharged soldiers; they search the hills and vales for vines of tender green, for the fairest blooms, and most perfect buds; these they weave into chaplets of beauty, and each returned soldier finds some tender hand to thus crown him conqueror, and increase the fires of patriotism that the bullets of the enemy failed to extinguish. The war of which I made mention was followed by pestilence, by means of which the land became almost depopulated. Earthquakes

changed the surface of the earth, and swallowed up homes, until the few homeless ones that were left sought refuge and shelter wherever they could be found. The records of the past show here a desert, and there an oasis. It is not pleasant to speak of the eternities from which the smile of the Infinite seems to have been withdrawn; neither have I done so extensively, preferring to let the record of such remain untouched by me, as my incarnation occurred during one of these ages of sorrow. Each inflowing tide has brought to earth some improvement, and the points gained were never lost sight of, but were retouched with greater power by each similar incoming wave. Do you ask, then, why many of what you term the lost arts are not among the possessions of the present? I will answer, simply because the wave on the inflowing tide of existence that planted on the shores of earth the wisdom mentioned has not since touched the earth with its awakening power; it long since receded, and broke on the shores of the better land. The children who were the wisdom bearers of that day still tarry among the groves of palms, well content to remain, regardless of the curiosity awakened in the hearts of the dwellers of earth on account of the incomplete record they have left. Were the inhabitants of that long ago to incarnate now, the lost arts would no longer be the lost, but would bless the earth with a greater power than was acknowledged then; because, as I said before, each wave comes with an increased power, showing that it is step by step that we reach the mountain's height. It is in the unseen world the greater power lies, and it is the unseen armies that fight the most successful battles, bringing victory where confusion was looked for. Many battles have been fought on what might be termed consecrated ground, because they were battles for religious power; but through all the warfare of man and nature, causing depopulation to a great extent, through all the ebbing and flowing of the tides of existence the buds of spiritual truth that unfolded to bloom in the rocky ages were never completely destroyed. This angel-watched world has had some representatives, even during its darkest periods, that held the magnetic

chain that reached to the heavens beyond, and reaching there, transmitted to earth some light that never utterly faded, even if the children through whom it was given were obliged to dwell in caves, wanderers on God's earth, as were you and I in our far-off Arabian incarnation, since which the surface of the country has been so changed that none but those who had power to watch the progression and unfoldment of the earth could point out the landmarks of the past.

Eon, the mountains of the past ages tower before my eyes as I turn to the records of the long ago in search of our footprints, found sometimes in the soul's home, and sometimes on the planet of your present incarnation, or others fairer and more harmonious. Yet wherever we have wandered, there I see the light of inspiration falling around us in baptismal waves, and see how through it we have been fortified for the battles and prepared for the victories. For remember, soul of mine, on our brows have rested the victor's crown, which awaits us even now, when the sunset home comes to this long day, the dawning of which was the bridge that in the seeming, as you read the pages, separated us; though, Eon, I have ever been faithful to my vows; have rejoiced in the sunshine of life, through the warmth of which hope-buds unfolded to full bloom, to bless and comfort you; have stood by you when the tempest beat your life-bark here and there, and I am working with you now, to fulfill the purpose of your incarnation. But this is not in direct line with what I was to bring from the records of the past to the pages of the present. I take on the customs of the day, and in the principal narration weave in many minor ones, besides some stray thoughts.

Unceasing were our love labors in the fifth sphere: unbroken the waves of peace and joy that ever broke at the door of the soul's citadel, and undimmed is the memory of our home and life in the city of light. Only a few of the most interesting occurrences of that period have I given, showing thereby what life signifies to those who have climbed thus far, especially to those unto whom was given the messenger's lamp that was to be lighted on the hills of the Infinite,

and be kept burning in the valleys of incarnation. The time of our holding a home in the fifth sphere is uncounted. I only know that it spanned ages, in which matter felt the evolutionizing power of Deity, which was followed by unmistakable marks of progression. We lost not our interest in the planet that first gave unto us a form, lost not our interest in the spirit belts below us, yet there was born in our souls a sudden and irrepressible longing for something that was beyond us. We felt that somewhere there was another shore on which the sun shone with a tenderer halo, and it seemed to us that links of light were being dropped into our souls from that beautiful land; felt that the white-winged dove of the more heavenly realms was hovering around us, laden with the love messages from the land beyond. Oh! how our souls reached out with great yearnings for the unseen, until we almost felt that the rippings of its heaven-born tides were echoed in our beings. We knew not then what these longings meant; knew not that actual force ever was, or could be, generated through the soul's great longings, that seemed so utterly unquenchable; yet this fact was verified to us there beyond a doubt. We had long known that will created force; but will and desire are not one, though they may be closely related. The force of will is shown in material life, the force of earnest soul desire in the spiritual; and this was the lesson we learned. Never before had we so unconsciously reached out for shores that lay beyond us. We had ever been content to remain where blessings fell around us like the showers of summer, dreading rather than wishing to journey to another land. Rose Garden had lost none of its loveliness, yet whispered not our hearts to remain; it had served us well, for unnumbered ages; with bud and bloom it had gladdened us, and yet we were willing to leave it, though we realized not that we were soon to do so.

Strange, indeed, was the thrill that swept over our souls as, with hearts filled with harmony that deepened to the same great longing, we were standing side by side in the doorway of a flower-grown lodge on the heights of Emerald Hills, together gazing with wistful eyes on the beauties

that could never be told. Below us lay the city, bordered by the rippling River of Palms. All was beauty, all was peace; and in the midst of this almost perfect loveliness we lifted our eyes and longed to peer beyond the limits of the present, longed to breathe the balm-laden air of the unseen. With one accord we began chanting in low tones the desire that for the moment seemed to flood our entire beings with new and deeper power. Instinctively we joined hands, and continued our chant, dreaming not what was to follow. Deeper and deeper grew the waves of desire that flooded our souls, until we were suddenly baptized with a joy, such as must come sometime to every heart that overcomes; a joy that seemed born to bear the victor to his longed-for haven. For suddenly, while we yet sang our souls' desire, we felt ourselves separated and borne upward from the vine-twined lodge of the beautiful hills. We comprehended not the meaning thereof; yet there came to our hearts no shadow of fear. We felt both filled with and surrounded by the boundless love of the Infinite. Everywhere was Deity; everywhere was love. Truly we had overcome, and this knowledge filled us with power and peace. Slowly we floated, unguided except by the intuitions of the spirit that felt itself drawn nearer the Father's house. We saw the Emerald Hills fade slowly away; we heard no more the wash of the waves of the River of Palms. The air seemed to have grown clearer, more exhilarating and sustaining, till at length our feet rested on a broad and beautiful pathway that led toward a distant hill, in form somewhat resembling the low hills of Harmona. It was then that for the first time we realized fully the fact that we no longer tarried at Rose Garden.

For the moment we were almost overcome. We were conscious that we were there uninvited and unannounced, and felt that we knew not what the result might be. We saw no one, which seemed still more wonderful, for all about us was beauty in such perfection that it seemed to us the broad expanse should gladden some hearts beside ours. Yet no feet save ours pressed the broad pathway that led beyond the hill. Flowers bloomed incessantly, by means of

which there was a constant change in the beauty that both rested and refreshed us. These, in blooming, emitted light, and I was about to say sound, but that word seems to indicate the clashing of earthly material too much to express just what I mean. Perhaps echo would be better, as that seems to infer the spirit of sound. The air was constantly filled with the low, silvery music born from the hearts of the bursting blooms, until it seemed to us the songs of the angel world had fallen into the hearts of these opening chalices. The longer our eyes rested on the wide-spread and far-reaching beauty, the more deeply were we impressed with the sense of its perfectness; yet this was only the pathway that led to the unseen, and we dared not ask ourselves what that might be. We made no haste to reach the hill-top, but hand in hand sometimes walked leisurely among the ever-changing blooms, sometimes stood in silence drinking in the peace that broke over our souls, wave after wave, until it seemed to us the breath from the hills of our Fatherland fanned our souls into a perfect oneness with Deity. Here all the winding paths of the past, from the first landmark made by memory to the hour that found us there, passed before us; the ages flitted by, one by one, and in each we read their purposes in our souls; in each we saw also a record showing the extent of the fulfillments of those purposes. Looking into each other's eyes, we saw reflected there the crosses of the past and the crowns of the future, and felt, as we passed judgment on our own souls, that we had not only won, but merited them. Then we sang songs of gladness, such as we had never sung before, yet took on none of the cowardly humility that seems to be considered so becoming to the wild fanatics, or sober conservative sticklers for church and creed, wherein is ever sounding the knell of doom to the great majority of souls, driven on by the power of unthought-of circumstances to the banks of the unseen. Oh, how poorly is the Infinite judged! how like unto man is the God of the dispensation of ignorance!

CHAPTER XXV.

HAND in hand in this path of bloom we strayed, singing the songs of peace, the echoes of which must have reached and touched responsive chords in tender and expectant hearts; for mingled with the low rhythmic of bursting buds we heard at times other music that wakened in our souls a love for something, or some one unknown, as though homes and hearts were waiting for us in some yet untraversed Eden, the borders of which seemed not far away. Far and near were scenes of ever-changing blooms, radiant with the light that was imprisoned therein, and nowhere amid all this heaven-born beauty was there visible a single soul; yet in our great peace we thought it not strange, and felt that ages might come and go with no change save what was constantly occurring, and we would be content. We at length remembered our sudden and unexpected transition, in which we left behind us at Rose Garden the dear brother and sister, and sent thither soul telegrams with tidings of peace, knowing they would sometime follow us, when the force that is born of soul desire should be developed in their beings. As we continued to walk toward the hill-top, a low breeze seemed moving the sea of opening blooms, and bore the tender intonations in waves of melody, where we could not tell; we only knew the rippling music rose and fell like the ocean tide. Many times since we, as messengers to other spheres, passed over this same pathway, and always the feeling of eternal rest whispered to our souls, by which we knew it was one of those hills of the Infinite that border the more heavenly kingdom, where peace, unbroken by the ripples below, abides ever. We at length became conscious of positive strains of music, the harmonious vibrations of which touched chords in our souls that told themselves in chanted hallelujahs. Nearing the top at last, we entered what we had not before noticed, a soft, white cloud, that had hid all else from our eyes. Yet we feared no more, for our souls everywhere felt and recognized the boundless love of the Father, and this consciousness of

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deific presence drives from all souls every vestige of fear, and crowns them with a peace that is as fadeless as are the blooms of the eternal hills. While walking through this cloud we were conscious now and then of a sudden illumination, yet we saw nothing beyond, until at last the cloud grew thinner as we neared its farther boundary, and we cared not to pass beyond its limits, for everywhere was God, peace, and love, and what more could we ask for ourselves? Ah, there is the point; we cannot live for self alone. Were we to seek to do so, I fear the heaven of heavens would withdraw from our souls its holy protection and power.

We passed on, and through the last lingering, glimmering cloud veil we saw hands extended towards us which we clasped, and stepped from under the holy cloud, to be welcomed among the pure dwellers of the sacred sixth sphere. No words were spoken, but everywhere there was music, that in its echo-like waves touched the soul, not the ear; everywhere there was enthroned a beauty that made us feel for the moment that to breathe would be sacrilege. Every breath of air seemed fraught with the blessings of eternal love. We folded hands upon our breasts in the silence of overcoming joy and peace. Every object on which our eyes rested radiated light. Looking down at our own robes we found that they, too, had taken on the glory of the sixth sphere. As we yet lingered, feeling too deeply the sacredness of the beauty that ever told itself, we were approached by many lovelit dwellers of this heaven. Each gave to us a greeting, formed not of words, but of expressions of the soul, the depth of which was unquestioned by us. We had long before this ceased to look for more of Deity than we ever saw as the result of law, or, as a more orthodox expression would frame it, God manifest in his works; which means no more nor less than the result of law, that as an embodiment is unseen, as is the God, creeds, or nature. We seemed not to have been especially expected or looked for in this remove as in others, because hitherto we were to be led, having not attained to the point and power whereby we could, from our own position,

readily discern the truest path, the end of which would crown us with actual good, that in itself became to our souls an added power,—another fixed point from which to move in a direct line. Hereafter we would need no guiding power, save the voice of the Infinite, having through the lessons gained in the many paths wherein we had walked become a law unto ourselves; by which I mean we had overcome the desire in our own natures for all paths that led us from spiritual perceptions and unfoldment. We were triumphant over all the lesser, and what the world is pleased to call evil, principles, that had at some time exerted over us a leading power, this power being the result of the wedding of mind with matter, through which alone could the spirit destroy through progression all possibility of being overcome by the same in the endless forevers of our Father. These leading powers that held sway in the past were like unto the tributaries by which we reach the grand magnetic tides of the universe, and without which they would be unreached and unknown. All things are needful; all things are under the supervision and guidance of Deity, which, in the truest and strictest sense, means that all powers and attributes of lesser good are means of unfoldment bequeathed to each soul that overcomes, a legacy the gold of which is eternal and ceases never to shine.

As I said, we had not been expected by the inhabitants of the sixth sphere, yet our presence in the path of eternal blooms was felt by the dwellers of the city towards which the pathway led, and for this reason we were met at the farther boundary of the cloud line with greetings that fell on our souls like a baptism from the heart of Deity. We were wreathed and crowned with the unfading blooms from the gardens of the blessed; in our hands were placed harps, the strings of which, at our slightest touch, breathed the music of the spheres, and emitted a light like unto the gleam of burnished silver. With the group of lovelit beings we walked cityward, singing as we went the songs to which the beauty that surrounded us and our own joy gave birth. There was no discordant sound. Each wave of music fell on our souls with a melody that seemed to be-

come a part of our very existence. We were told that many reaching the path of blooms and wandering to the summit of the cloud-capped hill had no courage to go farther, and lingered in the pathway until they had power born in their own souls to pass the misty veil, as no one ever entered the city beyond except through a self-sustaining power that was born from a perfect trust and confidence in the Father.

Over all and through all was shadowed a divine fulfillment; over all and through all fell and shone a light that seemed to have reached the height of intensity, yet blinded not, but brought to the soul a power and sense of its own individuality never before attained, as though Deity had placed thereon a special seal in answer to the soul's attainments. I will say here, to avoid the confusion that so often occurs in reading the notes of some traveler of the unseen paths, that the pathway of blooms which we traversed toward the city of the sixth sphere, at whose gates we stood, was not the only path that led to the same dwelling-place of those who in fighting life's battles had become conquerors. Law everywhere exists, everywhere makes its demands, and realizes a fulfillment of the same through the positive force that crowns it as law. Through law, the mission and working of which dealt only with the soul of objects unseen, were we drawn to the path that led us to our new home. Other paths there were, in which many others walked and reached the beautiful city, but this one spoke to our souls with the positive force of law, and we joyfully obeyed. I long many times to bring home to the understanding of the many the wonderful power and workings of law, the result of which is seen but is not understood; but if you were to remove the ocean barriers and let in the great, deep flood on a broad expanse of low, level land, everything thereon would be destroyed. Thus it would be if angel dwellers should flood the present level land of the soul, from which it draws its food in the form of suppositions and conclusions; the result would be disastrous; instead of good being brought to the world, the principles, like pillars of a temple that have become im-

bedded in the rock, would be snapped asunder, and midnight, without moon or stars, would be in the ascendancy, instead of the morning that is slowly dawning over the hill-tops of existence. "We come! we come!" is the glad cry of the angel hosts, who, leaving the realms of light, unfolding, bear earthward their blessings of love, thus feeding the lambs, that they may be able to leave the low pasture lands and seek the hill-tops, from the height of which they can look afar off, catching glimpses of the hills that beckon them to their haunts of peace. Wisdom in its results is always peaceful; it is ever the anchor that stays the soul in its ocean voyages towards the Infinite; by which I mean an increased comprehension of Deity, that shows itself in a spirit of truthfulness that illuminates the soul, and by so doing creates waves of light, the undulations of which break at the closed doors of other souls, until they swing open almost unconsciously to the occupant. May the banner of peace, born of wisdom, wave over the chosen and angel-blessed Order of Light, is the silent prayer of Eoná.

To the music heaven-born, to the songs of our own souls, we passed on, with the angel group who received us, to the City of the Hills. Can I describe it? No; though I can give you all the understanding of it that your language can be made to convey, which will be so meager that you will never know the city by the description given, though you will know it by the heaven-born peace it will breathe to your soul as you come up from the valley of your present incarnation, and you will know it also through memory,—the soul's recording attributes that grasp the incidents of the eternities through which it has passed as a life ripple from the heart of Deity. This city is built, which is a poor word to use, on seven hills, not abrupt, but sloping, over which are ever falling waves of light, as though the radiance of the Father's love was drawn thereto. In the valleys that lie between the loveliest hills are pictures of beauty, the extent of which our eyes, long used to the glories of the spirit realm, never before saw, and our souls never felt. Never had we, as deific babes, occupied homes

of more exceeding loveliness than this City of the Hills, because we had never before reached, through the unfolding power of the soul's onward march, the point where we could sense as then the glory of the Infinite. In these broad valleys wound rivers with ripples like unto silver, that broke on the shining strand with music like the chime of bells, the echoes of which were repeated again and again until it seemed to our glad souls that even the river sung songs of peace and welcome. Over these rivers boats glided as though moved by an unseen power, the shining sails being ever filled with the balm-scented breezes of the hills beyond. The banks are gardens of blooms, that in unfolding breathe on the air a low melody as though singing a chorus to the song of the waves. Paths from the shining rivers wind here and there, leading up the beautiful hills, whereon are the homes of the peaceful dwellers whose missions are ever missions of love. These dwellings are formed by the will power of the occupants, and are filled with their own soul treasures, the well earned trophies of many long marches and fierce battles. The paths in which they wandered are left far behind, but it is pleasant to retain mementos of the same, by which to recall page after page of the past that even in its bitterness held much of good and many crowns that could be won and worn by the earnest soldier. I could not use time and strength in describing these homes, save the one that made the center of our Eden, which I will in time speak of in a limited manner.

There is one point of such exceeding beauty and wonder in this beautiful city that I must not fail to make mention of it. The summits of the hills are united by bridges of such wondrous architecture that some unrevealed beauty is ever announcing itself to the soul, while the glory thereof seems ever changing. There are times when the broad, arched pathways from hill-top to hill-top have the appearance of blue, waveless tides, over which pass and repass the white-robed children of the Infinite, leaving behind them, as they pass, luminous lines that seem like a silvery mist on the waveless tide. Then again these same pathways

seem like arches of light, glorified by the smile of Deity, and so radiant do they become that they who cross them are invisible until they have passed beyond the reach of their radiance, while a silvery mist, like the baptismal spray at the altar of consecration, falls, touching with increased glory the silvery ripples of the tides below. The many changes these pathways undergo are indescribable; because while there seems no limit to their beauty and wonder there is a narrow limit to the language that earthly conception forces me to use; therefore I can no more describe their complete beauty than you can completely comprehend the Father of the universe with the unfoldment that the journey home has bestowed upon you. I would not infer by the imaginary lines thus drawn that there exists a possibility of any child ever comprehending the heart of Deity, though he may stand redeemed from the power of matter, and ever radiant in the baptism of his love.

CHAPTER XXVI.

[*Séance at Mexico, June 14, 1885.*—Mistletoe and Eoná in full materialized forms came from the cabinet and greeted me. Mistletoe excited considerable interest as she had never before materialized. She was tall and slender and seemed possessed of a great amount of positive force, though her countenance expressed great tenderness. She gave her name as Mistletoe, meaning thereby to explain herself in a measure to some who had through clairvoyance become acquainted with her. Her hair was very peculiar, being long, and in color resembling tow; over this she wore a slight covering of oriental lace; about her neck she wore a collar of dark velvet richly set with jewels, which came nearly to the waist, leaving the neck exposed. Her eyes were large and gray, and had in their depths a look of great wisdom. Her complexion bordered on the brunette. She is the child of Saturn. She was dressed in robes of

shining white. She wore a badge of the S. A. O. of Light, richly set with jewels. Mistletoe lovingly greeted me, her companion on the planet Harmona in the long, long ago.

Later came from the cabinet my soul-mate Eoná, whose heart of love is like a deep and ever-playing fountain. She held her hands as though in unspoken blessings over the head of Eon, whose pathway home she is lighting with her soul lamp. She is a little above the medium height, has a full figure, clear yet dark eyes, and dark hair, her complexion fair as the heart of a lily. She wore a girdle over her materialized robe of fleecy lace, of black or dark velvet. This was richly set with sparkling jewels. She also wore pearls in her hair. There was no gaudiness in the display, as she seemed unconscious of her splendor, which told in words unspoken her position in the better land. She wore what she had won, and the earth-expressed jewels gave an idea of the soul's jewels in her heavenly crown.

White Feather came in materialized form, with short skirts of gauzy white; on her head she wore a cap and a white feather, in her hands were a bow and an arrow. She was indeed beautiful.

There also came another spirit from the sunken isle Atlantis. Panza, a child in control of Mrs. Daniels, said in introducing him that he had come up from the bottom of the sea in a diving bell.]

I do not wish it to be inferred that we had been residents of the sixth sphere but a little time when this cry for other mansions touched our souls, as we had been conscious of its waves of harmony for many years of your earth-measured time and now craved for other if not for deeper draughts of wisdom. Consequently, we together embarked in our own tiny boat, named by us the "Silver Shell," because it somewhat resembled in shape a shell, and like silver was it radiant. We much preferred this mode of travel to any other, because from past experience we were drawn to the magnetic tides that bear some tidings of peace to all shores that border the seen and unseen. Alone we journeyed—alone with each other and the ever-acknowledged presence

of the Infinite that spoke to the soul in breathings of unbroken peace. All before and around us was the glory of a dawn that faded not, while far and near were visible the seven-hued arches as though the bending heavens bestowed unasked the bounties of the Father. Short was our journey when compared with other journeys over the same or a portion of the same tides, and glad indeed were we when once more the blue waters of the sea towards which we journeyed told us in its wave songs of the homes of love, the Edens of rest it bore on its bosom. Long before we had passed this sea of island homes and had noted in a measure its beauty; but we thought not then to tarry; other realms called us and we journeyed on, but now we sought to cast anchor in some one of its harbors, and, following the tributary that led to it, we soon entered its waters and found them easy of navigation. The air around us seemed like the breath of balms. For a time we sought no special isle, but drifted happily with the tide, passing many white-sailed boats, whose occupants sang in rhythmic measure the love that flooded their souls. Here was the resort of dual souls who sought for a time release from all save the whisperings of love, who preferred above all else to dwell in the sunlight of each other's presence. This told without explanation seems selfish, yet there are times when the central power of the soul calls for complete rest, not the rest of endless eternities, but the rest that recuperates the positive powers, that generates the force which is the building principle that exists in all lands and acts not so much on the seen as the unseen.

As I said, we floated on with the tide, nearing island after island, to return again to the mid-sea on the ever-moving waves, caring not in our dreams of peace whither we floated so long as we kept within the bounds of the sea's blue waves. At length we anchored our "Silver Shell" near the wave-washed strand of an island that attracted us to its unseen haunts. All the shore was beautiful with many-tinted shells of small dimensions, looking like the scattered leaves of ripened blooms that had lost none of their beauty in falling. Hand in hand we wandered from

the shore, over a path of many-colored moss, bordered with small, white, lily-shaped blossoms. Branching from the main path were many others that wound among the spicy groves and other pleasant retreats. Eon, methinks I can hear even now the low music in the hearts of the shells on the strand as the waves washed over them, waking in their depths the soul's holiday song. Ah, it is sweet to remember and cast the gleam thereof across your pathway, in this valley of mist, brightening it somewhat as with the promise of the yet to be, that lies on a fairer shore where the midday heat and the shades of night have no more power. Birds of song welcomed us to this sacred retreat, and we felt the peace-giving breath of the Infinite whisper to our souls as we wandered in quest of the beauties which existed at every step. The breath from the sea swept over the island, bringing to our ears tell-tale sounds from other wave-washed homes, and we were glad in the joy of other hearts, as well as happy in the love that glowed on the sacred altar of our souls.

On this isle of the blessed we found at last its center of peace, which was home. No massive walls were reared, no domes reached skyward, but home songs were told to the passing breezes, by the blooming flowers that in many windings and turnings formed many arches, the whole being summed up and expressed in the one sweet word, Home. Each flower that opened its heart sent forth a silvery light and a sound like unto the chime of a silver bell; the constant blooming created constant music; even the trees in their gentle swaying gave forth sounds of melody. This was verily the land of song, and the tender strains touched chords in our souls that we felt had vibrated to the same in the long ago, that pointed far back to the time and place when we had never been wanderers from the Father's house. Truly did we feel that we were nearly home, according to the time-tables of spirit land. I am well aware that to many the fact of the existence of these beautiful island homes will seem but a myth woven in the loom of imagination, but to such let me say that what is dished up to the world as imagination, with no explanatory dressing,

is simply a reflection on receptive brains of actual existences. The universe abounds with wonders that can never be told or understood or explained by any one brain at a single incarnation. Consequently it is not needful to say they are but imaginary existences because one understands not their unfoldment and the power they exert; such expressions indicate childish weakness and the uncertain steps of infancy. Truth has always come to the world through the contrary statements of ignorance and unbelief, which, when overcome, give to it a radiance it might not have known had there been no opposing power. It is an accepted fact that friction brightens silver and gold. Truth is the world's gold and the opposition it meets is the friction that makes it more luminous. Truth would never have been appreciated had it not been for its dual, which is error; by contrasts alone do we measure our own appreciation and understanding of all that is good, this contrast being the handmaid of each. It shows poor judgment to be enraged because error exists; for had it not existed, where would we have gained the experience that is ours to-day? We might as well have remained in the nursery of the Infinite. He who touches material shores, and wraps himself in the garments thereof, has entered his name in the list of those who are to overcome, through many battles and many victories. Matter in itself is not error, but when mind and matter wedded, the possibilities of error as a disciplinarian to the soul were unfolded, and no one can complain of the slothfulness thereof. Between the soul's two incentives, truth and error, there is ever a clashing of swords. Sometimes truth leads the marching armies and sometimes error, but hand in hand these children of the Infinite, or in other words these dual principles, will lead the tramping armies of many battle-fields through valleys and over mountain heights, both proving themselves at last faithful friends of mankind, as well as far-seeing captains. Is this a plea for error? No, it is simply putting it where in my judgment, rendered after many and many ages of remembered existences, I feel that it belongs. All things that come to the children of men are needful, though self, standing in its

own doorway, fails often and often to perceive the truth, though there will come to each soul a time and place where this is proven, and each heart will answer, "The Father doeth all things well."

Were I weaving the airy lines of a romance, I would not so often glide into side paths and gather therefrom the hardy blooms that grow to gladden in their unfoldment the life-paths of home-bound children; but that is not my mission. I am bringing from the hills and valleys of the past, from whence the echoes reach not the ears of earth dwellers, some links from the chain of our individual existence as dual souls of the eternities. Many links are left untouched, because it would be impossible to bring them all to the shores of the present; therefore I gather for use those that will best help to unfold the principles the children are prepared to accept; principles that teach them the fact of many earth journeys, and many heavens of rest that were not forevers without end. On these isles of the blessed of which I have been writing, thought seems born in endless volumes, the result of which is a broadening and deepening of the soul's powers of comprehension through which the constant revelations of the Infinite are read and understood: here the soul becomes conscious of universal facts with a mathematical exactness that calls for no further proof; here chemical science as taught and learned finds no place through demands made by the necessities of hungering souls, because fact verified in itself comes home to the soul with an unquestioning power. This comprehension born to the soul becomes a part of it, and depends not thereafter on conditions or place, but is ever ready to place its seal of wisdom on the unanalyzed and unverified principles and elements that surround and exert power over the world of matter. Eon, have I gone too far, and do I seem to seek to place myself above the limit of earth thought? Far from it; I am but a humble child of the Father, journeying homeward with my sheaves, and if I drop by the way some of the golden grains, I shall tarry a little to see if they show signs of thrifty growth; aye, I will loosen the soil, that the unseen elements may exert their unfolding power and bring

to the light of the present these thought-buds of the past ; for surely I deem the soil of the fields prepared for holy seed with sacred results, and I will ask the blessings of the Infinite thereon, the amen to which will be my own efforts.

Perhaps, Eon, I seem to say too little in reference to our special modes of living and doing in the isle of peace and rest, but it seems too much like an anxious traveler stopping by the wayside to roll marbles for pins, for me to give much time to the minor incidents. We were there to know more of the mansions of our Father, and the result was a deeper baptism than as yet had rested on our souls. The mansions of the Infinite are ever exhaustless volumes of wisdom, toward which we turn when the unseen holds demands that must be fulfilled in the Father's own time. We gained there a power that tided us over unseen waves, a power we never lost, though it was not always expressed, or in the ascendancy, but was ever ready for the hour and circumstance that needed it.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BROKEN and detached must of necessity seem some parts of the record of other days, because it is difficult to describe just how, when, and for what purpose one condition became merged into another. This will explain the abruptness that at times has occurred thus far in the record. It was while we yet tarried in the sixth sphere, and after our long rest on the isles of the sea, that soul telegrams came to the dwellers of the seventh belt, and from thence were transmitted to us, stating that the time was approaching for the grand assemblage of worlds that were united in the same magnetic band, or in other words comprised one of the brotherhoods of the universe. This to us was something unheard and unthought of, for such tidings are never transmitted to the spheres below the one we then occupied, and such occurrences we were told took

place only at the close of long measurements of time. I need not say we were filled with wonder, and longed unceasingly to be counted among the chosen ones, for we were like the waves of the ocean, calm and peaceful when no breezes blew, but, wave-like, were ready to touch any shore when the winds swept over the tide. This peculiarity is characteristic of all messengers. They are awake to all the breezes that blow, and shrink not from crossing any tide, especially after they have many times traversed the earth valleys. So desirous were we to be participators in what to us seemed so approaching Deity and deific power, that we shrank not from making our own intercessions, and learned with deep satisfaction that all who were independent tidal travelers would be welcomed among the congregated wisdom fathers and mothers of worlds, not of spheres. This was more than we expected, and the joy of our souls told itself in song. Fortunate indeed had we been in our acquaintance and companionship with Wisdom and Pearl, for in that way had we learned the ways of the magnetic tides and had complete power to glide over them to our hearts' content. We learned that the place decided upon as the assembling point was the higher spirit realm of Saturn. Again was the "Silver Shell" afloat, followed by one like unto it. They might have been called the twin shells. This bore the dual souls Mistletoe and her mate, whom I have always called Hebron. We regretted not to leave our bower of love, for beauty never fades in our Father's higher realms, but waits to bless all who return unto it. The open doors we left were as welcoming words to all who cared to find rest in our happy home. I shall never forget the deep joy that filled our souls as our silver shells glided on and on from tributary to tributary towards the main tide that bore direct to our destination. Anthem after anthem was chanted to the passing breezes.

Eon, I would gladly picture to you in written words the strangeness of the scene presented to us. We had many times before glided over the magnetic tides, but never under such circumstances, and never before had our souls thrilled with such depths of feeling. I feel even now the echoes in my

soul born from that one experience of the long ago. Here and there, as far as the eye could reach over the tides, were visible the fast approaching boats of Saturn-bound travelers. Now and then at a turn in the tides one joined us. No two were alike, and the souls that each boat bore seemed as unlike. From each floated a banner with the name of the planet it was to represent printed thereon. I say printed, because that word expresses here a fact, not the form in which the fact was told, as printing does not in all worlds signify letters, but ideas instead, and each planet has its own methods, that are adapted to meet the needs of its children. One boat after another was added until all the expected ones had arrived and the company looked as though they might be going out to battle, only the spirit of war told itself not in their eyes. As we entered the main tide that bore direct to our destination, we attached our two silver shells at the bow with a chain of silver, the links of which emitted a light that sometimes shone over us like a halo, and indeed there was a halo of unuttered love in our souls. Our tiny barks on the strange tide, sailing side by side, kept pace with the others many times their size. We were obliged in order to reach the spirit realm to first enter the atmosphere of the planet Saturn, as the main tides reach not planets, but tributaries, like bridges, unite the two, making navigation easy and pleasant. We had long before learned to read in the atmosphere of worlds a record of their progression and the peculiar unfoldments that had come to them, consequently we found it both pleasant and instructive to read the title page of a world we had never before visited, although Mistletoe was at home here, it being the planet that gave to her the first materialized form she was conscious of. Passing in our approach to the higher realms the lower spheres, we caught many pleasant glimpses and pictures of home rests, which you on your return to the sixth sphere put on canvas, and which you will find at your next home-coming, as I have always kept such mementos as sacred treasures; besides they will be helps to memory and guide-posts to paths that lead farther into the unseen.

As we approached the line of landing, or in other words the bay where we were to cast anchor, we were much interested in what had the appearance of being a long line of towers, or, what will perhaps better express it, a succession of forts, from the battlements of which floated flags of many devices. We soon learned that these were constructed to meet the coming demand, and were the first point at which we were to tarry. Here our boats were all stalled and ready for our home journey, and here they were to remain swaying with the slowly moving tide. It was a strange sight indeed for spirit land and spirit life, and I could not refrain from standing at the landing for a moment to gaze down at the long line of wave-washed and wave-rocked boats, with their banners floating in the breeze that touched shore and tide. In front of the line of what, for the want of a better word, I have called forts, was what I will call a grand pavilion. This was entered by the assembling crowd. Here were arranged rests, and in alcoves jutting out from the main part were refreshments that cannot be described in your language, but they were such as only the higher realms have the power to unfold. Here we met another glad surprise, for in the throng and pressing towards us were Wisdom and Pearl. Oh! how our hearts leaped for joy as we clasped their hands, and then came the sweet spirit Zair with her soul mate Zairine. Glad indeed was the meeting, in this to us strange land, of these kindred souls, whose life paths had long before run side by side with ours. Eon, I had thought to leave out of the record I am giving, this present journey and its results, but Wisdom and Pearl overruled my decision with their strong desire. I felt that it would be too much to give to the world, and if you so choose you can withhold it, but I must finish it now that it is begun, as in my life there come no broken lines.

A strange looking throng it seemed to us, Eon, that sought rest in that grand pavilion preparatory to a summons to the congressional halls where we were at last to congregate. There were present ambassadors from all the worlds within our magnetic belt wherein man dwelt. This touches another point where I must tarry for a moment. There are

many ideas, suggestions, and conclusions in regard to the habitations of the universe. Some minds accept and radiate the idea that many are the worlds whereon man dwells, as a verification of the law of evolution applied to matter, through which spirit has power to express itself, as adaptation is one of its attributes. Others hold to the idea that but few worlds have arrived at the point where the law of animal life could place its crowning seal on man, the ruler and king of all these lower forms of animal life. In answer to this question, which I have called before the bar of common sense, I will say: Many are the planets whereon animal life, in both higher and lower forms, exists, and not all the man-crowned planets come within the radius of the magnifying lens of the sky wanderers; and then, too, many worlds or planets have reached their ultimate, and no longer give materialized forms to the spirits of the universe that are seeking avenues through which to perfect their powers; by which, I mean, become in all points unyielding to the lesser good that seems to express itself as the third person or principle where mind and matter are wedded, until through many meetings mind gains the ascendancy. These latter planets of which I speak are awaiting the power of annihilation, which acts alone on the form, as the elements from which they are builded by the master workman are undestroyed and are utilized by the unseen demands of the universe of matter, that is ever changing in harmony with future needs. So closely united are these world children that not one meets with great change as the result of unfolding law without in some way affecting all others in the same magnetic belt. This, like the unseen tributaries, brings me back again to the main tide, or line, which I felt it necessary for a little time to drop.

I was speaking of the many different representatives of other worlds, and a pleasant study it was to me to watch them. All were self-centered, self-poised; as gods in one sense they were, yet each group of representatives differed positively in looks, customs, manners, and dress from all other groups. For each group of planetary ambassadors there was a separately prepared refreshment alcove, over

the archway of which, opening from the pavilion, was the name of the planet they represented, as well as a floating banner corresponding to the one they bore. To these alcoves the groups went and returned at will without guides or attendants; consequently there existed none of the confusion that is ever apparent at your earth assemblies. Let it not be inferred by what is above stated that there was no mingling of groups, for on all sides greetings were extended with a depth of feeling that is known only in the higher realms, where no one seeks to hide from another a thought or motive, as there is nothing in the hearts of the children of that land that would appear at better advantage hid in the shadow of pretense or supposition. Thus far we had known nothing of the land to which we had come; yet we were not impatient, knowing we could abide there as long as it was a pleasure to do so. The time passed pleasantly with the denizens of many worlds, we wondering not what was to follow, when we heard strains of melody that seemed born in the air, and then to die away, to be again and again repeated, until the attention of all the many groups was gained, and all seemed questioning as to the import thereof. Following this wave of melody, there appeared at the several doors of the pavilion heralds bearing banners. These called the attention of the groups, and soon all was arranged, a certain number of groups following by double twos each herald, who also touched the strings of musical instruments akin to the harps of our own land. There was then in our hearts an unexpressed wonder as to the manner of welcome that awaited us, and of what the proceedings would consist; for remember, Eon, this was the first and is also the only convention of the kind we ever attended, as such occurrences lie far apart.

The broad path over which we passed, unlike the moss-grown paths of our spirit realms, was smooth as polished marble, and somewhere in its depths stars as of light, not the children of the sky, seemed to radiate long lines of silver-colored light that had a beautiful effect. Still my soul seemed not in harmony with the radiant paths as with those of home. They held not the power of variety, being ever

silent and sparkling, while the home paths were long lines of melody blended with light, both of which were born in the hearts of the heavenly blooms. As we passed on we noticed every object, but nowhere was there such ever-changing and varied beauty of bud and bloom as in the heavenly realms of our higher spirit land, and we wondered if there was to come a time when the same condition of surroundings would exist in our land; and with this there was a silent dread, which soon disappeared as we questioned the herald who walked near us concerning the subject. He informed us that it was a condition of the special planet, and was what gave great gladness to the dwellers of higher realms; he also stated that the shining walks were called the glorified paths,—or that is what it would signify in your earth language. We enjoyed them better after the explanation, feeling that such would never await our feet in our better land. We soon came in sight of the assembling hall, from the dome of which floated the banners of the different planets represented. The broad and shining doors were swung far back for the lines of representatives to enter. This hall seemed to comprise but one room, which in form was circular. In the center was what I shall call the harpers' pyramid, as it was their point of gathering and was erected in pyramid form, broad at the base, from which to the apex wound a broad and shining stairway. I give it that name because that will more nearly explain it to you than any other designation. At intervals on this ascending stairway were platforms holding commodious rests, whereon the harpers sat. I asked the meaning of the circular room and central pyramid, and was told that the harmony of the music was increased by the vibrations moving in circles rather than in direct and broken lines; and I was ready to accept the explanations, for as we entered the broad doorway our souls seemed bathed in a sea of unbroken harmony, which was the result of the waves of melody.

As we advanced to the interior of the hall the melody that flooded and crowned every wave of air deepened until we noticed that we were stepping to the Grand March of Worlds, every note of which seemed to hold in embryotic

form the aspirations, progression, and fulfillment of the peopled worlds there represented. Eon, I have listened to many sacred chants in the higher spheres, many songs of love on the isles of the blessed, but nowhere in all the universe of God's love and power where my feet have strayed and tarried have I been conscious of such divine strains as then appealed to my inner senses. I felt for a time that I was lost to myself and had become a part of the heaven-born melody, to which after a time I became more accustomed. We passed around the spacious hall to this soul-inspiring music, and began the same line of march once more with this change: At intervals unoccupied rests, containing seats sufficient for the representatives they were to hold were erected; these rests were higher than the main part and were reached by ascending steps, while directly in front of each was what you would call a platform. From the highest point of the canopy hung the flag or banner of the group for whom the rest was prepared. In the march, as the groups of representatives reached the rest indicated as theirs by the banner, they stepped from the line and took the places assigned them. In this way when the circle was once more passed all had found their special places, to and from which after that they could pass as they desired, as there were no closed doors, though there were adjournments, and these were filled with interest; if not equal to the proceedings of the assembled groups, they were points to be remembered and recalled with pleasure.

Eon, I may weary you by being so explanatory, but I feel that it is needful. The opening of this convention consisted in a plain and not many-worded statement of its causes, demands, and foretold fulfillment. These remarks were uttered by one of the wisdom fathers of Saturn, who, on account of the convention being held there, was considered director and prompter. He then proceeded to give in detail far more than it would be possible for me to write, and at the same time complete my own work; consequently I shall give you what points and headings I think will be best. You must remember, Eon, that it took

him not the time to deliver his points, historical and otherwise, that it would me to give the very brief synopsis of a part, because he talked in the language of the soul to souls that could comprehend. I will state here, that all groups followed him in his line of statement, each group taking notes of the points upon which he touched, and in their turn giving from the records of their own planet information concerning the same. There was no special speaker chosen from each group; all gave as they chose the actual knowledge that was theirs by right of experience, and when mortals or immortals talk from such fields of wisdom their listeners never sleep. The speaker before mentioned began with the history of the planet from which had been evolved the spirit realms belonging to and forming a home for the children to which it had given material forms. First had come the condition of ignorance and idleness, the two principles, or rather conditions, nearly always standing side by side. Next, the passions, developing an atmosphere from which was evolved the harmonies and in-harmonies that the inhabitants of Saturn and many other planets have been obliged to acknowledge and work through, thus building more stable and solid foundations. This is the result of the marriage of mind and matter on all planets of which I have actual or received knowledge, except the angel-guarded planet Harmona. I have found thus far that to all lines the extremes existing can and must be reached, which to me accounts at least in part for the condition of peace and love that with spiritual unfoldment ever existed on the planet in question. Point after point was thus given, the history not ending with the planet itself but reaching out to the spirit realms evolved therefrom; spirituality on this planet had not then reached the height that had been attained by science. The records given gave proof of such religious struggles as have been known on your earth; although there was an age of iron, when hearts were hard and cruel and thought itself seemed iron-clad. This was the result of the lack of spiritual unfoldment. At this point of the planet's history a wave of spiritual light and power was added to bridge over the

desert of thorns. This I will explain, as plain paths are much easier to walk over than those fenced to retard the traveler: spirits who had long been dwellers of the more exalted realms, through love of the Father's children, thus working out the problem of material existence, incarnation, brought with them as much of their spiritual light and unfoldment as the avenues of incarnation would or could permit. Thus the life path of the planet's children was brighter and the age of iron ceased to exist.

Thus step by step this master mind, this wisdom father of Saturn, led us in the history of the planet we were visiting. The result of progression had then placed the children of Saturn far above the dwellers of other worlds in our magnetic belt in the power and perfection of mechanism; steam power and the electric force were also understood as the children of your earth understand the first leading characters by which ideas are expressed. Each group summed up the points in which the children of Saturn and its spirit realms excelled; note was made thereof, and preparations were made for soliciting aid from that source of wisdom. This was in time done, and spirits from the spirit world of Saturn became guiding fathers and mothers to incarnations on your earth. These incarnations were medial to the spirits that watched and guided, who were wise in the points they wished to transmit as a wave of power to the world that craved their assistance, and to-day, Eon, you see in the record of the planet that has bequeathed your present form a fulfillment of what was then hoped for and talked of. Verily, the sun that then had not risen shines now over your pathway, and you, though a representative of this planet in that long, long ago, again tread its hills and vales to witness the fulfillment of what was then proposed. Strive not now to look back, Eon, for the mists of the valleys are too heavy; remember there will come a by and by.

With words of wisdom, and whispers of love,
I come with the morning from realms above;
I scatter the lines of light I hold,
Till they fall on your path like shimmering gold.

I beckon you on o'er the way untrod,
That leads at last to your home and heaven ;
That leads at last to the shell-bound shore,
Where you've lived and loved, where the summers wore
The fadeless tints of the fadeless skies,
And the bloom-born breath that never dies.

Eon, I thought not to weave the harmonies of my soul into song, as I come to my morning labor of love. It was a spontaneous greeting, such as is born in the hearts of earth's little ones at play in the daisied meadows, and will take the place of an interlude in the unrhymed song of past ages that I am trying to give you, and which is set to the unwritten music of your soul and mine. When the wisdom father of Saturn had given to the assembled groups the points he desired to give, each group in turn gave as far as was needed a corresponding history of their own planet, some showing an advancement superior to others on certain points. These were made note of at the time and at the final adjournment arrangements were made with the guides of the more progressive planets to send helpers to the worlds needing them. Thus it is and has ever been, that many sudden improvements are the special gift from the spirits of other planets.

We learned when there that there dwelt in the exalted heavenly realms, spirits of great wisdom and purity, who had been children of worlds that had reached their ultimate, and had again returned to the elements as building material for other worlds. We asked what had become of the spirit realm evolved from it, and were told that it was uninjured by the annihilation of matter, from which it drew for a time its support, and like spirit become self-centered and self-sustaining, which in itself signified a condition that makes preparatory steps for a higher result an evidence of the law of evolution, the final stopping-place of which I have never been able to find. Children of your earth, whose researches are allowed to extend no farther than the history you call the Bible reaches, can have but little or no comprehension of the wealth of knowledge that exists in the universe of Deity. They have no

comprehension of the wars of the elements, that have changed many times the surface of the earth, and dream not that time after time it has been re-peopled in its progress thus far. Bible history has built a high wall of ignorance for intellect to scale, but the realms beyond are ever equal to the reaching of all points of progression, and the tread of armies unseen on the creed-bound shores has not been in vain. But I will go back to Saturn, where were communed the great minds of many worlds, though I will first make this one more explanation. There will arise in many minds the question, If this planet has been many times inhabited, where are all the spirits? Many are in the higher realms. Many have returned again and again to the earth-plane as pilots. Some have incarnated on other planets, and as a result attached themselves to the spirit realms of their chosen homes, and others have become dwellers on spirit orbs that are born from the ultimation of worlds whereon man has never dwelt. There are even now, in the "many mansions of the Father, homes for all the children of his love." Eon, I intended to give but few points of the long ago meeting of world representatives, from which you can draw further conclusions. The result of this grand assemblage, you understand, was a mutual benefit to the represented worlds.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN every home there should be ever present, especially in the sleeping apartments, a positive disinfectant; there is more necessity of this now than heretofore on account of the disturbance that is constantly taking place in the elements. This is not Saturn, did you say? No, I am aware of that, but it is common sense, therefore of importance; and Saturn will swing in the heavens long after the generations of the earth have breathed and been poisoned by home-generated impurities. Large houses are simply dens of iniquitous gases, from which may be dated the over-

throw of nervous systems, brain disarrangements, and indeed many other evils. Each spacious dwelling that has been occupied for many years is as a walled city, the occupants being the air specters of many longings, unsatisfied yearnings, downright contentions, and so forth. These occupants are ever casting their certain shadows over the threshold, dimming ever the brightest days, making hollow echoes to the sweetest songs. They are not imaginary beings but actual existences, born from the clashing of souls with circumstances. Extremes are found to exist in the children of your present home in proportion to the extremes of climate, and so forth; in this one point there will be great change as time passes, and the earth, in fulfillment of its marriage vows with mind, rounds itself out towards perfection. This condition of extremes we learned cast no shadows over the soul's progression on the planet Saturn; neither could we see that it had ever existed, though in this we may not have drawn correct conclusions. It is hardly the proper way to judge from a full bloom what the bud might have been.

We tarried yet a little time without this home to which we had been drawn, as having in it something in harmony with our own experiences somewhere in the many marches we had made. We felt the radiation of peaceful waves touch our souls, and knew thereby that abiding harmony was born within and would move on in unbroken flow. We saw, as we waited without, denizens from the land of souls entering and passing out from this home. These at last approached us, and ascertaining from what land we came made us welcome, and bade us enter as we chose the home over which they seemed to hold magnetic power; we were also bidden to tarry in peace until we chose to return. We understood without further explanations that this home was a magnetic center, and the occupants magnets, or messengers, although it had as yet not dawned upon their souls as a fact.

Entering this dwelling of man on the planet Saturn, we found ourselves in what had the appearance of a high, broad, and lovely hall. From the ceiling of this room,

which was the floor of the one above it, was suspended at regular intervals a lamp, not entirely unlike the lamps of your present land. These numbered in all three. The floor of this room, like all the others, was semi-transparent. On either side of the room were arranged restful and luxurious couches, in front of each being a mat of delicate colors, and at the head of each rest or couch was artistically arranged a pretty shelf attached to the wall. These shelves contained books, bound in a material, the color of which was light and had a satin appearance, though it was material that wore not easily, and from which untidy marks could be removed without injury to the cover. There were on the outside of these books odd designs, at least odd to us. On the walls of this room, that seemed in its appointments to indicate the several purposes it served, were beautiful pictures; some of men and animals, others of pleasant landscapes, others still in combination of sky, sea, and land, with man in the midst. Unlike such productions of your home, these pictures or paintings were surrounded by no frames, as is your universally accepted custom, and were much larger than as a general rule are the pictures seen in private dwellings in your home land. These paintings were all executed on a fabric akin to what is known with you as silk, but many times heavier, and always of a most delicate tint. They were suspended from the ceilings by means of ornamental rods and from thence hung low down, like broad panels. At the extreme end of this room, and opposite the main entrance, we noticed what at first we looked upon as a richly-cushioned seat, large enough only for one. We noticed this seat seemed in some way attached to the shining rods that extended from floor to ceiling. In time we learned that it was the ascension seat, by which people on a lower floor were borne to a higher, thereby using no room for stairs.

You will readily see as I proceed how naturally the children of Saturn were attracted in combinations. The good, beautiful, and useful comprised a whole, instead of being separated and held at prescribed distances. To the seat described there was attached a foot rest, which when pressed

in the center caused the chair-like seat to slide over the shining rods, the rapidity of its ascension or descension depending entirely on the amount of pressure used. The entire end of this hall, with the exception of what was required for the seat just described, was covered with a material, the surface of which was polished until it reflected the entire hall, making it look as though twice the actual length. This room or hall instead of being in the center, as is your custom, occupied one side of the dwelling, other rooms communicating with it by arches, the drapery of which, when not looped back, formed a picture panel of wooded scenery with sky and water to break the monotony. I give minute description of this, one room, because it seemed then as it does now a model room, one worthy of being copied on your planet. This room was the reception, rest, and reading room of the occupants. Nowhere was intense color visible; only light and delicate tints were expressed in nature, with the exception of its shades of green, which were sometimes a result of the combinations produced by the dwellers. This at first seemed strange to us, but on further insight as to cause and effect, we saw it to be the result of the radiation from the combined elements of the material plane that made nature's expressions positive to the intense color of the sun's rays; and because intense color spoke not to nature brilliant flowers never came forth from the flower kingdom, as yet among the unfulfilled possibilities of the planet. The result was that only such planets as responded to the delicate color in the sun's rays ever gladdened the land with their blooms. In this there seemed to us great lack, and one we had never before on any planet, or in any land, been conscious of. The result was visible even in spirit realms, and was noticed by us when there; a dearth of soul-gladdening flowers seemed to rule, both in the material and spiritual realms. This we knew would not always exist, from the simple fact that nature in all planets must fulfill the heights of the law through which it finds expression; nature retrogrades not, but in its own good time unites perfection beneath the laws it has made use of, showing thus that its expressions are a proof

of the absolute workings of law, or in other words a verification of power.

If I speak not of Mistletoe and Hebron, it is not because they tarried not with us, but because I have not the time to weave into the web of our existences the life-threads of others, except when for a little time it may be needful. They tarried beneath the same roof with us, and were they to give a written history of their past, there would be found in it pleasant memories of the journey to Saturn. I may not hasten so rapidly toward the host and hostess of the home where as invisible guests we tarried, as you may desire, but there are many little points I would bring, many minor items, without which the particle of Saturn history I am trying to give would not be as complete as it is in my power to make it. One may build of huge stones a broad and mighty wall, and leave out the lesser stones that are so useful in closing small and irregular apertures; the result may be inferred. Consequently, I will not give my version of it, but continue with my large and lesser building rocks.

I was about to remark that nowhere on Saturn did I discover any of the little annoying insects that are a source of displeasure on your planet. The soil gives neither room nor sustenance to such. This fact will give you an understanding of the purity of the atmosphere, there being no necessity for insect burthen-bearers to utilize the impurities arising from many causes; the mighty strides of time lessen such necessities. The soil is of a light color, much lighter than I ever saw elsewhere, possessing the combinations that nourish grains and fruits. The rains are not as frequent as with you, because evaporation is not so rapid, consequently there is not the need of it; besides the high winds that reach you fan not the dwellers of Saturn. Without these winds you would suffer more from pestilence than you now do; with them they would be in no way improved. The seasons, regardless of the conclusions of earth's scientists, at the time of my tarrying there had but two divisions, a summer of plenteous yield and an autumn of restfulness and beauty, succeeded again by summer. The summer in

duration exceeded the autumn about one-third, and when at its height was very warm, but quite endurable because of the purity of the atmosphere. Patience, Eon; I shall soon get beyond the reception-hall where you have been so long resting, forgetful, perhaps, in your impatience to see and know of the beauties by which you are surrounded.

CHAPTER XXIX.

PASSING under one of the beautifully draped arches, in company with the leading spirit of the group that seemed drawn thither for the distribution of good, we found ourselves in a room both large and square; the windows of this room faced the east, and were more like balconies, bower-shaped and restful in appearance. In this room was a large and circular table furnished with many drawers. These were used for holding tableware and such articles pertaining thereto as always gladden and comfort the heart of the thrifty companion. There was in this room, as in the one previously described, a harmony that we felt boded good to the occupants, which like a living spring of pure cool water would ripple on and on, touching other lives, refreshing other hearts. As we waited, watched, and enjoyed, unseen and unbidden by host and hostess, we noticed others not members of the household pass in without ceremony and, seating themselves, enter into conversation, the import of which came to us not through the words spoken, for they were more than Greek to us, but from the sensations of their brains, in which the words were born. In a little time refreshments of a brain-nourishing, brain-cooling nature were served, and were partaken of by the gathered few who seemed trusting and trusted friends of the host and hostess. We gathered near this group as they were seated by the table, being requested thus to do by the leading spirits of the household, who seemed to take on the position of host and hostess towards us. There is some-

thing in the giving and receiving of hospitalities that unbinds conventionalities if it be done naturally. This we found true at this hour of refreshment. Coming closely *en rapport* with the participants, and taking in the spirit of their sayings, we found their conversation pertained to the soul and its probable possibilities. We found these people thorough believers in immortality—holding in a degree materialistic ideas. It was difficult for them to conceive of a spirit possessing power of thought, both reasoning and conclusive, and yet dwelling unclothed in perceptive materiality. We learned that these gatherings were regular occurrences, for the special purpose of research into truth that seemed not to come at their bidding, and that their religious ideas were based entirely on conclusions arrived at through much earnest thought.

The gathering was a harmonious one, peace seemed echoing its sweetest songs at the threshold of each soul: consequently we arranged for them a surprise, and prepared to carry it out immediately. Forming a complete circle around the waiting group, we centered our power on the brain of the host; the result was the lifting of the veil from the inner temple, until the glad immortals were perceptible to him. This created the deepest feeling, for like occurrence was known to them only in history. Subdued and hallowed seemed the thoughts and expressions of these seekers after soul truths. Withdrawing our magnetic power from the brain of the host, we continued our endeavors, but in a different direction. We drew from the elements a jet of light which we caused to flash in the room three successive times, to the surprise and almost consternation of the beholders, who could form but little conception of the power of the unseen hosts who tread the unseen paths of life, where ignorance need hold in bondage none of God's children. Landmarks made in the long ago will become worn by life's currents until they seem almost unintelligible, which makes room for suppositions and conjectures. All inhabited planets have a history of their own, that gathers to itself more or less mythological brain webs to supply the places where the records of facts are missing.

We found the children of Saturn to be no exception to this rule. They, too, had their creative myth of the past, and it ran in this wise:—

When the building of Saturn (which, as the well-worded myth states, was done by the angelic hosts under the supervision of Deity) was completed; when all the hills and vales were green, and bathed in the glory of the first fair morning; when all the lakes and rivers rippled and ran over beds of shining stones,—the blessing of God descended in a most wonderful manner. The story says from the east and from the west a hill extended from the planet to the realms from which the building spirits of Saturn came; that one hill was dark and the other light; that at the time spoken of over and down the dark hill (which was the hill at the west) rode on a black steed a prince whose entire wrappings were of the same color. He came, says the story, as cometh the night, in darkness and in silence, the hoofs of his steed making no sound on the turf of the shadowy hill. Adown the hill of light (the hill running eastward) at the same time came on a steed of white a maiden, fair as the morning that had dawned over all the work of angelic hands. Her robes of white had in them the sheen of silver, and as she sang the echoes were caught by the passing breeze and borne to the ears of the silent prince, waking in his soul a longing for the unseen power to breathe over him the benediction of peace. On came the maid of the morning, the hoofs of her steed waking the blossoms at his feet to music. She looked not back as she rode toward the heart of a beautiful valley, and saw not that the hill over which she came had disappeared, leaving only a line of light the width of the path over which she sped. On came the prince adown the dark hill, toward the heart of the same beautiful valley, and looking not back he saw not that the hill over which he had passed had also disappeared, leaving only a line of shadows that the strange story says will ever be seen at a certain hour, when the day and evening meet. Reaching the valley both at the same time, the glory of the one, and the darkness of the other met, and each turned their steeds towards the hills over which they came, and lo!

they were not there, and they were obliged to remain. At length the maiden, stronger of heart than the prince, braver in the hour of greatest need, sought his presence, and standing beside a brook that wound through the valley called him to her side; and standing thus an angel spake to them, bidding them remain possessors of all the land whereon the sun shone, to build homes and gladden all the land with the voice of children; promising them that unto them and all that should dwell on the face of the beautiful world the hills of light should appear to lead them home, when the fullness of their time had come.

Thus, Eon, runs the quaint story that had crept in to fill the past records of Saturn, where the links had fallen out,—where the hinge of facts had been swept away by the uncertain tides of existence that reached not always the same landmark. The giving of the ancient story of the creation on Saturn may seem out of place here, not coming under the direct head of personal experience, or personal history; but with all the acknowledged impossibility encircling it, I see in it so much greater beauty and such superior purity of purpose and fulfillment when compared with the corresponding story told of the creation on your earth, that I give it for the sake of the comparison there is between the two. There was certainly no jealous God filling the sails of humanity with his wrathful breezes because he had not been far seeing enough in laying his plans, thereby leaving the way open for man to get the start of him, in many ways for which, to show himself God, he must work the work of death in their midst, and then call on man to praise him because of his power; which, as conclusions show, was not the power of holy purpose, but the power of willful might displayed for none but selfish purposes. Thus, according to history, with one breath would he curse, and with another grind out from the hearts he had made wretched the unwilling hallelujahs of the soul. Let us rejoice, Eon, that the God of nature, the great All-Father of souls and worlds, and the God of man's conceptions, begotten when the world was young and thoughtless, but as one ripple instead of a mighty tide, are in nowise the same; the one being finite,

the other infinite; the one being an actual power, the other but an idea. Sorry am I, Eon, that among all the Father's children so many are yet incapable of seeing him outside of the prescribed limits of church and creed;—yet we know the morning will come to all, and all will be glad thereof; but for many it is afar off, and stony is the path that leads thereto.

We were told by the spirits who found their center for love labors in the home to which we had been attracted, that many trusted implicitly the ancient myth, while others were waking from the fancied to the real, being no longer content to dwell in the pathless shadow-land of mysticism. Thus it was that in this home of harmony, at times gathered those at the door of whose souls stood a sentinel bearing ever a lighted lamp. Thus it was that the banner of spiritual truth was being planted on the battlements of progression. There comes a time in the history of all inhabited planets, when all the positive principles from which are to be evolved powers must stand on the same platform, must all weigh in the same niche and balance evenly, in order to lay the foundation of another grand cycle, in which minor cycles are but as moments to the day. If this cannot be brought to occur the principles in advance must wait at the turn in the road, as one child waits for another when the twilight is gathering lest some one of them be lost; thus they all go home together. We found in this city many master minds, the height of whose aspirations, the bent of whose powers, told itself in mechanism. This as I said before was the highest jewel in the soul's grand arch on the planet Saturn, and this was to be woven in threads of incarnation into the future good of other planets, where it was needed to round out the incomplete arches, that none of their jewels be missing. You have now and have had on your present home planet, the beneficiary blessings resulting from incarnations from Saturn, and Saturn likewise has had her spiritual lamps lighted through the power of messengers from this land. Thus the great good of the great Father will be given unto all, and nowhere shall there be lack. To be recipient of good, of deep truths should be the

study of the home-bound children. The journey thereby would be shortened, or, in other words, conclusions would be reached that would lessen the needs of further incarnations, thus laying before the tired traveler the fields of the for-
evers, the fields of the Infinite, from whence can be gathered unchanging wisdom, without the thorn lessons of earth to pierce home the truths till the heart bears deep scars that need the touch of angel hands to restore.

We noticed in our many investigations on the planet concerning which I am writing that the inflowing tide of existence was not so rapid as is now the case on your present earth home; what it may have been in the past, the record of which I had no power to reach, I cannot say; but at the time of which I speak, comparatively few children were born to the material shores of that planet, though enough to satisfy the demands of the land. Consequently there was no crowding, no jostling, and unto all there came an abundance; asylums for the homeless answered to no demands made there; societies for clothing the half-clad were nowhere on record. It is a fact that on some planets the inflowing tide is seemingly overlaid with beings who are possessed of the one purpose, the one determination to reach their desired haven. For this they work and wait, and often to gain their point take up a position in inferior surroundings, thinking from that to rise, and, working their way out, to gain the point they had in view at the beginning. In this way is the inflowing tide that touches these shores crowded. There are several causes for this, the chief of which I am unable to decide upon. Much has been written by good men and women on the subject of child-bearing and forced maternity, with the feeling that unto their souls had been given the truth. All this is well, yet these same writers know not whereof they write; the unseen hosts pass not before them; they see not the gates of life crowded with determined and anxious faces, and know not the power of a will unfettered by materiality. It is well that they write, good will sometime come from it, yet there are fulfillments that must be given to the records of time. Too short-sighted are the children to discern and form their

conclusions, to pass judgment; dull are their ears. Thus they hear not the surging of the deep tide, only the breeze-tired waves that break on the shores with no certain sound. Under all existing conditions there is somewhere the rushing of the true tide that will work its way to its own destination. Let it not be said by those who comprehend not my meaning that I sanction what is termed, for the want of a better understanding of it, forced maternity. This would be a conclusion arrived at through short-sightedness. I do say that it has been, and is now, impossible to govern the tides of existence that flow earthward; and I know, too, that many scarce touch these shores before their life barks are reversed and they are returned to try again and again until they do succeed. Moral reformers and great writers of the day see not this, yet it is a fact. The great rush to this planet has in it a purpose, that like a mighty tide will work its way to fulfillment. I sorrow sensibly for the weary mothers of this land, and if this short span of existence were all, I might feel like donning sackcloth and ashes; but it is not. They are the open avenues of incarnation, and for them the future will unfold its compensatory robes, and sorrow and weariness turn to joy. I only wish that I might light their path with wisdom's rays, but in their ignorance of God and truth they fear the touch of angel hands, and consequently must bear their burthens unassisted, till they lay them down at the foot of the hill where the shadows gather.

CHAPTER XXX.

WE, having fulfilled our mission, proceeded to other portions of the planet that through the power of circumstances had been to us a home during what you would term years. We had heard, from both spirits and mortals, of a strange people living afar off from the bounds of civilization, and being free from bonds, both material and circumstantial,

we concluded to go in search of these wonders, or curiosities, of Saturn.

We found no difficulty in the way of our undertakings, and were not long in reaching the kingdom of this strange people. Their homes were in the mountains, which were heavily wooded, and we approached them as though we were mortals, by the first path that led in its windings to their homes. This path showed that they walked in what you term double file. There was no brush nor other obstructions in or near the path, which showed them lovers of order. On we went; nearer we caught the echoes of music, and our hearts immediately went out to this people, and we felt that good dwelt in their midst. We came into their presence unseen to them, silent spectators of their ways and doings. They were worshipping when we first saw them, and their appearance touched our souls with a feeling akin to awe. Both men and women were of great height, almost as giants, and they were all standing with their hands folded on their breasts and eyes uplifted, as though in silent devotion. Their tabernacle was the blue sky, the grass-grown earth, and the tall trees by which they were surrounded. A clearing had been made in circular form, and around the outer edge of this stood the worshipers, while in the center of the circle formed by the devotees, and on some kind of a low platform of smooth rock, a fire burned. We afterwards learned from the higher spirits that these inhabitants were seekers after wisdom, and that all the actual knowledge they obtained was by them graven in rock, it being a part of their religion thus to leave behind them the result of their own successful researches. These people lived to great age, and their numbers were kept good by allowing only a certain number to become parents, while the children born to them were looked upon as belonging to the inhabitants of the entire realm, and the mothers of the same were held as sacred and were looked upon as holy helpers of the Infinite.

We were much interested in these people. We found them to be self-sustaining in every respect, even to the weaving of beautiful fabrics, from which their own wrap-

pings were made. Their chiseling in stone surpassed anything of the kind we had ever known. We found they communicated with no other people; in fact, I doubt if any mortals on the planet Saturn cared to satisfy their curiosity regarding them sufficiently to risk personal contact with them. Not that they were ferocious, yet they would have allowed no one outside their own to mingle with them. The mountain passes were made in places insurmountable to those not knowing and treading them as members of the realm. There was no record of these people showing how they came to possess the mountains; none giving any clue to customs and peculiarities; but we learned from the spirits who watched them that they were incarnations from a planet from which were evolved giant forms; that they were powerful in intellect, and positive through the power of acquired wisdom; which explained, at least in part, the reason of their taking on forms like unto the ones evolved from their own planet. We were told that the time would come when, their special mission being ended, they would cease to occupy material forms on Saturn, but would return to the spirit realm of their own planet. We were also told that the wisdom they had brought with them and had chiseled in stone would in time come to be the possession of the dwellers of Saturn, and that thereby they would become greatly enriched, and the comprehension of matters that had never appeared to them, even in the form of confused ideas, would add an undimmed luster to their future. We were kindly received and treated by the guiding spirits of these secluded beings, and through them obtained an insight into their inner lives we should not otherwise have received. We were somewhat surprised to find them in one of their dwellings sitting in the form of a crescent around the prostrate form of one of their number, a beautiful woman. We watched, and saw the spirit leave the form and pass up and away, leaving behind over the path it had traversed a line of light somewhat golden in its radiance. The crescent-shaped group moved not, but sat with eyes closed and heads slightly bowed. After waiting awhile, we saw the spirit

returning, and as it glided towards us the light it had left behind it on its upward march was re-absorbed. Coming close to the prostrate form it seemed to become a part of it, when the lips moved and words were uttered which we could not understand, though the import thereof touched our souls as the ocean waves touch the beach. We then understood how and from whence came a great amount of their knowledge, which was to be left as a power in the land of their choice. Noble souls were they, seeking not their own selfish pleasure or comfort, but leaving lines of light for future generations to follow. The spirit wandering from the form went not to its own native planet, but to spirits who were guiding them, and whose home was in the higher realms of Saturn's spirit land. This we ascertained at a subsequent crescent gathering in this manner: When the spirit moved away from the form, we approached it and also addressed it as we would one entirely disembodied, and accepted an invitation to go with it to the realm where it stated was at that moment in session another crescent gathering that was *en rapport* with the one from whence it was flitting.

In all our wanderings we had never before met with anything quite so peculiar. Never before did spirit who yet tabernacled in the form solicit our presence and company, and we, who had learned through many comings and goings to love the strange and wonderful, were not loath to depart with it, were not loath to go wherever it might lead. Thus we departed, one on either side the flitting spirit, lagging not behind lest we produce confusion in the elements, that would work distraction to the form lying so quietly in the midst of the silent and devoted watchers. On we went, catching here and there glimpses of the beautiful, yet tarrying not, and keeping ever our minds centered on the one point towards which we were hastening. We moved, as did the guiding spirit, by will power, scarce touching in our rapid flight any foundation. There was between us no interchange of thought; we only swept on and on to the higher realms. We at last came in sight of mountains, towering and beautiful. As we approached them, we were

surprised at what seemed in location and general appearance a repetition in the heavenly elements of the same mountains we had so recently left on the material plane of Saturn. Entering their leafy shade we followed the spirit over a shiny path that led to a temple, rising high, white, and also shining. The door thereof swung back at our approach, and we passed in. With fear? No; we, too, were children of the Most High; we, too, ever sought truth and wisdom from the sacred fountains of God's love and inspiration. Consequently we passed into this wondrous temple among the heavenly mountains, and by the spirit who had invited and led us thither were we presented to this illuminated crescent, these holy workers and instillers of God's love and truth. They greeted us as one brother and sister greets another, and gave unto us a seat within the crescent. Then the spirit, who was messenger, assumed a listening attitude, and received from lips of wisdom tidings to be borne to the waiting ones. Never shall I forget the holy tenderness with which the message was addressed, and we saw at a glance that when for the last time it flitted heavenward it would be to receive the honor and glory the heavenly kingdom bequeaths to the pure in heart. When the tidings to be borne to the waiting crescent were received, the spirits turned towards us as if in explanation of some revealment that would explain our unexpected appearance. This we were not loath to give, and deeply interested were the listeners as we opened before them the broad fields of the past over which we had wandered. But we could not tarry long, and bidding an adieu to these mountain watchers we returned with the flitting spirit to the land we had left, and found the watchers somewhat alarmed at the long tarry, as they supposed, of the one spirit, not being aware that it had company. Again the lips of the form moved, and the information received was given, when the woman opened her eyes, all unconscious of what had occurred.

Pleasant had been our tarrying among these mountain dwellers of Saturn; pleasant our insight into their manner and purposes; the latter of which would in those higher mountains of the heavenly realms shed over them a halo of

unfading glory. Brave in heart were they, and holy in thought, and according to that record would they be rewarded. We were much reminded while among them of our own struggles, when as Arabs we sought protection in dens of the earth, and called them by the sacred name of home. I notice now those landmarks are all obliterated; that where once was water is now a desert. I would not know, were it not for an indescribable inner consciousness, that I had ever seen or known the land as well as the people, who are much changed in looks and customs; indeed they are in no way the same, and I am not sure but they are a different race, as I have not perfect track of the old abiding place since, freed from it, I went home. Leaving these pure people of the mountains, with a gladness in our hearts that we had ever known them, we once more embarked in the "Silver Shell" that had long rocked at its moorings in the harbor of souls. We left (in the pleasant spirit home in the realms of Saturn, where we had found our rest during our mission to Mistletoe) a written record of our stay there, its purposes and results; also the planet from whence we came, with our names. Homeward bound was the song that trembled on our lips, and it was with feelings akin to sadness that we saw the shores that had grown so homelike to us recede. Our journey thither had been pleasant, and our stay replete with happy fulfillments; therefore it was not strange that our hearts still yearned towards the planet and its spirit realm with feelings of tenderness. Glad were we that Mistletoe and Hebron would in time rest in the cottage where we made our home; for we knew they would find the record which would gladden the heart of Mistletoe, and perhaps help her to recall the past, that of necessity would be dwelling in the shadow-land of memory and would need the awakening notes of hearts that loved her to bid the mists be gone.

On, over the magnetic tides we swept, this time alone, but we were equal to all emergencies that could occur, and in this consciousness there was both strength and restfulness. It was very seldom that a sail was seen on these tides, and surprised indeed were we as, passing the mouth of a

tributary, a boat glided towards us; then to our surprise was added great gladness, for we saw that the occupants were Pearl and Wisdom. Greetings were exchanged, as were also answers to, "Whither bound?" Wisdom and Pearl were on their way to the ether sea, for a long, sweet rest, in which the inspiration and love of the Father would rest on their souls anew, deepening their powers and broadening their possibilities, that were then far beyond the comprehension of many dwellers in the highest spirit realms; for deep had been their lessons, and deep were the necessities for them. In our pleasant interchange of greetings they besought us to journey with them, and abide for a time, drinking with them from the same fountain of love and wisdom. The group of islands they were to visit was called the Twin Island group, from the fact of there being two islands in one. Each island was complete in itself, and united to its companion only at one point. The bow of our boat was pointed homeward, and home songs had trembled on our lips; yet we felt no intense longing to touch home shores; indeed there was pleasure in the thought of resting in a land where as yet our feet had never strayed; of viewing more of the realms of the Infinite that were infinitely wonderful. Consequently, with one voice, we answered, "We will go."

Again we sped over the ever-moving tides, with the gladness of our souls growing deeper as we neared the ether sea. Again Wisdom guided, we being content to follow wherever he might lead, knowing the end would be peace. Reaching the ether sea, we moved on past group after group of mist-hung islands, until at last we cast anchor in waters never before navigated by us, and there indeed were the twin isles. Selecting the one desired, whereon he had before rested, we disembarked, Wisdom and Pearl taking possession of one part and Eon and Eoná of the other. Thus were we both separated and united. The beauty of this island home far exceeded like expressions on the island of our previous rest, and it seemed to me the shore-bound waves of the blue sea broke in echoes of welcome on the shining beach, the sands of which seemed like grains of

gold and silver. "Welcome, welcome, twin souls of the twin isles," seemed the burthen of both wave and wind. The birds on these isles were in beauty and song the height of perfection to our souls. They were white as the snows of earth, large, with wings tipped with the radiance of silver, while on their breast was the color of fine gold, in the form of a heart. They seemed not to fear us, but rather to enjoy our presence. There were many winding paths on these islands; also many trees vine-twined and vine-hung to the extent that the paths seemed to run under arches of bud, bloom, and leaves of tender green. We had never in our wanderings seen any restful abodes where perfection breathed and psalms of harmony as were here felt by the soul. Deep, indeed, were our baptisms from the fountains of deific love and harmony. Here we exchanged with Wisdom and Pearl notes of our wandering since we went in the spirit realms of Saturn, they having left there in company with the convened groups to find new worlds and new wonders. We were gladdened on these islands by the presence of floral beauty, which we had missed on Saturn, and had never ceased to desire. There is something in the heart of a flower that speaks to the soul in language of purity, and none, be they ever so degraded, can associate with them thoughts that should cause the cheeks to grow scarlet. We shall never cease to be grateful to Wisdom and Pearl, who took so great interest in us, thereby deepening our positive knowledge by leading us to the harbors of experience. By this we gained what might not have been ours in very many ages, and it is with pleasure that I here ascribe to them what is their due.

I know not how long we tarried in these beautiful gems of the upper sea, but there came a time when our souls felt the home call, to which we responded. Wisdom and Pearl also felt that their hours of rest were numbered, and together we again embarked; we for our home, and they for whatever position of the realms of the Infinite they might feel drawn to. Tender were the songs of adieu we sang, and long our eyes rested on the beautiful isles washed by the pure waves of this lovelit sea. Again on the tides we

sped toward the realms that had long felt our absence. Our companions journeyed with us as far as was possible, when we sang a parting hymn, with the knowledge that we were to meet again gladdening our souls. Ah, Eon, how strange have been our wanderings! how far our paths have led us! There are times when, if it were well to do so, I would gladly fold for you your tent on the battle-ground of your present incarnation; but all the beautiful paths of the past will keep long after we have again, hand in hand, with heart beating to heart, traversed them.

CHAPTER XXXI.

OVER the shining tides above,
 Aye, over the rivers of light,
 We sped, twin souls of God's great love,
 Through a world that could know no night.
 On through the silvery sheen that fell
 Like the kisses of angel lips,
 Fraught with the breath of heavenly bloom
 That the dew of the kingdom sips.
 On and on, like a breath of joy
 That touches the shores of the blest,
 We sped, twin souls, in the "Silver Shell,"
 As speedeth the sun to the west ;
 For in the distance shone the spires,
 And the light of an endless day ;
 Like unto silver were the clouds
 That over the mountains lay.
 Home, sweet home, filled each land-bound breeze
 That sped onward the "Silver Shell" ;
 Home, sweet home, fell from our lips.
 And the echoes breathed "All is well."
 Moored once more was our tiny shell,
 Moored and rocked by the moving tide ;
 Crowned with the spray of crested waves,
 Like the veil of a fair-faced bride.

Strange indeed seemed our home-coming, partly because when we sailed from the home shores it was to meet with

the representatives of worlds and then return; but time, that counted many years when measured, crept by and so attracted had we become to the land wherein we had so long tarried, that the home shores seemed to us something akin to the shores of a strange land. It is true we had before tarried longer away from our own realms, but never before had we become so attracted to strangers and a strange land as at that time. The silvery light of our higher sphere fell on us in a baptism of love, and in falling whispered in our souls what we had not before been conscious of as abiding there, a hunger for our native land—for a long and peaceful rest in its holy borders. It is true we had dwelt on the twin isles and drank deep draughts from their fountains; but as a long absent and weary child yearns for the tender kiss of a mother's lips, for the touch of her loving hand, so we, long absent, with the sense of weariness just waking in our souls, yearned for the peaceful breath of home; and with an unspoken tenderness in our souls we hand in hand traversed the well remembered paths that led to the home we had called our own before we wandered so far and so long from its protection and its harmony.

Suddenly, as we were taking in the wondrous beauty that seemed to possess for us a new charm, there came to our souls a telegram that the home that had been ours was occupied. This rather surprised or startled us for everywhere we felt the welcome of home. So regardless of where we were to rest finally, we wandered on, sometimes mingling with the radiant throng who greeted us with smiles, and sometimes alone, if one can be alone where alone harmony and the beautiful find an abiding place. Stopping near a beautiful fountain, around which little children were playing, we rested beneath the bending trees to watch these innocent beings, at the same time comparing the beauty of our own spirit realms with the beauty expressed in the realms of Saturn. As we yet waited, there approached us one of the fathers of the Temple of Wisdom, who immediately recognized the long absent ones. He informed us that there awaited us a home, in the place of the one that had been ours, and that had he known our bark was

moored in the harbor, he would have sought us and conducted us there. Then bidding us wait until he returned, he walked away, leaving us again to ourselves, the little ones, and the fountain, the spray from which caught and radiated all the tints of the seven-hued arch. We were in no way anxious as to home, for the day we knew never lost itself in night, and the fruits of the kingdom were in abundance, while rests by the way were found in all the pleasant paths. It was enough that the home breezes of our native land swept over us; enough that the tinted blooms of this realm of love spoke to us in musical echoes such as we had not heard since we had wandered from its shores. Superior indeed are the higher realms of our spirit land to the higher realms of the spirit land of Saturn, especially in its harmonious blending of color and sound, which are the centers of a harmony that speaks to the soul, calling from its very depths responses of love and admiration. We noted not the passing of time; we were so lost in the joy and peace that everywhere seemed to be greeting us, as though born in the heart of the Infinite for that hour's baptism.

While yet we were drinking in the beauty and gladness that everywhere whispered to us, the holy father again appeared, bearing in one hand a goblet and in the other a pitcher that appeared to be made from the radiance of gold, the material not entering its formation. Pouring from this a liquid clear as crystal, yet sparkling as though emitting light, he said, "Drink of the wine of the kingdom and I will lead you home." We did as we were bid, and realized not till then the need thereof. Then following the father we passed into a shaded path at our left that we had not before noticed, so intent were we in gazing on the beauty that was nearest us. We walked in silence, which suited us best, for our hearts were so attuned to the love of home land, which spoke in every conceivable way to our souls, that we shrank from communing even with the father who was thus kindly conducting us to our new home. This he seemed to understand, for he noticed us not, keeping ever in advance, and seemed intent with his own thoughts. The

walk soon turned shady and bloom-crowned. Passing one tree, the branches of which drooped lower down than did others, we noticed hanging from it what seemed a banner, yet it had the appearance of being a long sash of light blue. Noticing letters thereon we reached up and smoothing its folds read in letters of gold the name Zair. This drew our attention to where we were going, and what there was around us, and we noticed as we passed on under the green shade many others of like appearance which we could not pass without reading, and found all bore a name that spoke to our souls from out the vales of memory. Surely we had been remembered by those who loved us best, and to whom our souls sent responses in the fullness of purity. We passed on silently, wondering how, when, and for what purpose these name-bearing banners floated from the trees under which we were to pass to reach the home that awaited us.

Asking no questions, we followed the holy dweller of the higher spheres, when suddenly the path ended, leaving us on an open green. I know not that I can give any correct idea of this new home, as it was so unlike all others in which we had dwelt. In the center of the green mentioned we at first noticed a bower of the most ethereal beauty. It was woven from the finest webs of the kingdom, the drapery looped back here and there with long sprays of tender green and opening blooms. The moss-like grass was dotted with bud and bloom, while over all the silvery radiance of this higher realm fell, as though in falling its own glory was increased. With our eyes fastened on the blooming green, and the bower, spray-looped, and lovelit with the light that fell over it, we neither saw nor heard anything beyond, when suddenly music, low and sweet, as though borne to us by some wandering breeze from the ether seas, greeted our ears,—aye, our very souls. We turned to ask our past companion of the temple what it all meant, but he was not with us. The music continued, increasing in volume until it seemed to us the players must be before us, and, feeling that we must know from whence the music came, we stepped from the shade of the trees that were arching

over us, where, to our great surprise, at our left and hidden by the trees beneath which we still lingered, was a cottage twined and crowned with the most perfect gifts of the kingdom. Here on the vine-hung balcony were the musicians, many of whom we recognized as being harpers of the temple; and not only the musicians were there to greet us but all whose names had been announced to us by the exquisite banners that floated from the arching branches. Great indeed was our surprise, and equally great our joy, that deepened with each recognition of long-known and long-loved friends. Among the throng moved with radiant countenance the father who was the first to meet us on our return, and who so soon prepared for us the pleasant surprise and the reception which crowned with a fullness of peace, and we felt that never again would we wander far from the sacredness of the home that welcomed us. No, we would dwell beneath the light and love of our home and realm, growing wiser and purer as time made its shining cycles. Never before had such perfect restfulness dwelt with us, from which we drew the conclusion that never again from the valleys of earth life would there come to us the call to incarnate. We felt that for the last time had we folded our tent on material shores, and looked forward only to realizing the yet unlearned mysteries of the kingdom.

It is well that the future casts not always its shadows where our eyes must watch them, or much of the soul's deep peace, that is so needful for future strength, would be destroyed, and lines of light would be changed to lines of shade. All that comes to us in spirit or earth life is well, and is fraught with good; which we see not always, because being once dwellers in light we are ever attracted in like direction. Consequently the shadows hold for us no dreams of peace. Long our friends tarried with us, during which time we recounted to them the wanderings of the past, and the points of interest as they occurred, to all of which they listened with pleasure, as one in earth life listens to the rehearsals of voyagers from distant lands. At length the happy throng dispersed, taking with them none of the light of love of the home that gladdened us.

We had never in our homeward journey thus far felt in our souls the breathings of loneliness when we both dwelt in the realm of spirit, though when separated by incarnation there have been times when the heart called loudly for its mate, and, folding its own sadness and weariness away, took up the burthen that must be borne, striving for the contentment that a knowledge of a future meeting and union must give.

In the bower of which I made mention were seats, or as we call them rests, in keeping with the beauty of the surroundings. Here we were much drawn for several reasons, one of which was the view we there obtained of both shore and tide. Our home was on the bank of a lake, though far enough back to give a broad open space of green surrounded by trees, the branches of which in swaying wakened low strains of music, so filled was the air with harmony that was heaven born. The trees surrounding this open space, together with the cottage, formed a crescent that opened toward the lake. Sloping and moss-grown was the bank, and blue were the waters of the lake, that was called the Lake of the Morning. From our rest in the bower many white sails were discernible on the waters; our "Silver Shell" was moored where we could see it rocking on the tide, the ripples of which ran shoreward as though glad to greet the buds they washed to bloom. Perhaps it will seem to some foolish to give so minute a description of a scene or home in spirit land, but there are no points in all the paths of the pilgrim so replete with the love-light of the kingdom as the point called home. This is felt by those who tarry on the material side of time's tide, and much more keenly by those of spirit land. Here it was that Mistletoe and Hebron found on their return from Saturn a home with us, and again side by side rocked the two silver shells that had glided over other tides and been baptized with the spray of far-off waters. It was pleasant to have them near us, because our paths had so many times touched and for a time become almost as one. They informed us that they left on Saturn a pleasant record that told of an increase of spiritual light and power—Mistletoe being a

magnet of superior brilliancy, and drawing to her and the home wherein she abided pure intelligences of the higher realms. This light was radiated, and also attracted to Saturn other magnets, or as you call them mediums, who were willing to lay aside the glory of their own realms and incarnate, that thereby greater good might be born to assist the good that was already illuminating the land. This rejoiced us exceedingly, for we could never cease to be interested in the land that had held over us such power of attraction, though we then felt no desire to again revisit its shores. We were so sure in the deep peace that abided with us, that we gave no further thought to other worlds. Think not that our feelings were born from an inner selfishness; they were but the outgrowth of the deep joy that was inexpressible, a feeling of such sacredness that we felt nothing of a material nature could reach us.

As flow the loveliest tides of the upper seas, so flowed the tide of our life and love in our cottage on the banks of the Lake of the Morning, where the tints of a new-born day ever lingered, and from which the lake derived its name. Our cottage we called Crescent Cottage, from the crescent shape the trees gave to the green in front of our home. The bower that occupied the center of the open space we called the Bower of Wisdom, because we learned that it was the gift of wisdom fathers and mothers of the temple, on the day of our return after a long absence. The peace that came to us here can never be told; never before had we seemed so near the heart of the Infinite.

There's a cot by the Lake of the Morning,
Enshrined in a crescent of green;
Vine-hung are the balconies round it,
Where never the shadows were seen;
Aye, vine-hung are the balconies round it,
And bloom-scented each breeze heaven-born;
Song-crowned are the hours of gladness,
That are ever the hours of the morn.
In this cot by the lake, in the ages
That the present now counts as the past,
Dwelt souls, whose badge of true manhood

Was a crown that forever would last.
A crown like the smile of the Father,
All inwoven with hopes of the soul;
That told in the language of heaven,
Of the mansions that yet were its goal.
That told in the language of heaven
Of the ages of shadow and shine,
Through which they had traversed the pathways
That lead ever to mansions divine.
In the cot there was light all unfading,
That was born 'neath the Infinite dome;
It had shone in the valley of shadows,
And had lighted the lost pilgrims home:
It had gleamed far over the waters
With a halo of love that was tried,
And shone at last through the lattice,
Wherever they thought to abide.
Ah, the crescent and cottage are waiting,
And the waves from the Lake of the Morn
Flow ever and ever on masses
Where the blooms of the kingdom were born.
While echoes of songs that were chanted,
That were born in the souls that so love,
Are floating among the green arches,—
Are resung in the city above.

The soul will tell itself in song at times, Eon, as mine has done now, and sometimes in weariness that is born through failures of brightest hopes will chant its own dirge; though we have no dirges to chant, only hymns of thanksgiving that we will sometime together sing; but not here where the shadows gather and the light fails. In time we took up our labor of love and our labors for wisdom, as both were necessary. There were those in other spheres who hungered for the bread of the kingdom, for the waters of life, and it was our pleasant duty to bear unto such the needed supply; it was also our duty to seek wisdom, as there were many truths that had never cast their shadow across the doorway of our souls. This holds good at the present. I know the fields of the Infinite are now laden with truths that have never as yet revealed their power and beauty to our souls' comprehension, simply because we have not grown to the

point of reception. It is true we have been a long time journeying homeward to our Father's higher mansions, but you must remember, Eon, it is a long, long way there, and many have been the rests by the way, many the paths wherein we have walked and sometimes stumbled. The endless forevers are fair with the wisdom of the Infinite, and we cannot count the possibilities of the future; we can only walk towards them, in the gladness of the knowledge that unto our souls shall be born the fulfillments of their own possibilities, which cannot be measured by mortal. All wisdom is not ours, though we have undisputed right with the Father's possessions, being heirs thereto, and this holds good with all his children, be they messengers or otherwise. Impartial in all things is the Infinite.

Pleasant indeed were our paths of duty, some of which led to the sphere below us, and we were also permitted at times to enter the sphere above, where we felt we had no power to remain, as we had not developed our soul-power to the point where we could be at rest beneath the great radiance that fell in baptismal waves. We entered not the heart of this higher sphere at this time, only the border land thereof. There are points to which spirits of purity cannot reach and remain. This depends upon an equal amount of purity and will power blended, and will power is not born entire in any soul; it is a gradual gain that takes the experiences of ages of earth and spirit life to develop. Each soul must pay the last farthing for its possessions, or they cannot be claimed; but when once redeemed from debt or the bondage of ignorance nothing can withhold them. This is the justice of the Father, and there is in it an untold love. In this light no one can depend in the least on the merits of another, and this dependence has in it the weakness of infancy, and is all unworthy the sanction of the Infinite. Each soul must win and wear for itself, or dwell in the shadow of the rocks of God's wisdom and love, as many are dwelling there now. Many on both sides of time's tides, unclothed by their own merits, which means lack of unfolding of their own soul powers, are seeking to be clothed with the merits of the Nazarene,

whose lines of light fell earthward, just as fall the lines of light from all true souls who have been willing to sacrifice their own happiness for the good of others, and in no other way. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at, when one takes into consideration the selfishness that is and has ever been so conspicuous in church worship and power, that the members and sustainers thereof worship as a God the humble worker for truth, whose unselfishness was a prominent attribute of his soul; but sorry indeed will be their awakening in the land of the hereafter when they come to realize the difference between being clothed in the righteousness of another and the righteousness that has come to be their own possession through an unfoldment of their soul powers, by which they prove their heirship to the boundless fields of the Infinite.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Down through the ages by-gone
Floats many a strange refrain,
That up from the valley rises
Like a mist before the rain.

Thus, Eon, from the valley of the present, re-echo the facts of the past brought thither by your touching again the shores of material existence. As a child who wearies not in its bloom-gathering in the spring-time meadows, so I weary not in this, our pleasant field, from which I have handed you some flowers everlasting; but seeing many more, would gladly tarry and gather them. Yet there is not time to linger longer, and the blooms will keep, because they grow in the gardens of our Father, and from the few I have brought you, you can judge of the rest.

There were other blooms in other fields
That grew side by side with thorns;
The garden in the valley lay,
And shade-tinted were the morns.

Yet gathered were they as they grew,
By brook and stubble field ;
The many wounds the sharp thorns made
The balm of the flowers healed.
'Tis always thus, dear heart mine,
And thus will be to the end ;
The scar of thorn, and breath of bloom,
Into rhythmic peace will blend.

I leave this pleasant nook, which memory holds sacred; the Cottage Crescent, and the Lake of the Morning, where sweetest peace whispered to our souls daily benedictions, and where we in our shortsightedness had thought ever to dwell. This home of the heart and home of the soul was very, very dear to us; but we were yet to be tried, and kindly indeed was the shadow of the trial withheld from us. There at this time occurred on the shores of this planet a great need. The bigotry of ignorance was sustaining itself through its own injustice, and reaping from the gardens of material existence every blossom that hope sent forth. The tide was deep and went sweeping on, bearing on its surface the happiness of the land. The hand of justice bearing the scales was nowhere to be seen in the clouds that gathered, and the sunlight of infinite love was obscured from the earth by the clouds that touched both center and circumference. Long had this been seen from the land of souls, and when at last there was heard in the upper courts the cry for deliverance, it could not be passed by unheeded; and a council met to devise some way by which the tide could be turned, and waves of peace sent earthward for the redemption of the children whose hearts turned not unto any of the many gods that ruled the passions, not principles, of the majority at that time. Man-made gods were never known to deal largely in principles, passion and power being a lever above par with them. This was an age when a higher conception of Deity was dawning in the souls of a few, and comes this side of the date given of the poorly understood creation, and in the heart of wars such as I hope may never again wreck the peace of the land wherein you now dwell.

It is well known to the advanced minds of the spirit realms that at each cycle the same principles and powers assert themselves through the avenues that are opened, but at each time their strength to predominate is lessened, until at last there is not power enough left to mark the title-page of the cycle new born. This is what is termed progression, and progression is what frees man and woman from the power of matter. The dwellers of all inhabited planets must touch the notch in the scale of progression, or be weighed again and again; but not all planets have the same record as has yours. The possibilities thereof are born in the first spark that in its radiation marks the magnetic center which has before it all time in which to fulfill its mission. In the council convened for the purpose of answering an earth-born prayer we with all the members met. There was no word spoken; all sat in silence and communed with their own souls, and, as is ever the case at such times, each heart went out to the Father for guidance that never fails to be bestowed. To each heart he knew would come some word, and open doors would be shown, for those of the higher realm are ever honest in their desires, and are willing to be led by the Father.

While we yet sat and waited, with hearts of pity for those who were in need of help from our heaven, there shone in our midst a great light, the power of which was felt in the depth of each soul, and each knew at that moment what the love of the Infinite would bid them do. Perhaps there were regrets akin to sorrow in some hearts. Perhaps my own throbbed with a feeling like unto agony; yet in all eyes shone the light of heaven,—aye, the light of the sun heavens. No words were spoken, yet there was an understanding that the council would meet again for the purpose of hearing from the lips of those unto whom had come a loving command from the Father. Your heart, beating in response to mine, knew the shadow that had then fallen; knew, too, that in time to come it would be swept away through the power of fulfillment. We met, as was understood, and from each heart there was given the tidings for which all

waited. There fell over us a holy awe, as though we stood in the presence of the Infinite. From the council were many to go earthward, taking on the robes material, thereby to lead to brighter truths the warlike children of the land. Many others were to be spirit fathers and mothers, and the remainder were to transmit over the magnetic lines the bread of the kingdom. Among those whose feet were again to touch earth paths was Eoná, with many others whom you knew then, and will know again when you come up from the valley of the present. Among those to whom my heart turned, as though strengthened by the very presence of one who, like myself, was to go earthward, was Zara. Fair as the morning, pure as the breath from the hills of the Infinite, she seemed in her willingness to lay aside the glory of the better land, and we hoped in our deep souls that we might dwell together.

Eon, it is not with pleasure unmingled with sadness that I begin the narration of another journey earthward. There are some points that have a bearing on the present, or I might be tempted to leave this one note in the refrain of ages unsung. Was there sadness at Crescent Cottage? Aye, sad eyes looked into sad eyes, but this stayed not the tide of prayer from earth, nor in any way tempted us to tarry in the sweet bower of rest that was ours. There would have been in the heaven no peace with the echoes from weary hearts telling their tales of woe, and had we still lingered to sip from the fountains of the higher realm we should have passed a condemnatory sentence on our own hearts that would have taken long to wash away. We knew the little stretch of time amounted to but a moment, when measured by the passing of ages and cycles. We knew, too, the earth battle would be a hand to hand conflict from beginning to end. Do you ask why spirits from the higher realm sought to go earthward when there were myriads of others peering through the gates of life? Simply because they had power to lead, power to overcome, power to place new landmarks where could be recorded advance steps towards truth. Preparations were to be made, and they who were to be spirit father and mother

were better calculated to select the cradle in which we should be rocked to sleep, to waken with the rush and roar of time's tide sounding in our ears from the material side.

The time that intervened was ours, and we looked over the probable events of the future, as is natural for one to do, counting the time that was approaching. I give you credit, Eon, for being very brave at this time, much more so than at my Jupiter incarnation; my coming home to you the same Eoná that left your side gave you a courage you never lost. One needs some positive facts to fasten to. Faith is a mythical condition at best, which knowledge puts far in the shade, and they who believe would be wise in verifying the premises of their belief; they would find this step, or the result of it, a veritable anchor to the soul, that would be unfailing in shade as well as shine. While yet we tarried in the sweet home of our souls, the father and mother who were to lead me earthward came with the tidings that the place and time were arranged. The sadness deepened at this announcement, for dwellers of the higher realms, because they have reached the courts of light, lose none of their tenderness, none of their love. No; it is a greater cross for them, a deeper sorrow, to wander from the shores where the harmonies of heaven break ever at the door of their souls in ripples of sweetest peace, and when they do thus wander it is for a purpose high and holy; it is because they see that somewhere in the skies of the future shines a deeper glory, not for themselves alone, but for many who through the light they radiate find the path that leads homeward. Selfishness dwells not in such hearts, even if sadness does deepen therein, as was the case with us. There was a call to the temple for consecration, and with those who had accepted the burthen of incarnation stood Eoná. Together we chanted the hymns of resignation, our soul mates responding thereto with amens; together we drank the wine of consecration, our soul mates but touching their lips thereto. Then, with hands joined, we stood beneath the baptismal spray of the temple, and finally, registering our names with those missing from the council, we turned away from the glory thereof; away

from those whose presence was dear to us, knowing that coming conditions must erect a screen over which there would no glimmer of light reach us from the land of our inheritance. The sad strains of the harps fell on our ears, as we sought again our home by the Lake of the Morning, knowing it would soon be vacant. There was something so sacred in this home, so responsive to the tenderness of our united souls, that we felt in our heart of hearts a wish rise that it might remain just so sacred, that no one would seek to abide there, and that we might find on our return all as we should leave it. There may be thought to be selfishness in this feeling, for, in the kingdom of the blessed, homes of peace and beauty abound; yet in all the realms over which our feet had wandered, there was nowhere a home that breathed to our souls the sweet peace that greeted us there. Still we arranged it to leave, with the expectation that during our absence other souls would find there a home, and our hearts breathed a prayer that they might be as blest as we had been. Just before our departure, Eon, as we stood side by side on the balcony watching the tinted waters of the lake, and noticing the white sails thereon, I broke from the vine that wound and clambered over and around the entire cottage, long sprays of leaf and bloom, and, twining them into a wreath, placed it on your head, and bade you be brave, and watch ever over the Eoná of your soul. I will not write the words you uttered, but the breezes caught and echoed them again and again, and they dwell in my heart to-day the same as when you stood by my side in that long, long ago, in our own home, yet with our faces turned from our Eden towards the future, the harvest fields of which stretched earthward and away where the shadows had already gathered, and which were to be woven into the webs of material existence; but all, we knew, would be well at last. I have not mentioned the number who from our city were to go earthward, neither have I told their names, since this would amount to but little. Among the consecrated stood Hebron, my brother of Jupiter, and Zara, whose presence I so craved on the coming battle-field. In this I learned I was to be gratified, and my heart rejoiced.

Hand in hand we passed from the cottage, and in passing under the green arch formed by the branches of the trees that greeted us at our first entrance to the home of love, we tied to the same, banners on which were inscribed our names, and the added words, "Gone earthward." You, Eon, were not to return to the dear home until I had fulfilled my mission and turned my face from the shadows, for so great would be the burthens to be borne that your presence by my side would be ever a necessity. Driving the shadows from our hearts, we talked only of the future, and planned for a return to the same home, wondering if it would look strange to our eyes after the long absence. Thus we talked, planned, and wondered, gathering strength thereby, until we at last joined the throng of wistful-eyed immortals who had drank the wine of consecration, and were waiting to fulfill their mission by drinking from the cup, symbolized thereby, the dregs of bitterness that must of necessity be mixed by the hand of unrelenting circumstance. There were greetings, mingled with regrets, that were the soul of sadness; yet not one of the waiting throng would have turned back. No; they would rather carry with them the shades of sadness to their land of earth-born sorrows, and meet face to face the opposing powers that awaited them. They were ready for battle, and the word was given to march.

Down through the spheres we wandered, clothed not in our radiant robes, but in robes that were somewhat the tints of earth. We passed the living throng, and none knew in our disguise who we were or from whence we wandered. We noticed as we traversed the paths leading earthward that all classes were more or less affected by the earth conditions. Even in the third or resting sphere there was noticeable the look of anxiety that is born in the heart when great wrong is known to exist, and there is seen no way out through the darkness that gathers deeper and deeper. Here we tarried for a little, entering the Temple of Wisdom, where the spirit fathers and mothers strove to cheer and strengthen the dwellers by the assurance that the strong hands and faithful hearts were ready to straighten the

tangled threads, though we disclosed not even then who we were. The second sphere was in a still more wretched condition. Here we found in the highways leading earthward, many strange gods, before which crowds and multitudes prostrated themselves, begging for deliverance from the gods of their enemies. Never had we passed through this sphere when it presented such an appearance. Many of the spirits, who possessed greater power than did others, would take upon themselves the unappointed position of prophets, and not only commanded the dwellers of that realm to obey the gods they erected and worshiped, but they also went earthward and, attaching themselves to magnets or mediums, who were also considered prophets at that day, they harangued the people through these avenues, attaching to each command a "thus saith the Lord." Everywhere there was contention and dissension, and the god by whose power earth victories were thought to be gained would for a time be the god of the realm, the god of the people. Then when another won the victory and through it the power, the ruling god became the lesser one. In this way there was occurring a constant change. The agony of doubt and direful expectations shone from all eyes, and we hastened away, feeling that nowhere could worse conditions show themselves; besides, we felt that where they were born we could in time have some power to turn the tide that was in its ceaseless flow devastating all the land and washing away all possibility for human happiness.

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On we went, touching at last the shores material, whereon the fires of war were casting their far-reaching glare. I cannot with words of mine picture to you the strange scene that greeted our eyes. We, who but a little time before were dwellers in a land where the breath of discord never blighted the peace of a single heart, stood face to face with all the bitterness that could be born in hearts of the inhabitants of earth at that time. Yet there was no shrinking from the line that was laid out for us to follow. The home we were borne to had for its mother center a woman of kind heart; yes, and more than one, it being at that time the privilege of man to hold as his own as many wives and as-

sistants thereto as he could feed and clothe. This condition we had seen at a previous incarnation, consequently were in no wise amazed. We were working for a purpose, not a position that we had left and that awaited us when our work was done. In this home there were already many children, because there were, as I inferred, several avenues for such. The dwelling place was at that time a tent or rather several tents. This occurred because the father had many herds, and at the season of the year to which I refer he drove them from place to place, pitching his several tents for his several wives and his numerous family in the form of a circle, at the same time building in the center of the circle an altar of stone whereon to offer sacrifice, because he was according to the records of his own soul a godly man and walked in wisdom's ways. At this threshold of the door of incarnation we stood, knowing that in our sleeping and waking we must take on many of the forms and customs of this strange people, must for a time become imbued to a certain extent with the faith that to us then seemed to have been born in the very heart of heathendom, yet, sensing all this, we were willing here to close our eyes, and here it was that Zara and Eoná fell asleep. Though in the loving hearts of different mothers we were still members of the same family. Here watched the fathers and mothers; here waited the soul mates, who now tread for a purpose the shores of earth.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

There are pictures of beauty,
And visions of woe,
All twined through the long chain of years
That are linking together
The mountains of life,
That are guarding the valley of tears
Where the children, the Father
Hath loved with a love

That knows not the change of time,
Are sowing and reaping,
With never a glimpse
Of the paths that still wait them to climb.
These pictures of beauty,
With the visions of woe,
Are lessons from out the great book,
That opens and shuts
In life's shadows and shine,
O'er whose lines but angel eyes look.

It is well that angels are given the view of the many-paged volumes that when opened are found to hold characters that angels alone can understand; and it is well, too, that they are willing to watch the fulfillment of the same, thinking not of themselves, but of the ever existing needs of humanity, that from the deep of sad and sorrowing necessity calls aloud to the tender and true, who have through experience gained a foundation against which the waves of opposition can beat the measures to their own requiem, and cause no inharmony to their souls. It was well also that to you, Eon, was given the duty of watching for a fulfillment, the depths of which would not be revealed until long after Eoná had turned her face homeward again. I knew before I fell asleep just how deeply I should need you, and unlike Hebron, when Mistletoe left him for her Saturn incarnation, you wandered to no peaceful abode in the realms of spirit to soothe your weariness in dreams of the beautiful, but tarried in the tent with the dark-faced and dark-eyed mother, or followed the father, as he tended his herds, intent in breathing into their souls thought germs that, when quickened, would form responsive tabernacles where truth might find an abiding place. For it was to place landmarks for truth, where the wandering children could find them in time to come, that we came earthward, and we could not afford to mark our path with failure. We would then have no songs of gladness to chant with the returned warriors, no added luster to brighten our waiting home that would show the faithfulness of our efforts in behalf of the principles for which we had laid aside our robes of light,

to don those of earth color and make. Earnest indeed were your efforts, and the efforts of the spirit father and mother, who with you were laboring in the fullness of their powers to make an atmosphere of spirituality, wherein could be received the coming messengers. The father and mother were superior in many ways to the tribes by which they were surrounded. This was necessary for the bringing about of the results desired, and for such place had the spirit father and mother looked. Time counted its days and months until the hour of fulfillment came, and you gazed into the dark eyes of innocent childhood. A tiny maiden with dusky cheeks had taken the place of her whose name had ever in spirit land and life been Eoná. You flew not away that time in search of the light of your soul, as you once did, but with the prophetic lamp of your being burning and casting long lines of light towards the future, you saw where the little one would emerge from the shadows into the kingdom of the blessed, the same glad-hearted Eoná who helped to make the sunlight of your heaven. Well for me was it that you were self-centered, or I should have failed many times. The mother in whose arms I was cradled rejoiced not in the advent of the little one as she would have done had her heaven-sent treasure been a boy, for at that time girls were considered hardly worth noticing, while boys, who held within their future the possibility of becoming warriors, were hailed by mothers, who felt honored thereby, with great rejoicing. The father, being a very godly man, was disposed to look upon the event in the light of heavenly wisdom, being far from conscious himself how near he came to the truth. Heaven-sent indeed was the little one who added one more to their casket of earthly jewels, even if it was not thus counted there. The spirit father and mother, you informed me, remained with you, seeing the need thereof, and none too great power could they exert to make a path over which the feet of the messengers could pass, bearing the lighted lamp that should show the true stepping stones. But a short time after my advent beneath the wide-spread tent there came to another of my father's tents another little one, who was

also a girl. This in a measure reconciled my mother to the appearance of the girl in her tent, thinking, in her desire to stand first in my father's love, that he would not leave her tent to go in quest of the other mother, who had not borne to him a boy, as she both feared and expected she would. Thus it came about that the mothers in a little time became firm friends and visited each other's tents, when the little ones were always brought together. You will readily understand that it was Zara who was to be my sister in incarnation, my companion on the battle-fields of the future, although women were of so little account that their deeds of heroism and unselfishness were not considered worthy of recording side by side with the deeds of the men of that day, the records of which show to be deeds of slaughter that would have left the pages clearer had they never found there an abiding place.

By the door of my mother's tent I played with the same joyousness of childhood as play the children of the present day, though undoubtedly in ways that bespoke the primitive day. Other little ones came to dwell in the same tent, but the threads in the life webs they were weaving, I have not time to do with. They, like myself, fulfilled their mission and went home; or, as was said in those days, were gathered unto their fathers. My father was a prophet, and the son of a prophet, and as such was a devout man, fearing ever lest he should do wrong and cease to merit the light of prophecy that ever encircled him. He sought not to be known throughout all the land, as did many; living much apart from the cities of the plains, though many came to him for guidance through the power that dwelt within his soul, and which they recognized as God given, being far more willing to give ear to prophecy than are the children of the present, who many times scout the words of wisdom and warning that fall from lips that have been touched with coals from off the altar. Many, I remember, came to my father with bribes of gold and precious gems, thinking thus to cause him to speak favorably concerning them, that they might bear his words in their hearts before their enemies, and cause them to fear their power through the power of

the prophets of God, but such shadow never rested at the threshold of my father's soul. His clear and far-seeing eyes pierced the garb of pretense, while his lips chided the seeker after falsehood. This, in a sense, made him unpopular, and many there were who wished him a dweller of another realm, for they feared lest he should prophesy against them and they should be overthrown by their enemies. In those days holy prophets were targets for the arrows of the enemies of truth, and many attempts were made to put them to death. For this reason my father sought not the companionship of the many, but chose rather to serve God in obscurity. He had but two wives, though many children. Unto each of his wives had been given by their fathers two handmaidens, and these, as was the custom in those days, also became mothers. If any feel the blush of shame rising like a tide, let them remember that my record in this particular point goes not beyond like records to be found in the history of those early days of this cycle. This history has long been considered sacred and most worshipful, and to-day is believed by many to be the work of God, either direct or through highest inspiration, and a disbelief in it is thought by many to merit eternal damnation. This being the case, no reader or believer of its pages need find offense when I touch in my history a line parallel with the lines therein drawn. Believers in direct inspiration from God must inherit a strong spiritual digestion or such morsels would be too weighty for them, and the result would be a change of diet that sticklers for church and creed object to most seriously, on the ground that it would not possess all the eternal principles necessary in their mind to be self-sustaining. The high wall of senseless ceremonies and soulless prayers has many times in the years that are past been scaled by some more wise in real godliness than the majority, and the facts they have carried to the world have been startling proofs of ignorance. This has in a measure stayed the churchward tide, teaching many to become independent centers of spiritual power, walking in no light borrowed from the mists of the past or the known falsehoods of the present, but in the light be-

stowed by the unseen watchers of human happiness, human woes, and human destinies.

My mother, of whom I have said but little, was a sweet-faced woman for those days. She trusted my father as implicitly as he trusted the God of his fathers, and troubled not her heart as to the special salvation of herself or her daughters, though she both prayed for and admonished the sons to whom she had given birth, and besought them to walk in wisdom's ways as their father had always done, following after his God with true-heartedness. Perhaps this condition of apathy regarding the salvation of woman occurred from the fact of her having less opportunities for the development and manifestation of unchristian principles, or what went under that name at that time, and perhaps she was of so little consequence in the eyes of the self-conceited Israelites that the god of the age passed her by as all unworthy of his notice. There is this one thing sure, if she had possessed the shrewdness of women of the present day, she could have outwitted the powers that governed, and triumphantly entered the holy land, towards which they were offering sacrifice, with the air of one who considered herself both invited and expected. There are positive reasons for the position man at that day sustained, and among the several causes is this: The elements of the earth and air were in a cruder state, which is proved by the production of both the animal and the vegetable kingdom of that age, and only the coarse and cruder found expression in and through nature; all that was finer and better was in an embryotic condition, awaiting the fulfillment of the page whereon record was then being made by the ruling powers,—and one need not go out of the history that is termed sacred to find what those powers were, or the extent to which they ruled.

I was speaking of my mother, who found her way to heaven in due time, from which she again came earthward, and is even at this hour a dweller among the children of the earth, and a worker for high and holy truth. At the time I played at her feet she was not the thinking woman she is to-day, because her soul powers lacked unfoldment, and

matter at that time made a poor avenue for the rounding out thereof. She could not refrain from the little jealousies created by and sustained by the law that allowed man the number of wives that were comely in his sight, and accordingly there was at times a ripple of dissatisfaction on the domestic river; both wives strove to make themselves beautiful in the eyes of my father, who was not blind to the attractions of either. Sometimes my mother received his smiles, and was made glad thereby; then again it was the mother of Zara who was thus blest. There was ever uncertainty in their hearts that gave to all opening blooms of happiness a downcast look. The heart of protected childhood is never sad, but like the mountain brook sings on and on until like the brook its possibilities are broadened, when the song is no longer that of a rippling rill but something deeper that seems to have in its depths a consciousness of the change that has come. Thus it was with the child heart of Eoná. Gladness ever dwelt in it, like a song unsung, and morning and evening were alike unto her. It happened that, although a girl, I found great favor in the eyes of my father, whose heart was tender, being lighted as it was by the prophetic touch, and I often noticed his eyes resting on my face, with a pleased look. I was not conscious at the time, as I have been since, that around us fell the love-light of the spirits who were watching and waiting, whose mission it was to prepare the soil and drop the seed for future harvests of truth; but this very atmosphere of angel life, thought, and purpose, falling like deep baptisms over both, was the gladdened link that bound us. I cared not for the brothers and sisters that dwelt in the same tent, but unto Zara, who was my baby sister, my heart ever went out with the tenderest love, and together, hand in hand, we followed our father as he watched his herds or drove them to greener pastures. In face and figure we both were comely and fair to look upon. This our other sisters felt, as beauty was thought at that time to be the only attribute that woman need possess, as her husband could make up for all else. This we had imbibed as naturally as water takes on the attributes of the soil through

which it flows, and though children we looked upon ourselves as favored ones of our father's tribe, and failed not to take great pains with our toilets. You undoubtedly smiled many times, Eon, as you watched the heaven-sent children at their labor of beautifying themselves; many wreaths they wove of tinted leaves and the bright red fruit of the thorn bush, and sweet to them looked the bright faces that were reflected from the clear waters of the streams by which they played and rested. Our mothers fretted not their hearts because of our long absence from home, therefore we were free to wander wherever we chose. Keeping near enough to our father's tent to find it by nightfall, we remained away from our mother's tent many days and nights together, and no one questioned why we did so. I can even now look back with feelings akin to pleasure, to the starlights that to our hearts were then almost sacred.

My father always numbered his flocks between the rising and setting of the sun, lest many be missing. Then when the twilight hour came he sat in the door of his tent while we played near or sat at his feet. At these times his face often became illuminated; and many times radiant looking beings came to him, towards whom our father bade us not to lift our eyes, lest we be struck dumb. We questioned not the fulfillment of this had we disobeyed our father, and I doubt not now the honesty of his own belief as imparted to us. Therefore we always hid our faces, and endeavored not to hear the sound of their voices. After the departure of these radiant beings the tent seemed bathed in sunlight, and my father often fell asleep, and so deep was the slumber we could not wake him. At such times we spread the soft skins of animals that were our beds on the ground and were soon in the sweet sleep of childhood. We were bidden not to mention these strange visitants, lest in some way evil befall us; consequently we spoke neither to mother, brother, nor sister, but wisely kept our own council, though wondering much. We at this time numbered about ten years as you count time.

It was at this time that my own mother went to the land

of immortals. There had for some time been an increase of jealousy on the part of the mother of Zara, because my mother had borne to my father another male child. This jealousy was not manifest as it had at previous times been, consequently was more deadly in its effects, and resulted at last in the mother of Zara requesting my mother to tarry with her in her own tent for a day, which my mother did, and at nightfall thought to return to her children, when the mother of Zara offered her wine, saying she would need it. The wine by the hand of the mother of Zara had received a deadly poison. This my mother drank, thinking all was well. Zara's mother then said she would walk by her side till they crossed the little brook from which they both drew water. They had scarcely reached this place when my mother complained of great weariness and leaned on the arm of the false wife, who continued to walk with her, seeming solicitous of her comfort and welfare. They at last reached the tent of my mother, who fell at the feet of my father, who had without previous word returned from watching his herds as was at times his custom to do. He lifted her in his arms, and, placing her on a cot, strove to restore her vanished powers; but she came not back to remain, only once she opened her eyes, and smiling into the eyes of my father spoke no word, but folded her hands across her breast, and was gone. Then as my father turned toward the mother of Zara the light of prophecy fell on him, his face lighted, and, speaking to the frightened woman, he said, "Woman, see thy work!" She immediately confessed the deed which her heart had prompted her hands to perform, and, falling at the feet of my father, said, "Do unto me as seemeth good in thy sight," when my father bade her arise, and take from her tent whatsoever she might need. He also bade her have her eldest born take from the herds seven of each kind, and, before the sun of the morrow should set, to be journeying towards the mountains. She then passed from his sight, he not allowing her to touch even the hem of his garment, and when he was alone he fell on his knees before the wife he had most loved and made deep expressions of sorrow. While he thus

mourned there fell around me a strange light, and I heard a voice saying, "Go kneel at thy father's side and comfort him." I obeyed the voice and the light grew brighter and brighter. Kneeling at my father's side, I heard his voice saying, "In truth I am comforted and blessed of God." Words fell from my lips and I knew not the import thereof, but knew the heart of my father was comforted and that peace would abide with him. My mother was buried as became the wife of a prophet, her body being wrapped in fine linen, though previously anointed with holy oil, as was the custom at that time. Only at the time of burial did the honors of earth fall on the burthen-bearing mothers of the land. It was well they were not conscious of the injustice meted out to them unstintingly by those they blessed by their labors. It was well for their peace of mind that there dawned not on their souls the possibilities of their own powers. In those days mothers were honored only in the birth of male children; nothing else was set down to their record as worthy of approval.

I sorrowed not for my mother, though I comprehended the injustice of the deed committed by the jealous wife, and by her own lips confessed before she left my father's presence. My mother had never called out the love of my soul towards her, consequently there was no chance for an expression of its depths. After the burial of my mother, the handmaidens bestowed upon her at the time of her marriage, superintended the tent that had been her realm. In this way I came under the care and restrictions of others when not by my father's side. Zara was easily consoled for the loss of her mother, and our life-tide flowed about the same. The jealous wife did as my father bid, and never after crossed his path; neither did he take unto himself other wives, but became even more godly than before, prophesying much, and becoming more known to the inhabitants of all lands from which tidings were brought. It must be remembered that the incarnation of which I now write occurred in the early days of this last great cycle, from which the creation of man is dated, as though there had been no previous creations or inhabitants. Ignorance builds high

walls, and it takes the battering ram of common sense ages to break down the same, and it may be ages yet before the inhabitants of your land can accept the idea that men and women existed before the whirlwind of deific power blew together the pile of dust from which the man Adam was commanded to walk forth as the king of the realm. I make no statement that man was created in the manner spoken of; I merely refer to an idea that exists now as it has existed for many ages, and I can assure you that the land in which you now dwell, had, before the period marked by what was deemed a great power, been peopled again and again. The ebb and flow of the tides of existence overspread with the ebb and flow of the great tides of earth, with this exception: the shores thereof are never left without some proof of the tide that has receded. The cause of this is easily seen. The earth in its fulfillments has ever touched certain progressive points; in connection with this other planets have had their influence, yet all in harmony with the development and condition of the earth. The result of the combined causes has at times swept man from the earth until the shores of existence had a dreary look, yet never from the first advent of man on your earth as a proof of the power of evolution has the earth been without inhabitants. Let no one understand me to say that man outside of the form is the result of the law of evolution. The form that spirit individualized in the heart of Deity occupies is the result of this great law, and no one need undertake to prove that matter gives birth to mind, or that mind gives birth to matter. Shall I startle you, Eon, when I say I believe them both to have ever existed? Nevertheless I do thus believe; I say not that it is so, but that is what I believe, and I say this with the knowledge that before me lies the endless forever in which to satisfy all my longings, my hungerings after wisdom.

It is not wise to consider spirits infallible. Even when they have many times incarnated, and gathered unstintingly from the fields of the Infinite, they have not become all-wise, all-powerful, and through mistakes may have yet many lessons to learn. Certainly I know of no time when

wisdom ceases to be sought for as the brightest gem in the soul's diadem, and if I could be convinced that such a condition was attainable, I would be very slow in my efforts to reach the point where mental inaction is the climax. So, Eon, I only give my ideas, with the assurance that I am not infallible and may be mistaken after all. It may be wise to tell you why I think so. I, hold as do many, that matter is not destroyed; you burn a material structure of any kind and it passes from your sight; it has changed form but is not destroyed, and exists still in the elements as one of its possibilities that will respond to the necessities that will again speak it into form. This is why I say you cannot destroy matter, and it is a settled fact that spirit cannot be destroyed, and from this point I reason back and say as a conclusion of thought that both have ever existed as necessities. There are those who hold that spirit in time loses its identity, and all spirits that have existed and do exist will become as one immense sea of spirit, ever radiant and ever pure. If this be so, what good can the earth lessons bring to the spirits who through matter have been crowded and forced from one condition to another? Surely spirit as such has ever been radiant, ever been pure; and if no other point is to be gained by these earthly rounds than these conditions, together with an ocean oneness, where has Deity made one step forward? Like the Jewish Jehovah, he would receive all the glory besides swallowing up in his infinitude all the individualized spirits with their dearly bought joys, which are the result of researches into wisdom's ways. I reverence Deity as a principle, but as a power could he be thus unjust to his children, I fear my reverence would be withheld. I see, Eon, that I have again gone to other fields to glean, but it is well at times; besides mixed bouquets are always the sweetest and most admired.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

I STAND on the mountains,
Grown glad, and made free
From the shadows that wove at their will
The webs for a mortal,
Whose feet tarried not,
Till they stood at the foot of the hill.
I stand on the mountains
And smile at the past,
That cloud-like has swept from my sky,
Leaving only the mists
Of amber and rose,
With not even the brush of a sigh.
I stand on the mountains,
And wait to fulfill
To the land that I ever shall love,
The promise I made
In the temples of light,
That are built in the cities above.
I stand on the mountains,
Mist-hid from your sight,
And I loop back the curtains that fall
"Twixt the here and the there,
With the star of my love
When I hear from the valley your call.
I stand on the mountains,
And lo! from afar
Do the rivers of memory flow,
And I gather the gems
From the shores they have fanned,
With the breath of the long, long ago.
I stand on the mountain,
All freed from the wrath
That fell over and around me like hail;
And I hear the low sob
From the whirlwinds of woe
That are resting themselves in the vale.
I stand on the mountains,
All redeemed from the past,
That had power to fasten the chain
That bound to the dross.

The gold that was pure,
That now shines in its glory again.
I stand on the mountains,
And count o'er the gems
I have won and shall wear as my own,
When the shadows that flit
In the valleys you tread
Have folded their blackness and flown.
I stand on the mountain,
Dear soul of my soul,
Where I'll wait till you reach unto me
The hands that I clasped
As you entered the mist
That blew earthward across the dull sea.

And standing on the mountain, Eon, my heart weaves into rhyme the triumphs of the past as naturally as the song birds sing under the skies of June, and the triumph of my soul falls over yours in a baptism of unwritten and unspoken love. I tarried awhile by the way to chant my gladness, and now take up the line of light that runs back through the ages, the doors of which have ever been thought to be eternally closed, but which I, a woman, dare open to the world, thereby letting fall earthward through the open door the shine and shade of the unthought-of past,—unthought of to mortal in the light of a coming knowledge, but both thought of and comprehended by some who have dwelt long in the loveliest cities of our Father. In the language of the age from which I now search the records for facts, it came to pass that the handmaiden who came into my departed mother's tent as a superintending power, had two sons, who, according to the law of incarnation, were my half-brothers. The elder of these looked not upon me with pleasure, because he desired to win favor in the eyes of my father, that he might thereby become possessed of both land and herds. Accordingly he despised me in his heart because I followed much after my father, as I had been wont to do since my earliest remembrance. This he endeavored to dissuade me from in various ways, making me many promises which he never fulfilled. Zara's heart in time became embittered towards

him, and she cared no more to please him; therefore we again wandered by the side of my father, glad with the life of freedom in which we breathed the harmonies of nature.

It happened at one time that this half-brother, who was many years older than were we, watched the herds with my father, and while yet the sun shone a messenger came to my father, saying he must go hence, being called for by the high priest, who had heard of his fame as a prophet. No one dared at that time refuse to obey so holy a being, and he accordingly went, bidding Zara and me not to wander far from the tent, and to remain until he came again unto us. He also bade the elder son watch the herds and care for the children left with him. Night time passed, and we slept as was our custom in the tent of my father, nor waked until the sun had shone some hours. The elder son had seemed kind, and after the morning meal of unleavened bread and such fruits as we here and there plucked, he told us he had found a tree in the forest, not far away, that bore a rare fruit, such as at that time was seldom seen and when found was much treasured. Seeing we were both interested and unsuspecting, he proposed to lead us thither after exacting from us a promise that we would tell no one of the fruit or our father of his absence from the herds. This we freely promised, in our childish innocence, and hand in hand followed him forestward. The memory of that morning is as fadeless as is the light of the stars. Even the blue of the sky, the silvery whiteness of the clouds that looked like piles of fleecy wool made white and shining, the lowing of the herds, the soft summer breath that touched our cheeks, the call of birds on the wing to their mates, all come back with the same vividness that touched all the past that pointed with prophetic finger to the present. As we reached the forest shade we felt a shiver of dread; we almost wished we had not left the tent of our father, and were about to return, but suddenly seeing some bright red berries we forgot all else, and gathering ate them. This turned our thoughts and also the tide of our lives. A simple thing is a handful of ripe berries to change a life-tide.

but it is usually thus, because great events call for corresponding depth of thought, and thought sometimes at least results in favorable conclusions. Childhood is not the season of thought, but of impulse, the results of which are among the things unseen. We had wandered but a little way into the forest when the elder brother stopped suddenly, saying he had forgotten the sacks we would need for gathering the fruit, an abundance of which, he said, we were to carry home with us, as our father he thought would be gone several days, and would therefore know nothing of his absenting himself from his special care. He bade us go on slowly, pointing out the direction we were to take, while he would return to the tent for the forgotten sacks. Childhood in that age was far more unsuspecting than at the present; consequently we trudged on, thinking every moment the wonderful tree with its rare fruit would bend towards us its branches, laden with what our hearts most desired, because our imagination had conjured through the words of our brother a picture of beauty. The hours slipped by as beads of amber on a silken cord. We at times sat down at the roots of a tree to wait for the brother, whom as yet we saw not. It was in no way natural for us to count the hours of the day as they passed. They came and went from sunrise to sunset, we not ever realizing that we were growing older. Childhood is not an age when immovable mountains tower skyward; it is the enchanted isle found in the river of life near by where it rises, and is veiled by a powerful princess who has many natures. We had never as yet stepped from the island where all children tarry for awhile before they become awakened to the fact that the river that is so beautiful and bears such silvery ripples wanders at last through desert lands where fruit and bloom are alike unseen. Consequently we had no thought but that all was well and would be well. We thought not of wild beasts, because we had been instructed that such never infested the borders of the forest except at night, and we dreamed not that we were even then far away from the borders, and expected every moment our brother would overtake us with the sacks we were in haste to fill. Thus

it was we wandered on and on, gathering here and there sweet berries, which we ate. Consequently we felt no hunger, neither did we thirst. At last we saw not far in the distance a low bending tree bearing fruit such as we had never before seen. Thinking without doubt this was the tree to which the brother referred, we hastened toward it, shouting and clapping our hands in delight, and standing beneath its branches felt our hearts lighten. Here we waited for the brother, nor thought wrong had come or could come to any one, until we noticed that the shadows were gathering. Then it was we thought evil had befallen our brother, and felt that we must return as rapidly as we could or evil would likewise befall our father's herds. Gathering from the laden branches all the fruit we could carry without the long-looked-for sacks, we started, as we supposed homeward, walking as rapidly as we could, lest the darkness should find us still in the forest. We thought not of ourselves, not doubting but we would soon be at our father's tent. Our only trouble was for the brother, unto whom we felt that great evil had come, yet we conjectured not what it could be. The shadows tarried not for us, and we made still greater haste, but at last the deep mantle of forest darkness fell over us. None can imagine the blackness of night in the depths of a forest unless they have experienced it. We could neither see nor sense the path, if path there was. This confused us, and we feared to stir, yet we moved on, as though unconsciously led to what we afterward found to be a little hollow. The ground here seemed soft and free from low bushes, and not knowing or seeing what else to do we sat down and waited, knowing the morning would come after a time. There was in our hearts a consciousness that wild and ferocious beasts roamed the forests at night in search of prey, and we knew if such beasts found us we would be looked upon as choice morsels; yet with all this knowledge there was in our hearts a Sabbath-like restfulness. We felt as though from a source unseen there fell over us a protecting power; the breath of rare blooms seemed wafting around us, and there was in our souls an unchanted hymn of gladness. Wearied chil-

dren with peace like this falling over them soon forget the circumstances by which they are surrounded and sleep closes the lids. Thus were we soothed from conscious weariness to unconscious restfulness, from which no night-time horror awakened us.

You recounted all this to me, Eon, after I went home—I mean to the soul's home. I had not forgotten it, yet it was pleasant to listen as you related the manner in which you and the soul mate of Zara, together with the spirit fathers and mothers protected us. It was your presence and power that gave unto us the feeling of peace and restfulness. Guarded indeed were we by the heavenly messengers whose special province it was to be a light in the paths of lost children. Could we then have known the future that lay before us, the air of the enchanted isle of childhood would have grown chill and drear; as it was we dreamed not of change of home or land, and saw not where the river of life diverged and swept around high banks, rock-crowned and rock-bordered. Eon, does your hand grow restless with the desire to even now grasp the brother's hand whom your heart tells you led us from home because of his own selfish desires; led us away to the forest, where he expected we would be destroyed, that he might, by seeking to comfort the father, win the favor in his sight he most desired, that thereby he might become the possessor of flocks and lands? There are many unexpected bitternesses that weave themselves into the lives of earth's children, but from many and deep experiences I have learned that all wrong, all evil, is a power from which to some one, at some time, comes an actual good. If there were no causes there would be no results, and the central power for good makes even so-called evil pay tribute at the shrine of truth and purity; people whose hearts love most to censure see not this, yet the fact exists nevertheless, and the brother who led us forestward proved the power needed to unbar a door through which we must pass, though he had not the power to bring upon us the evil that his heart cherished, and that was the prompting power of his soul. There is an unseen and unheard

rhythm in all the deeds of life, here and hereafter, that could one be conscious of would breath an assurance of final good. The sleep of childhood is ever deep and unbroken when weariness has added its power: the air of night had grown chill, yet lying in each other's arms we noticed it not, and being accustomed to life in a tent the leaf-covered ground was all we cared for.

Sleep fills all the cells of our material forms with restfulness, and with the fullness thereof our eyes were unclosed. It is natural when childhood reigns to wake from deep sleep with the feeling that actual occurrences are but dreams, the waking from which would bid them be gone. It was thus with Zara and Eoná. We felt as we half opened our eyes that a wearisome dream had crept into our sleep, and had followed us to the very door of the morning, and we expected to find ourselves in our father's tent; but when fully awake, with the consciousness that we were in the forest there came back to us a complete record of the past day's wanderings, and our hearts were full of unuttered fear and anxiety. We asked ourselves and each other what we could and should do. The conclusion was that we must be near the edge of the forest and could therefore easily reach home. Aside from this spoken conclusion, there was in the heart of each a dread we dare not speak, fearing to hear in words the picture that like a phantom flitted through our brains. The gladness of the yester-morning was gone; there seemed nowhere in all the world, that we knew of, a single gleam of sunlight, and, rising to our feet, we thought to hasten on and homeward, when we heard behind us a rustle as of something moving. One who has never been far into a forest can have no idea how the snapping of a twig or the rustle of a leaf speaks to the inner consciousness of the listener; turning we saw standing before us a lion whose proportions in our eyes grew rapidly more and more and more immense. He offered not to stir, but looked at us calmly as though he was never to be wakened to a condition of ferocity; yet we trusted no wild beasts, and, with shrieks and cries that served but to increase our fright, we started forward with

no idea of where we were going. We thought only of flight and escape. In our haste we but retarded our flight and finally fell, both meeting the same fate, because with scarcely knowing what we were doing we had joined hands to be a protection to each other. We had no expectation then but to be devoured, and, twining our arms around each other, we waited with what horror words have not the power to explain. How long we lay with our faces pressed against the leafy earth we knew not, though it seemed that ages had come and gone, and yet we were not devoured. At last we cautiously lifted our faces, to meet the eyes of the same lion, that sat near to us watching us,—for what we knew not. Again we hid our faces, speaking no word to each other. At last the lion laid his huge body down close to ours, the long hair from his shaggy mane sweeping over our heads. There comes a time when from uncertainty one feels that there must be a deliverance. This time or condition came to us, and with a feeling that death would be preferable to the agony of the suspense that held in it at each moment the bitterness of death, we raised ourselves and waited for the decision. We unclasped not each other's hands, there being a consolation in the pressure. The lion lifted his great head and moving a little nearer laid it in our laps. As we had not yet risen to our feet, we spoke not, but looking into each other's eyes read there the question. What did it mean? Of course we could not farther raise ourselves, with the lion's head in our laps, and all we yet could do was to wait. At last the head was lifted and the eyes of the dumb beast looked into ours. We turned not our eyes, neither did they drop under the steady gaze of those of the lion. Slowly closed the eyes that looked into ours; again the head fell on our laps, and the tongue of the lion caressed our hands. There was in this something so strange, so at variance with the known character of the animal, that we were still more astonished. At length we laid our hands on his head, which seemed pleasant to him, and gradually there came into our hearts a glimmer of hope that there might be some way to es-

cape the fate that had seemed hovering over us. A strange trio indeed were we—two lost children with no company but the strangest and most ferocious of wild animals. While yet we sat on the ground, with the lion's head in our laps and our hands on his head, there came to our souls once more the same breathings of peace that we had felt the night previous, and there were breathed on the air words that fell on our ears bidding us to trust and all would be well. We looked far and near for the object from whence came the words, but nowhere could we see aught but the green of the forest and the leaf-strewn earth. The sun had not as yet risen to the height that its rays found us, by which we felt that either it must be early morning or we had gone farther than we had dreamed into the forest, which then seemed boundless. The agony that had overshadowed us was rapidly departing, as there was assurance in the voice that had spoken, and assurance in the deportment of the lion, which seemed kind-eyed whenever he turned towards us his great head. With the passing of fear from our hearts, there came to us a consciousness of hunger, and for the first time we thought of the fruit we had gathered from the tree in search of which we had gone the previous morning. Looking around we saw it scattered over the ground where we made our first attempt to escape from the beast that had so terrified us. Lifting the shaggy head from our laps, we turned in quest of the fruit. The lion followed us, keeping very near, and watched us while we partook of the fruit that seemed unusually refreshing to us, as we had eaten no food since the previous morning. The animal offered not to breakfast with us, and beginning to feel that we owed him something for not devouring us we offered him with our hands a portion of what we had gathered. This he took and ate with the same seeming relish by which our repast was characterized, and then stood before us with the appearance of one who casts his lot with others. There had been in our hearts an extreme of untold agony and fear, but this was gone, and in the place of it there was dawning a feeling of kindness and trust

toward the animal who seemed inclined to be our companion.

Our first thought after the conclusion of our simple repast was to reach home, for we feared our father would return before we reached the tent, and anxiety for the brother was still uppermost in our hearts, it not occurring to us that he had made a point of doing us an injustice; in fact our hearts were too free from guile to have reflected therein the fully formed ideas of others that were born soul-centers of selfishness. We could but feel in our hearts an uncertainty as to the order of manifestations that might occur, should we attempt to leave the immediate presence of our strange companion, yet we were conscious that we could not remain where we were; besides we knew it but foolishness to put off the moment of departure by thinking there would be some other way out of the difficulty, for we well knew that we might remain where we were for years, and not be found; and it is a fact that age in the truest sense signifies not the passing of years, but the experiences by which the life paths are crowded. Many there are who glide adown the rippling river of their own existence and seem when their boats are moored on the farther side but little older than when the blush of their first morning in earth life tinted the skies, and in fact they are but little older. Experience is age, in the language of the soul, and experience it was that between morning and morning had changed the hearts of innocent, unsuspecting childhood to hearts wherein suggestions and conclusions were being rapidly born. The night of uncertainty and morning of inexpressible agony had done their work well, had opened new avenues through which flooded a deeper current of thought than ever before touched our souls. Womanhood seemed staring us in the face, and there crept into our hearts an inexpressible certainty of conditions heretofore unknown to us. With one accord, and with hands clasped as though to express an undying love, we turned our steps, as we supposed, homeward. Slowly the huge lion followed us, and we felt that wherever our path led us there he also would go. We

talked no more as children talk, nor did we realize to the fullest extent the depth of our own souls; but the bud and bloom of childhood were gone, and the hot air from the unseen, untrod deserts of life touched our cheeks. On we went, becoming more and more accustomed to the presence and companionship of the lion. We at last began to feel that we were not nearing the tent of our father, for deeper and denser seemed the forest, wilder and wilder the surroundings, until with one accord we sat down on a little knoll to decide the path we would take, or rather the direction in which we would turn our steps.

While we thus rested and planned the lion stood before us seeming to wait our decision. Suddenly his eyes glared, and, with a growl that awoke with redoubled power the agonies of the early morning, he made a great spring towards us, and we stood amazed thinking the final decision had come. For a moment we seemed unconscious, and when aware that we still breathed, feeling not the teeth of the lion tearing our flesh, and hearing yet low growls and a noise as though a contest was taking place behind us, we arose to our feet, and turning, saw with a feeling of gratitude in our hearts the dead carcass of an animal, from the bones of which the lion was tearing the yet warm flesh by way of a more substantial breakfast. Had we known the peculiar characteristics of our companion we should have had more fear after he had tasted blood than before, but our ignorance in this proved our release from fear, and after gaining self-possession we decided that we were lost without any chance either of being found or finding our way to the edge of the forest. This conclusion once arrived at, we found it easier to plan for the future, which we did without delay. We knew our home must be in the forest unless we could reach the farther limits, which was doubtful because of the wild animals that were on the alert for prey, and we knew not what lay before us, whether the forest was passable or impassable. In this dilemma we saw no way but to go on and on, trusting the result of each step, whether it led to life and release or to death. Consequently we started on once

more, which the lion seeing seemed in no way to cause him displeasure; neither did he seem disposed to be left, but immediately taking in his huge, cruel-looking jaws all he could well carry of his prey, he took up his position by the side of the lost and wandering children, following us as a devoted dog might follow the master he loved and chose to protect. After the last episode there came upon our souls a more trusting feeling toward the lion, and we felt that did he not in his great hunger devour us he might stand between us and the ferocity born of hunger in other animals. With this feeling uppermost we clung to rather than evaded him. We grew hungry and gathered roots from the mellow earth, and hastened not, because we knew not what the end would be; besides we knew we were as safe in one place as in another. Here and there berries and the fruit of the thorn-bush grew, which we gathered and ate. Thus passed the first day of our wandering after we were conscious that we were lost. Night again approached weaving in the forest shadows. This we dreaded and our hearts again took on a fear born in part from past experiences. Our companion sought not to leave us, but seemed to wait our movements more earnestly than before. We selected, before it became too dark to see, our abiding place for the night, and broke from the limbs of low-bending trees branches with which to cover ourselves as a protection against the chill air of night. Having all things prepared, and wearied with the day's wanderings and the feelings of uncertainty that filled our souls, we lay down on our leafy beds. This the lion noticed, and he stretched himself directly in front of us, and, strange as the position was, we felt that we were protected. Again there crept into our souls the assurance that all would be well, and with a feeling that some of the beautiful beings who talked with our father were watching us, we fell asleep.

So worn, so wearied, had we become by the ceaseless wanderings in the forest, besides the occurrences that had brought such extreme mental suffering, that the sleep that came to us deepened until there was not even the faintest shadow of sorrow to weave its sighs in the web of our

dreams. At that time we might have been devoured from the face of the earth, and have been scarcely conscious; but our mission was not yet complete; the life-lines ran toward the future, to cross or blend with others. There exists in the central power of each individualized existence a force unseen and undreamed of, that holds over the circumstances, both present and future, a positive control, repelling some and attracting others. This is what some are pleased to call fate, because they can in no other way express the truth that in their souls is but half born. This force (your language holds no more explanatory word) accepts the circumstances by which each being is surrounded, and through which are taught life's lessons, be they bitter or otherwise. This it was that brought to us the day and deeds of which we had never dreamed. This it was that would be commander-in-chief on the fields of the future. Thus it will be seen there is no such thing as fate, when accepted in the light of man's comprehension of the same, but an inborn force both attractive and repellent, that we might call the shuttle in the loom of time, that weaves whether we will or no the colors over which it holds control. Eon, does this sound strange? If so, remember that I am spirit, disrobed of the more gross materiality, and see the spiritual side of existing conditions that once were to me but myths. I realize, too, that I may to some seem testing the credulity of human nature in giving as I do so strange a history of our no less strange companion; but those who object to my statements on the ground of an impossibility, I beg to refer to similar statements made in what is termed sacred history, assuring such that when from conditions is born a circumstance there is also at that moment born a possibility for others of the same nature. It is utterly impossible with one blow to both open and close the same avenue.

Eon, I am aware I am not hastening with the historical points when I thus digress, but I have many, very many thought gems to drop by the way, for which more than all else I come to weave in unmeasured lines the occurrences in part of past incarnations. If here and there a seed pearl

may be woven in with an undimmed luster. I shall be satisfied; because there has been in the past great dearth of thought, and the time has come when the world needs something to give impetus to the same and break the old wave that bears on its crest so little that is worth the time of mortals to gather. Truth-bearing thoughts become, after a time, exhausted, not that the truth is less, but that it is absorbed by receptive brains, and more is demanded, or there is an exhaustion of brain power by inaction. Coming back again to the point from which I started, where will be found the sleeping children, I will walk for a time in the more direct path, with no promise that I will not in the future digress. The sleep that held us lessened, as the demand for the same met its supply, and the late morning found us with open eyes looking here and there, and seeing only a world of green leaves. Before us stood the kind-eyed and gentle lion of the forest. For the first time I involuntarily reached towards him my hand, and he immediately bowed therein his great head. There was in this movement an assurance that I never after doubted, though I gave it no form in words, and I never after had reason to watch with fear or dread the strange animal that thus united with ours his fate. We wondered much as to the reason of his following us, but undoubtedly those who believe that the beast upon whose back Balaam rode spoke, being controlled thus to do by the angel of the Lord, will understand the reason of our lion protector assuming the lamb nature. Not that it was the angel of the Lord, as was understood in the case of Balaam, who thus controlled and subdued him, but, as I have since learned from the then invisible ones, it was none other than the guardian watchers of our incarnation, who knew whither and for what purpose they were guiding us. I promise not to remain within the limits of possibilities as recorded in the history called the Bible, yet should I do so, there need be no incredulous lifting of eyebrows by the Bible-bound children. There was felt in our physical beings a positive need of food of some kind, and we prepared to set out in search of our morning meal. The deeper we went into the heart of

the forest the scarcer grew the berries, so we searched for roots in the mellow earth, and found but a scant supply. These we ate, and added thereto tender, juicy leaves from the little twigs that grew at the roots of trees, which quenched the thirst we were beginning to feel. The day crept on, and still we wandered, digging and eating whatever we dared to. We came at last to feel that we could eat anything.

Thus days and nights passed, we seeming no nearer to either edge of the forest than on the first day of our wandering. Our strength was failing, we having for several days taken no substantial nourishment, and we were not so well adapted to fasting as was our companion, who seemed not to notice the absence of morning or evening meal. After several days of wandering, towards night, or between the dark and the deep blackness that was ever born in the forest at a late hour, there fell on our ears the low, savage growl of the lion, as we had before heard it, though this time it awakened in our souls no dread; besides, directly in front of us, at no great distance, was what seemed to us two balls of fire. These came nearer and nearer, when suddenly there was a spring of the lion, a contest that we heard rather than saw, and all again was quiet. Coming to our side the lion seemed desirous of showing us his prey, and we followed where he led, and stood at last near the dead animal. The lion began tearing from the same long strips of flesh, which he dropped at our feet, and finding them in the darkness we actually ate with rare zest the offering thus made. Thus supped the wandering trio, and with a feeling of restfulness we had not known in days we again slept, the lion guarding us with his great form, as was his self-appointed task. I do not intend or desire to give all the incidents of this strange pilgrimage, only such as will give an idea of our wandering at that time. We slept, waked, and wandered, digging roots and gathering tender, juicy leaves that served for drink. Occasionally our lion companion and protector won for himself and us a wondrous repast, of which with him we partook, congratulating ourselves on having so generous a provider. Grad-

ually we ceased to think of home, and there were moments when the sunlight of assuring peace fell on our souls. We had no settled expectation of the future, yet there had gradually come to us a half consciousness that other surroundings awaited us, which in our uncertain wanderings we were approaching.

Thus we had gone on and on for days, until we had ceased to count the mornings and evenings,—ceased also to fear and dread either our surroundings or what the future might hold. One day as the forest shadows, which we had learned to read, told of an hour past the noon-time, there fell on our ears a noise utterly unlike any we had heard. It was like the song of a brook. The lion also heard it, and turned his head in the direction from whence it proceeded. This language of motion we understood, and, walking in the direction indicated, the babbling echoes came nearer, until at last we stood in sight of a rapidly running stream. This to us was like entering the enchanted realm of fairy-land. We actually sat down on the bank of the river-like stream and wept for joy. The unannounced wonder came to us so suddenly that we were in no way prepared to meet it, and it was long before we could stay the tide of our tears. Finally we crept down to the water's edge, and, dipping with our hands the crystal drops, drank and drank till we felt our physical beings refreshed. Long we sat on the bank of this stream, gladdening both ear and eye with sight and sound thereof, nor dreamed that it might hold for us still another language, which hearing we would fully understand. We had been so delighted with the presence of the singing stream that we had thought of nothing farther, and not until we felt that we must journey on did we come to the barrier it formed to our progress. We knew that to follow it would be an undertaking crowned with uncertainty; besides, we would lose sight of it in many places by the thick growth of trees and brush through which we could not make our way. A forlorn looking pair were we; indeed our joy had faded, and we saw only before us a forest prison-house from which there could be no release. With this thought uppermost in our

minds Zara involuntarily laid her hands on the head of the lion, and in words of piteous appeal begged him to save us from what seemed eternal bondage. His eyes looked into hers, and I saw by his side the flutter of a white robe of gossamer-like texture, which I knew to belong not to Zara. Then a hand of silvery radiance seemed not only to rest on, but to sink into the depths of the shaggy mane. I dared not speak, lest the power I felt present to guide and save would disappear, but with my eyes still on the lion I saw him crouch at our feet, saw his eyes follow the movements of some presence not visible to us, and felt at the same time my powers of thought grasped by an unseen power and held. In this condition of semi-consciousness we, scarce sensing what we were doing, seemed forced to place ourselves on the back of the lion. This we did, and he, immediately rising, entered the stream, and stopped not until we were safely landed on the farther side. Here let me refer the incredulous, who dare not doubt Bible authority, to the short acquaintance the heroic Jonah had with the whale. They who are blest with common sense can discern between the probabilities and possibilities of the two experiences. Certainly we did not put the lion to the inconvenience that Jonah did the whale, who must have lost his relish for food; and undoubtedly Jonah felt deeply grateful for the fresh air which greeted him at the moment of his exit. The semi-consciousness that seemed to have enveloped us all passed away, and we felt that we had dreamed; yet we knew it to be a dream with an exact fulfillment, for we were on the opposite bank, and could continue our journey with the assurance fully born in our souls that around us were silent watchers of our destiny; and there also came to us a positive consciousness that we would in time reach some point where dwelt the children of our father's God. This we never after doubted, but gave no thought as to where or whom the inhabitants would be that would meet us. We tarried that night near the bank of the stream, and fell asleep, with its babbling waking echoes among the hills and vales of dream-land. The morning found us ready to go forward, and we tarried not, but were

not able to travel as rapidly as we had done, for our feet, which were without covering, had become swollen and much hurt by at different times injuring the cuticle. This trouble increased, until at last there came a morning when Zara could no longer walk. We knew not what to do; to rest where we were would in time end in something more than death. With this new shadow falling over us we turned our hearts in silent appeal to the powers that had before delivered us, and again in response there was a glimpse of the white robe, there was the hand of silvery radiance on the mane of the lion, who immediately crouched at the feet of Zara, and we distinctly heard the words, "Mount and ride." There was no tarrying, no need of a second command, and with Zara sitting on the back of the lion, with my hand resting on his mane, we continued our journey. Does any one object to the presence of angel watchers in a place like the one described, on the ground of an impossibility? Let me direct the hearts of such to the angels who stood in the fiery furnace, and from the power born of knowledge so changed the elements by which the ones to be consumed were surrounded that not even the smell of fire was on their garments.

Strange indeed seems our mode of traveling when seen through the possibilities of the present, through which the unthinking peer and pronounce their unsought conclusions. Yet we came to look upon it in the same matter-of-fact manner that characterizes the children of the present day, who relate themselves the incidents of their lives in an unquestioning manner, thinking not that there may be an equal strangeness in them, if not a similarity. We ceased not to trust our companion in whom we had found such abiding friendship, and there gradually came into our hearts an assurance that it was through the power of the invisible guardians that his nature had become subdued; and there was also born in our hearts the consciousness that we were being led in the right direction, although no pillar of light visible to us preceded us. There was a decided change in the forest; less dense it seemed, while now and then berries made their appearance, indicating in the lan-

guage of nature an approach to the forest borders. This we hailed with delight, though we were conscious that our father's tent was far from us, and we were well assured we would never again rest beneath its protecting folds; and indeed so changed had we become by our surroundings and the incidents that not only seemed but were born for us, that our thoughts seldom wandered to the old life, and as seldom did we speculate on the new that held only uncertainties. I know not the length of time we wandered, though I can testify that it was not forty years; for in bodily stature we had not peered into the realms of womanhood; neither had the clothing we wore away become entirely worn from our bodies by the low growth of bush and shrub, though, unlike the garments of the children of Israel, they had waxed old and grown less. We had not the wisdom of the Israelites, by which to form from the surrounding elements, by will power, whole or pieces of garments to meet the demand brought about by natural causes. Consequently, as we journeyed, we grew unclad. The lion continued to be our helper in travel; sometimes it was Zara who rode, sometimes it was I. We had both become foot-sore, though we were rapidly becoming accustomed to this condition; our feet were growing hard, as it was natural they should. One who has never traveled through the heart of a dense forest can form no idea of the difference there is in the light of day; morning comes later and night-time sooner, as there is no light except what we might call sky-light that has much power; but as we approached the borders of the forest the side-light poured in, each day growing stronger, giving greater assurance of a release from bondage that galled us far less when we came to feel the possibility and probability of escape.

There came a last day to forest wandering; another curve of the river of our lives around a bank whereof we knew nothing, and new scenes were before us. We stood at last in the broad glare of a noon-time sun; before us lay a stretch of level land, and beyond were mountains that, so unaccustomed had we become to aught but tree and earth, seemed ready to fall upon us; and though they were miles

away, yet seemed so near that we felt that we could almost reach them were we to stretch out our hands. There are inconsistencies in all natures, and we were conscious of the same in ours, when we turned our eyes forestward with a holy wish to return; we were strangers to the new land whereon our eyes rested, and felt not its protecting power whispering to our anxious hearts. We had not long to ponder over our situation, as coming towards us we discerned two strangely dressed beings. We were conscious of having attracted them, partly from our being but children, and partly from the lion that was standing between us. Before leaving the protection of the forest we had endeavored to hide the absence of clothing by twining and looping around our bodies vines that have both leaf and berry. In this we had met considerable success, and in looking at each other fancied we saw ourselves. We had also in the days of our home lives twined wreaths for our heads that served two purposes, one of which was to hide the tangled hair that we vainly endeavored to make straight. Neither did we forget to beautify our companion, but arranged a large wreath which he was willing to wear on his neck as a girdle. Slowly approached towards us the gaudily appareled beings, who, we afterward found, were men. They seemed undecided until they observed us lay our hands caressingly on the shaggy mane of the lion: this gave them courage, and they came before us, assuming an attitude of defense, which we readily understood was caused by the presence of the lion. We endeavored to make them understand how perfectly kind he was, by placing our hands in his mouth and laying our cheeks on his mane. They seemed assured, yet watchful, which to us seemed strange, as we, through long companionship, had become so trustful. They motioned from where we first saw them approaching. We felt that this was our only way, and with our hands on the mane of the lion we obeyed the signal, when our companion, seeing we were about to leave the forest, turned his head as if to say good-bye to the cool shade of his native trees, and crouching on the ground for one of us to ride, startled the strangers we were about to

follow, and had not Zara immediately taken the seat thus offered, our protector would have been slain. As it was, their surprise was deepened, and involuntarily they lifted their eyes skyward, and by the movement of their lips we knew they were praying to some God. In silence we followed where the unknown twain led us, feeling no fear, as that had passed from our hearts in the forest. We wondered somewhat as to the people we had met, though most of our thoughts were turned toward the country through which we were passing, which to our eyes seemed strange, we never having been far from our father's tent. Does it seem strange that we, being but children, could adapt ourselves to surroundings thus easily? could live as we lived, and meet in a matter-of-fact way the incidents of our strange existence? I might say much in regard to this, but it is sufficient when I explain that children of that age were not reared as they now are; neither were they as sensitive to the conditions by which they were surrounded. Add to this the fact that we of our own free wills came earthward, bringing with us a greater power than the majority of children possessed, power earned in other incarnations and long tarrying in heavenly homes, and it will readily be seen that we were able to meet with incidents that would have overpowered many less favored. Those who have been many times incarnated bring earthward evidences of the same that are unmistakable.

CHAPTER XXXV.

So aside from the usual rounds of life incidents had been those by which we had for a time been surrounded, that we felt no surprise when at a sudden turn there was disclosed to our view a widespread tent around which were tents of smaller pretensions. The central tent was more gorgeous than were the others, and this in some way we felt to be the abiding place of power. The picture thus presented to us,

with blue sky above and now and then a tree, tall and with widespreading branches, is pleasant to recall, even now. So replete was the entire scene with both sound and color that the thought of fear never for a moment came to us, and it was with emotions undisturbed that we advanced to the outer limits of the enclosure. Here we were motioned to remain, which we did, Zara not dismounting. The men whom we had followed unquestioningly, passed from our sight within the enclosure, where we naturally thought would be told the story of the strange children whose wardrobe consisted largely and principally of trailing vines. In a little time the men appeared, bringing with them two others. We were bidden to follow them, which we did. Inside the enclosure were gathered many, eager-eyed and wondering, to witness the truth of what had been told them. Among the group were both men and women. We were becoming wearied with the clamor of voices, none of which we understood and all of which seemed addressing us, when there came from one of the tents a man in whose figure we recognized not the nationality of those by whom we were surrounded, though his dress was similar. Coming near he addressed us in the language of our own land and tribe. This was more than we expected, yet it none the less gladdened our hearts, and we began to feel that there was some way out of the situation, that was rapidly becoming trying. Involuntarily Zara reached toward him her hand, which he took and let not fall until from our lips he had heard the story of our wandering from the beginning to the end. This in turn he related to the gathered throng, who came to look upon us almost as wonderful as the lion companion of our journey. Then bidding us wait still longer, he turned away, and entered the central tent, wherein we saw, as the wind now and then lifted the heavy silken curtain, women most beautifully and gorgeously attired. After a time, that the increasing unpleasantness of our surroundings was rapidly turning into an age, we saw the same man coming towards us, followed by a woman of rare beauty. Her robe was like unto what you now term satin, white and trailing; her arms were bare and wound with pearls at the wrists and

between the elbows and shoulders: her hair, black and wavy, fell far below her waist, being confined at the top by a band of gold, richly set with gems: her cheeks were dark, yet the tint of rose was plainly discernible: her eyes of deepest brown were large and seemed filled with wonder, that increased each moment as she approached us. Seeing the beautiful woman, the throng fell back and she came near us. The lion felt the power of kindness that dwelt in her heart, and he gave expression to the knowledge by laying his head against her shoulder, which was bare. She was somewhat surprised but evinced no fear, and after a little touched the head that still bent toward her, as though acknowledging her power of love. Zara was bidden to dismount, which she did, and the one who spoke the language of our native land gave us to understand that we had found friends who would look kindly upon us. All this was through natural causes so in the exact line of our lives that we looked upon the conclusion of our wandering in the most matter-of-fact manner, and seemed fully prepared for the events that might follow. Our hearts went out in tenderness towards the beautiful woman, and as we followed her tentward in obedience to her command I distinctly saw the flutter of the shining robes I had seen before when peril seemed inevitable, but this time they were near the beautiful woman and cast over her a silvery halo. No one else seemed to notice this, and I instinctively felt that in my inner consciousness was the sight, and I said no word. Reaching the tent we were bidden to enter, but we saw no way in which this could be done, as we knew the lion would not be an acceptable companion to any save ourselves, and we had come to feel that we could in no way be separated from him. So we begged of the man with whom we could converse to allow us to remain beneath one of the wide-spreading trees, as we were too thoroughly accustomed to the protection of such friendly shade to feel in any way uncomfortable. To this the beautiful woman gave not her consent, and was desirous of having both lion and children beneath the silken tent. Her word we knew was law there, and we were constrained to obey, and accordingly entered.

There were present several other women, but none so beautiful as was the one who was so interested in us; neither were they so beautifully arrayed, though all bore evidences of surroundings of wealth that even to our eyes were unmistakable. The presence of the lion was a constant source of fear to them and they were allowed to pass from the tent. Then followed question after question regarding the land from whence we had wandered, and when the queenly-looking woman came to know that we were both children of a prophet she said we should abide with her within her father's home, that great good might come to them. This was in no way displeasing to us, and we wondered not at what seemed our good fortune, nor thought to return to the land of our fathers.

We had not known by whom we were being addressed until we had made answer to all the questions asked, when we were told by the one who interpreted that we were in the presence of the king's daughter, who, with her maidens, protected by several of her father's warriors, was reveling in tent life as was her custom at that season of the year. At the conclusion of questions and answers the king's daughter called one of her bravest maids and bade her assist in removing the little clothing we had left, for the purpose of replacing it with what would be more presentable. The lion lay at our feet, watching with his kind eyes the labors of the two, and when the king's daughter came near him he laid his head against her clothing as though to express his love and appreciation. This in no way consoled the maid, whose face grew colorless and whose hands trembled with the fear she could not control, though she smiled as she unwound and unwound the long line of vines we had so deftly woven together, and which had lost their beauty and freshness. Our feet, worn and bruised with the long march through a rough and pathless forest, received the first attention, being bathed and anointed with sweet-smelling ointment, such as was used only in those days by the priests and in the king's household; they were then bound with something that had the appearance of being a thin, soft skin, that in its nature was yielding when pressed. This we

found very comforting and restful to our feet, and in fact it imparted to our entire beings a restfulness to which we had long been strangers. I confess I felt a little feeling of exultation summing itself in my heart as I saw the arrangements made for covering our bodies. Wrappings in shawl shape and of heavy silk were rapidly arranged so as to give the idea of dress, though I presume you with your present cultivation would be obliged to guess several times before arriving at what our covering was designed to mean. Fancy me, Eon, with a skirt formed from a heavy shawl of light blue silk bordered heavily with gold color inwoven in the form of lilies with bowed heads. Then imagine a bodice constructed from another shawl that was both narrow and long when compared with the one from which the skirt was formed. This left neck and shoulders bare, yet was so arranged as to cover the remainder of the body and form a sash at one side, being there fastened by a pin of gold that represented a spear, similar in form to those we saw were carried by the protecting soldiers. In addition to this there were bands of gold placed upon my arms, and my sadly tangled hair, which was long and heavy, was parted in the center of the back, the parts or divisions crossed and wound turban-like around my head, being fastened by some arrangement that had a tinkling sound as of a silver bell. Zara's toilet compared with mine except in color, which was of a dark salmon. Many times her timid eyes sought mine during the change that caused us to look so unlike the wood nymphs we at first so well represented, and when all was completed we were seated on cushions richly embroidered, and refreshments in the shape of fruits, and some kind of bread, of wafer-like appearance, were served us; in addition to this a kind of sweet wine was given us. This we drank from tiny gold cups.

We felt almost as though we had waked in the heart of some fairy-land, so queen-like had we become in all our appointments, in so short a time. The faithful companion of all our strange wanderings was not forgotten, and the hands of the king's daughter fastened about his neck a broad sash of blue inwrought with gold. There was a look

in the eyes of the lion that spoke of deep trustfulness, and I was sure there was between the two an unending friendship. From her hands he ate the offered fruit, and perhaps rejoiced with us at the opening of this new chapter, at the beginning of which we had but just recorded our names. I know not but I may be considered too definite in my recital of incidents as they occurred, but it is much easier to follow a line where there is one to follow than to jump from one bank and land on another, leaving all between the two banks a mere tide of conjectures, that are of necessity uncertain and unsatisfactory. I am aware that this story of our wanderings with happy termination is almost as incredible as the one told of Joseph, who was sold by his brethren and afterward became their salvation. We certainly could sympathize with the lad who, like us, bore nobly the separation from home and those he held most dear. The children of that age rejoiced in wonderful powers of endurance; besides they had small sense of fear, not being born to such conditions. I must not wander too far from the tent of the king's daughter before disposing of the lion. A tent was set apart for him wherein to sleep. This was guarded to relieve those who entertained fears, but during the day he roamed wherever he chose. Pleasant indeed were those days wherein no shade of care fell to dim the brightness. We looked never towards the future, feeling it a sealed book, and almost dreaded to have the days go by, for they bore on and on, whither we knew not, though there came into the chamber of our souls, as an abiding guest, a dim consciousness of a future unlike the future toward which children usually look, while ever in our ears seemed sounding the din as of distant battle-fields. We understood not the meaning of this inner sense through which we seemed to live in the present and the future. It would be pleasant, Eon, to lay aside the pen, just here where all hearts were glad, were I but weaving in the threads of fancy. But no, other threads were to follow, mellowing and subduing the more gaudy tints, for fact, not fancy, is the ruling genius. There was ever in our hearts a consciousness not of superiority but of the power that

experience gives. We knew not then from whence this came, neither did it occur to us that this very power was a point of attraction, drawing to us hearts wherein were recorded the possibilities of noble deeds that awaited the hour of fulfillment. All who have many times crossed the tides of time that flow earthward, and have gleaned earnestly from the fields whereon they were laborers, are conscious of this same inner power which expresses itself in perception and comprehension. This in itself is sufficient evidence of incarnations and positions in spirit land gained only by unfoldment of the soul's superior powers.

I know not how long we continued to tent in the pleasant country apart from the cities of the land, but during the time we did much towards becoming possessors of the language there spoken; not that it was so entirely different from the language of our father, as there were many familiar words by which we were much assisted. The king's daughter seemed much pleased with the progress we made, and instructed us also in many things, among which was the music of the land. Fancy me, Eon, in that strange land made presentable by my quaint costume, acquiring the art of touching the strings of a harp in a way to waken music. It was well there came not to us the memory of the harps of the land from which we were pilgrims; well that we caught no sounds or sights that wakened memory, or the peace that dwelt in our hearts would have turned to bitterness long before the journey was ended, and the purpose of our earthward pilgrimage would have been unfulfilled. Let none throw from them the grand truth of many incarnations on the ground of their inability to remember either their spirit life and home, or their previous incarnations. To such as stop at this point, I extend the assurance that were the knowledge they crave to shine into their souls it would bring them no heaven, but the remembrance would be so mixed with the occurrences of the present existence that a great cyclone of thought and failure would be the result, and brains that are the gift of matter, and as such have their exact dimensions, would be crowded beyond the possibility of their measurement. The result can be

imagined. It is well at times that to mortals are given faint glimpses of a by-gone that touches not the shores of the present incarnation, as this gives a positive proof of the principles the higher spirits are endeavoring to hand down to the hungry, thirsting children; but it is not needful that the doors of memory are swung wide open, letting in to brains a sudden and overpowering conception of many facts that would completely overreach the one present. It is well, as a rule, that the doors through which we have passed are closed, else as would be most natural we would ever be turning to the past for comparisons instead of looking into the future for a realization of life's holiest purposes; besides it is pleasant, when our feet touch the shores of the soul's home, to feel the waves of memory crowned and arrested with incidents rushing soulward, unlocking door after door through which we have passed. We feel then like one suddenly come into our inheritance that is incorruptible.

I am conscious that I wander away from the silken tent, beneath the folds of which we found a home, protection, and welcome, but I stand against its open door, where life was sweet and peaceful as the breath of heaven-born summers. The king's daughter was unwilling that we should absent ourselves from her tent, even at night-time; consequently we were ever her companions. At her feet, reclining on embroidered cushions, we sang the songs of our own land, that was not so far from the land where we were tarrying as we supposed, the distance being largely due to the obstructions that were to be overcome and through which we seemed led by a power both superior and invisible to us. There came to the king's daughter, while yet the days were crowned with beauty, a messenger from the king saying, "Thus saith thy father the king, Fold thy tents and journey homeward." We understood that the voice of the ruler of the land must be obeyed, and we sorrowed much to leave the beautiful land wherein we were tarrying; yet chose rather to journey with the home-bound company than to again become wanderers. In our childish hearts we felt that to live where we were, on and on through all the com-

ing years of our lives, would be all we could crave. We were too inexperienced to know that in time heart-hunger would come to us, because of our not fulfilling the purpose of our incarnation. The shadows of regret fell into our hearts as we watched tent after tent lowered and bound with cords, and when the central tent was the only one that awaited the hands of the soldiers we felt the tears falling. The heart of the king's daughter was touched with the appearance of our sorrow, and she bade us to be of good cheer, saying we should ever abide with her, as she was a much-loved child of the king, who granted all the desires of her heart. We brushed away the tears that had come unbidden and tried to rejoice in the prospect of a future as bright as was the present, but ever in our hearts dwelt the consciousness of a future of uncertainties; ever by our side seemed stalking the phantom of a shadow; ever in our ears were the sounds of confusion regarding the import of which the records of the future were silent.

All things were at last in readiness; the beasts of burden bore the tents; part of the soldiers rode on horses, and part walked; the king's daughter with her maids and two adopted children rode in a chariot drawn by six horses; by the side of the chariot walked the lion, from which we were not willing to be separated. In this manner we traveled homeward or toward the home the future held for us. Strange indeed looked the country to our eyes, unaccustomed as they had before been to any but rural scenes until the occurrence of the strange circumstance that bridge-like spanned the stream of life at a curve in its onward flow, the crossing of which placed us in a new country. Strange still seemed our surroundings as we neared the end of our journey, which took several days to complete, each sunrise and sunset lengthening the distance between our father's far-off tent and ourselves. The home we had left began already to seem like some place we had seen in dream-land, so great was the power the surrounding circumstances held over us. The sunset was nearing when in the distance loomed the walls of the city towards which we were traveling. As we looked in silent wonderment, the gate

facing us opened, and what seemed to us a long line of warriors approached. Our hearts sunk with fear at sight of them, but we were re-assured by the beautiful woman whom we had learned to love and trust, and as the advancing line greeted the king's daughter we felt that all was well. The warriors who thus increased the number of the company assumed the form of guards, and in this manner were we conducted to the gate. Waiting for it to open, there swept over my soul a light from some far-off age, and there came unto my heart also the shadow of walls like unto the ones before which we stood, and I felt spell-bound in my consciousness of the present and dream-like realization of the past. Nor did I then fathom the meaning thereof, though when in the land of souls memory gathered to itself its own treasures I knew that I had stood as spirit Eoná by your side outside the gates of the ancient city of Séré. As the gates opened the picture faded, as indeed it would had it been impressed with fourfold power, for, as we entered, on both sides of the broad street were stationed warriors with glittering steel and waving banners. No word was spoken, which seemed unlike the manner of people in those days, but we afterward learned it was not the custom for warriors, except they formed an especial guard, to address the daughter of the king. On we passed, slowly, the street we entered winding around the entire city, then turning bent a little; it wound again and again in like manner, until we were more completely lost than we ever had been in the pathless forest. At last there was a halt of what seemed to us an army, and the occupants of the chariot, among whom were Zara and Eoná, passed through what seemed an avenue formed by soldiers standing side by side, and thus reached the gate that opened to the king's temple, or the grounds surrounding it. I forget not even now how marvelous seemed even the shadows cast by the huge structure, that in its vastness looked to us roomy enough to hold all the people we imagined dwelt within the walls of the city. Everything seemed carved from rock, and glistened from excessive polishing. That the age whereof I write was an age wherein brute force, rather

than intellect balanced by conscience, ruled, was evident; the fact expressed itself in many ways. Even the base of the pillars of this immense structure have the forms of head, shoulders, and fore paws of the lion. The daughter immediately sought the presence of her father, leaving us to the care of her maids, and when we were summoned we walked as though in a dream, so strange were all objects upon which our eyes rested. Again the phantom of an uncertain future bore us company, and the far-off din sounded in our ears in prophetic murmurings. Entering the presence of the king we stood before him in the simplicity of childish innocence, nor gave thought to the honors his position both demanded and received. Of this we knew nothing, never having been taught to deport ourselves before kings or princes. Again I saw the flutter of the radiant robes that ever boded us good, and I felt that the heart of the king would be reached. A light fell around and over him, in the midst of which and above his head shone another face radiant as the sun. This I learned on my return home to the land of spirits to have been the face of my spirit father, who was seeking by the power of love to make room for us in the heart of the king. I doubt not that this sounds strange, yet if I could part the curtain for all eyes between the here and there, I could make plain to hearts wherein understanding dwells like a well of living waters, the necessity for just such guides to make passable the paths wherein must walk the feet of the heaven-sent messengers, whose duty it is to leave lines of light from which is ever dated the birth of greater spiritual power and unfoldment. The king, in whose presence we waited, seemed pleased with the narration of his daughter concerning us, and when, in answer to his questions, we told him that the name of our father was El Haban, he laid his hand upon his breast and said, "The Lord hath done good unto his servant, as he hath sent hither the children of a prophet who fears God and serves him." Then turning to his daughter he said, "Let them abide with us until they go hence to the God of their fathers." Thus it was settled that we were to become members of the king's household, not as

maid servants, but as those by whose presence he would receive favor.

It occurred that the king had an elder son, who in all his ways was unlike his father, who was in all things a godly man and sought to do right in the sincerity of his heart. This son being not far-seeing as was his father, urged the king to open war on the people of other lands, thinking he would thereby increase his wealth and power. This it was not in the heart of the king to do, which kindled the wrath of the son against his father, insomuch that he turned against the king and after a time left the land of his father to dwell in the land of strangers. There was sorrow thereby in the heart of the father, who had thought his eldest-born son would in time rule in his stead, and would rule as justly and wisely as he had done. He had yet another son, in whom dwelt a spirit of love and wisdom, and towards this son the king turned for comfort, though he had never loved him as he had the first born, who received the baptism of the father's pride. It was over the head of the much-loved son, the very hour of his birth, that the king held his own crown and took oath that when the years of his own life were told the crown should fall with all its power and honor on the head over which it was held. This oath had ever been kept sacred in the father's memory, and he but waited the hour wherein it could be fulfilled; but now that the son had departed, his heart carried a weary load which the young son sought to relieve: for the wisdom of the father had been bestowed in great measure on the younger son, which the father, looking through the magic realm of his pride for his first born, saw not. I am thus definite, Eon, that I may show you wherein the light of the better land proved a guiding power, not to Eoná alone, but to those unto whom she seemed to be sent. There dwelt at this time in the king's household the same translator whose heart seemed turned toward us to relieve us from the unpleasantness by which we were surrounded at the time of our finding the king's daughter. Azier was his name, and he was a man of wisdom, one whose earnestness and integrity made him a great help and power in the king's house-

hold. It was with him that the king counseled in all things pertaining to his kingdom, his decisions being the result of their united judgments. At the time of which I write he was much in the king's presence, because of the great sorrow that had come to the king. The less disturbed judgment of the king's counselor and translator decided it wise to transmit to the younger son the power in keeping for the eldest born. This the king was highly displeased with, thinking the wanderer would in time return and be content to abide with him. It was during one of these hours of counsel that with Zara I sat in the presence of the king's daughter, a long distance from the council chamber, and while yet we were singing, there fell around me a bright light, the radiance of which was like unto silver. I ceased to sing, and Zara afterward told me there was a great light on my garments and my face became as the face of an angel. She further told me that, rising, I said in a strange voice, "I go to the council chamber of the king." This she said frightened the king's daughter, and she, too rising, followed me. Seeing her not and sensing her not, I passed with rapid steps room after room, hall after hall, until I stood at the door of the king's council chamber, a room I knew not of, and which I had never either passed or entered. Stopping here, I was told that I gave the peculiar rap that obtained admittance, which the king hearing thought to be the rap of the younger son, who was not present with him at the time. He bade Azier unclosethe door, which he did, when to their great surprise I glided in with the light still falling around me, making my face all unlike the face of a child. So suddenly had all this occurred that neither the king nor the king's counselor had the forethought or the power to hinder my admittance, and before reflective thought came to them, the child lips parted, and words, prophetic words, born in the heavens beyond, fell on their ears, the import of which alone came to me afterward from the lips of the king's daughter, and was like unto this: A spirit from the higher realms, one who watched the steps progressive made by earth's children, and recorded the same, in this way sought to shield the king.

his realm, and the children belonging thereto, from the evils of war, in the rear of which would be apt to follow pestilence and famine, which are the results of a destruction of the centers of harmony, from which I might sermonize, but choose rather to follow the thread historical. The exalted immortal, breathing through the child-soul, pointed out to the king the one and only true path in which his feet could in safety walk. He told him of the shadows cast on the dial of the future, saying if he, hearing his words, gave not attention thereto, abided not by his judgment, these same shadows would wrap him as a mantle, and the last years of his reign would be filled with bitterness and sorrow that would pile themselves around about him as the threatening clouds fill the length and breadth of the sky. He was counseled, that he might avoid all these fulfillments, to place upon the head of his younger son the crown he wore, thereby bestowing upon him the honor and power of his kingdom, which would continue to be a kingdom of peace, a kingdom blessed of the Most High, long after he had been gathered unto his fathers. Thus spoke the wisdom teacher through the unsealed lips of the prophet's child, and when he had ceased to speak the great light wherewith he had baptized me slowly faded, and I unconsciously fell at the feet of the king. The king's counselor bore me in his arms to the apartments of the king's daughter, whose name was Cleos. Here a deep sleep followed, from which I wakened not until a very late hour; when on opening my eyes I beheld the beautiful Cleos with head bowed on the cushion whereon my head was resting. She was holding in hers my hand, and seeing me awake bade me rest, and she would tell me all that had occurred, when the morning hour broke, which she did, and which I have here recorded. There was in her eyes a fountain of unshed tears, through which the spirit peering seemed sad. She assured me that I had not incurred the displeasure of the king, which was the first fear of my heart, and I dreaded lest I should be sent from the land of the beautiful Cleos, whom I loved as I then loved no one but my soul's sister, Zara. There fell on me great dread of like occurrences, which I breathed to the

king's daughter, and she bade me not to fear, for if they occurred the king would in no wise think ill of the child through whom words of wisdom were breathed; therewith I again became content and happy.

You undoubtedly notice, Eon, that I weave the narration of incidents that belonged to the age of which record is kept within a book looked upon as sacred, in language similar to that in which the translation used in this country is made. I do this not because it is the language of my soul, but I am compelled to do so from the very fact that I am drawing from the actual magnetic power of the incidents related, and they hold the same expression now they did at the time of their occurrence. Every incident in life creates a language of its own by which it must appeal to the soul's comprehension, and this language once born, ever remains as a means by which the incident may be referred to. So you see even the incidents of life are within themselves minute centers of attractions. Wonderful, indeed, is the realm of the unseen, holding as it does so much that is entirely unexplainable, and will remain thus until it is capable of throwing upon the souls of earth children its own impregnating power, by which from these same souls shall be born the word children needed to explain the peculiarities and wonders of their parent—the unseen, which is ever being part unfolded, and from which those who dare not think turn away to quench their soul's thirst in the lesser fountains from whence flow the mixed waters, which, when analyzed by the spirit chemist, are found to possess some few grains of redeeming truth, mingled with volumes of error. If a little leaven leavens the whole lump, which we doubt not, we may look for truth to rule sometime, as it certainly will, when mind has fully baptized all matter, and when matter in turn records the triumphs of mind. Then between mind and matter there will be an acknowledged harmony, from which will be born higher conditions to planets than I dare at the present breathe, even to your ear, turned as it ever is towards the hills of your fatherland. The future will lift and fold back its own curtains without the help of Eoná's hand, and will lay its own paths of redemption.

from which, looking earthward, the power of church and creed seems like the meaningless play of children, who delight in building cob houses; yet they must build such when they are children, and the very fact of their doing this forms the center to which in other days must come the power to build something more godlike, something more worthy the soul immortal. All things under the sun exist because of necessity, and when the necessity is removed by being outgrown the corresponding existence will no longer be recorded. Eon, I touch not always the same string of the harp from which I wake my echoes, lest through lack of variety the strain seem wearisome. It is well to carry all parts when the anthem is complete, and all hearts catch some notes to which they can respond. Here let me say to those who follow the links of this chain through the shades of the here and the lights of the hereafter, say not the incidents here recorded are not from the records of facts because you have not the power to decide; not having seen, how can you know? The world moved long before the inhabitants thereof were willing to own or believe it, and it takes a long time for a truth, when it signifies a principle, to gain a foothold in the hearts that, being human, yet throw around them at times an atmosphere of inhumanity.

After the incident related, in which the light from the land of souls shone over me, I dreaded the presence of the king, for I was as yet but a child and feared lest when before him the same overpowering presence would lock my outer senses and breathe through my lips prophetic words till offense would come to him. Therefore I left not the immediate presence of the king's daughter as much as I had been wont to do. The king, nevertheless, sent not long after, the counselor to his daughter Cleos, saying, "Come unto me, and bring also the prophet child, for I would inquire still more concerning my kingdom." The king's daughter made not known to me at the time the words of the messenger, but in a little time said, "Let us walk on the upper balcony that faces the west," and thither I accompanied her, she taking my hand in hers. She began reciting in her winsome way an ancient legend told in verse.

This she afterwards told me she did because there was a thought in her heart that the prophetic light would not fall over me in the presence of the king. Not long had she thus beguiled me, when I distinctly heard music as of approaching harpers, and within my soul there was a consciousness of a great light, though where I could not tell, and soon again my outer senses were locked, when (Cleos relating to me what followed) the same illumination seemed from some unseen center to fall over me as if in baptism, and turning suddenly I said, "I go to the king," and again unguided sought the council chamber of the king. Again from the lips of a child fell the wisdom of kings, which confounded those who listened. Then it was that there was told to the king that but ten years more wherein to reign would be given to him, as at the end of that time he would be gathered to his fathers, and if he would leave behind him a continued reign of peace he must do as he had been bidden, and place his crown on the head of the younger son, and if he failed to do this, the then peaceful country would become as one vast battle ground. And there was also told unto him these words,—his son, whom he so loved, had gone after false gods, and was living a riotous life in the household of the king of the land whither he had gone; that he was also laying plans with the powers unto whom he paid allegiance, to spread destruction throughout the land of his father, who he knew had approached old age, when he could no more go out to battle, or lay plans for his faithful servants and armed hosts. He was also told that enemies from the faithless and wicked son were even then being sent through his realm, that they would come as friendly messengers, bringing with them presents of costly spices, also raiment fit only for kings to wear. Even greater counsel than this he received, but his heart could in no wise turn away from the son he so loved, though he thought to do according to the counsel received, and when the great light had departed from me and my lips ceased to move, he commanded that I be left in his presence. The daughter remained, taking my head in her lap, and stroking both head and hands. When again I opened my eyes,

I grew faint with fear, for I saw that I was in the presence of the king, and also in his council chamber. The kind-eyed counselor gave me wine, which I drank, when the king called me to his side. Again the shining hand appeared, and I grew calm. It rested on the silvery grown locks of the king, and I knew that when his lips parted words of kindness would fall therefrom. He laid his hand on my head, and I involuntarily dropped on my knees before him, when from the great fountain of kindness that dwelt in his soul he uttered a blessing for the strange prophetic child, and then bade me rise, saying that on the morrow, between the morning hour and the midday, I must come to him there, as he had much to say to me, whereof he cared not to speak then. Thus speaking he bade us depart, which we did, and never again to my heart came a fear that I should in any way bring displeasure to the king's household.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE shuttle of time in flying
Weaves ever and ever, at will,
The lines of light and of shadow
That life's webs are waiting to fill.
Ever and ever the sunlight
As sifted through cloud land and mist,
Ever the heart that is gladdest,
By the shadows, too, will be kissed.
Ever and ever the blossoms,
Earth born and fresh sprinkled with dew,
Lift not their hearts at the noon-time,
Though are bending the skies of blue.
Ever and ever the breezes
That are borne through valleys below
Have caught not the breath of spices
That far up the mountain side grow.

And for all this there is no help; like twin sisters, do cause and effect walk hand in hand; the shuttle weaves on

and on, blending the lights and shadows, and the smile that peers through a tear shows that to the soul has been born a grander power. I held no power over the shuttle that time was flying, and of necessity was borne where the positive law of my own inner self, that was my soul's birthright, demanded or commanded. Much I wondered as to what would be the result of my interview with the king, and when at last I slept there stood before me in a vision of which my soul lost no consciousness a being radiant and to me very godlike to look upon. I seemed standing by his side on a mountain that breathed to my soul a welcome as of home, and I felt that the very blooms that beautified it breathed to my soul songs of peace and rest. Standing thus, this being like unto an angel pointed afar off and bade me look. I obeyed, and there seemed but a mist-like cloud, far in the distance. Still I turned not my eyes, when within the mist I saw objects moving; more and more distinct they became until at last there was before me, yet afar off, a battle-field. The contest ceased not, while here and there fell the slain. I marveled much and sought without asking the meaning thereof to understand. Among the hosts who were moving right and left I saw one who was radiant, a light seeming to fall both on face and form from some unseen source. This, too, was strange, and what increased my wonder as I gazed was that this radiant one on the battle-ground was a woman, and nothing seemed to have power to injure her. Looking in the face, I saw in it the reflection of my own; then turning to my companion, I sought to know the meaning of what my eyes had witnessed, but he was no longer by my side. The mountain, too, had disappeared; all of which so disturbed me that I opened my eyes, to find myself in my own room, which seemed filled with a silver light, while a little distance from me stood the angel of my vision. There was a sadness in his eyes that seemed to waken in my soul the same far-off din as of approaching battle that so often sounded there, and there was born in my heart a sigh of expectant weariness that never again left it. Thus it was that whenever the sunlight of life seemed warming into life the buds and

blooms of hope, this wearisome sigh would sweep over them and they would close, holding within their own chalices all of their beauty. I attempted to address the angel's presence, but my lips moved not, when approaching he pressed to mine his lips of light in a holy kiss that seemed to burn into my very soul, and thereafter I felt that I was consecrated. Eon, does your heart whisper the name of the angel of my vision? Then I need not tell it to the world, for I write not a tale of love like unto the love that, being earth born, radiates not the holy light of the kingdom. The love of the spirit and the love of the flesh are two, and can in no way be united.

The hour mentioned by the king came at last, and with a weight as of responsibility resting on heart and brain I sought his presence. He bade me stand near him, which I did, and seeing me tremble with the weight that was hard to bear, he bade me to let not my heart be troubled, for he desired only my greatest good, and for that he sought this meeting. Placing for me at his side a heavy cushion, he bade me be seated, when with his hand resting on my head he said: "Child, for such you are, the God of Abraham and of Isaac has lighted on the altar of your soul the holy fires of prophecy, and his presence hath blessed my household; now I would seek to bind thee more fully to me and mine, that good may come unto the realm over which I rule, and this is the desire of the king's heart, concerning which he has counseled with Azier, who is wise in all things save prophecy, and seeks both the good of the king and his household. I would, my child, seek thee to become the helpmeet of my younger son, in whom is both wisdom and a kind heart. Unto him shall be given the crown of the king at the time when the king is gathered to his fathers. This it is I most desire; become betrothed unto him, and when yet seven years have passed become his helpmeet, according to the law of the land, and I will bequeath unto thee and thy children, so long as there is a male child to bear thy name, all the land in the valleys that face the east as far as my kingdom doth extend." As he ceased speaking there sounded in my ears the din

of distant battles, and I seemed powerless to say aught but these words, "It shall be as the king desires." He then called unto his son, and when he appeared he bade us both kneel before him, which we did, and the king blessed us. When we arose there was visible to my eyes the flutter of white robes, such as the angel of my vision wore, and I knew I had done what was for me to do; it mattered but little whether or not from a fulfillment of vows there would be brought to my own heart peace and gladness, some one would thereby be blessed. The son unto whom I was to be given in marriage looked into my eyes and I read in his a gladness that his lips had not spoken, and I said to my own heart, "It is well." I immediately sought the presence of the king's daughter, and, sitting on a cushion at her feet, laid my head in her lap, as I was often in the habit of doing. Taking my head in her hands she looked long and steadily into my eyes, and reading nothing therein, asked me wherefore the king demanded my presence. I desired not to tell her lest displeasure should come to her, but when she urged and would not be put off, I told her all the king had said and desired; likewise the reply I made him. The light and love of the eyes of the beautiful Cleos deepened, and she answered, "My brother has done wisely and well, and the prophet's child shall indeed be my sister." Zara, too, was glad at heart that such great good had come unto me. To me with the inner consciousness that was reaching farther and farther into the unseen, there was little thought of gladness, only the fulfillment of one of life's recorded missions. Ah! Eon, the heaven-born breath from the hills of my real home had too recently fanned my brow, too recently touched my cheeks, to allow the greatest good that earth could bring to make in my heart feelings either triumphant or of deep gladness. At the time of which I now write I was about thirteen years of age, as you count time; consequently the marriage was not to take place until seven years had passed, during which time I was to be as the king's child.

One after another of the years of betrothal passed by, during which time wars were brought about by the dis-

satisfied son, who sought to dethrone his father that he might thereby become king and reign in his stead. He loved and desired power, and caring but for self would have wrought ruin to the peace of his father's kingdom, wherein he disdained to tarry. At one time before the seven years were all told there came within the king's gates at night one who announced himself as a messenger from a distant land wherein dwelt the king's brother, who, the messenger said, having heard that his brother's son was betrothed to the daughter of a prophet, sent thither beautiful gifts, rare gems, and many other things, among which were rich silks and fine linens; and the messenger begged to be allowed to stand in the presence of the yet unmarried daughter of the prophet and there bestow upon her the gifts sent by the brother, as he said the far-off brother requested him thus to do, that he might return to him with tidings from the lips of the daughter. The king hearing this from the lips of the counselor, who had listened to the words of the messenger, and being thereby pleased, commanded that he be shown into her presence, and immediately there stood in my room the stranger, whose size was immense. Tapers were burning, making the shadows in the spacious apartment seem still larger and more uncertain. I arose at his entrance, for from my window I had heard his story, and there was a strange undertone to his voice; and my heart said immediately, "He bodes me no good," though I thought not from whence came the stranger. Seeming not to have heard his already repeated story, I bade him to be seated, and asked him why he sought me, that I might thereby gain time to think, though of what I knew not. Then he repeated again the same tale to which I had but just listened, at the same time adding, "Let me loop these pearls in your hair, which is black as the night of the Egyptians." He had already opened a box, inlaid with gold and pearl, and seemed about to lay his hand on my long braided hair, when I started back, saying, to cover my confusion, "Nay, I am as yet but the child of a prophet, and not the helpmeet of the king's son." He laughed lightly, saying I was too timid, but he added, "You will

surely let me fasten on your arm this band of gold inlaid with precious stones;" saying which he took in his my hand, holding it firmly, so that I could in no way withdraw it. I knew there was death in his grasp: my whole soul told me this, yet I moved not nor attempted to call, for I knew the door of the council chamber was closed and the king would not hear me. My only thought was for Cleos and Zara, who were walking in the king's garden. My heart called loudly to them though my lips moved not; the heavy band was fastened, and as my eyes rested on it I saw distinctly the hand of the radiant being who had so long and through so many perils guided me. I knew there was power therein, but saw not how it could then be demonstrated. Then, as the almost giant held my hand in his firm grasp, he said in low tones, that he might not be heard, "Lady, I have business with you of which you little dream;" and then he related to me that the elder brother had paid him gold and promised him in the future a part of his kingdom, which he still thought to possess, if he would gain admission into my presence under pretense that was made plain by the story told, and after gaining admission, when in the act of binding the pearls in my hair, to which he thought I could not object, he was to pierce my heart with the trusty blade hanging by his side that he unsheathed and showed me. All this was told as though of but little import, and I waited, catching now and then a glimpse of the radiant robes I had too often seen not to understand, and I knew if I was saved it would be by angel presence and power. Waiting a moment, as I thought, to note the effect of the tidings on the unprotected one, he spake again and this time still lower than before. "Lady," he said, "I came here with no other motive in my heart than to find yours with my trusty blade, but my heart has grown tender under the light of your eyes. There is one chance for you, and only one; follow me from the king's palace, and I will bear you to my own land, and will say unto the brother who sent me, 'The maiden no longer lives.' Then these pearls and jewels shall be yours, and I will make of you my own helpmeet, and we will dwell not in the land of stran-

gers. What sayest?" and he waited reply. I seemed turned to stone, when suddenly there fell over and around me the radiance of the heavenly land. This the giant noticed, and sought to do the deed for which he had been sent, for he knew not the meaning of the sudden great change that had fallen on the one whom he sought to slay. Drawing his steel he attempted to thrust it through the heart that had never done him wrong. The radiance increased, by which he was blinded; he saw not which way he was thrusting his deadly weapon, and it coming in contact with no form, he became excited, not knowing what might occur to him. Again and again he thrust, when at last in his anxiety, that was rapidly becoming fear, he fell over a heavy cushion, and in his fall his weapon of death became turned and the assassin was slain by his own steel; his heart, instead of the heart of the innocent one, was pierced, and his blood was upon his own head. There had come over me utter unconsciousness, and thus was I locked from the tabernacle wherein I dwelt, and when again the mists rolled away and consciousness returned, it was to find great confusion in the king's household. Cleos and Zara had returned from their walk, during which they had gathered white blooms and twined them in long festoons, and then wound therewith their heads. These in their consternation they thought not to remove, and when I opened my eyes and saw in my presence by the tapers that had burned low, these damsels, white robed and flower trimmed, my first thought, remembering the blade of the assassin, was that the deed at last had been done and I was in another life, and these flower-twined beings were among the dwellers of the land of spirits. I dared not speak, but thought if I waited some one would come to me, which they did; for no sooner had my return to consciousness been noted than Cleos and Zara were by my side. Then it was I found I was still a dweller in the king's household. Then in the presence of the king, his counselor, and the son to whom I was betrothed, did I relate the whole story of the elder son's iniquity, as told me by the one sent by him to slay the betrothed helpmeet. The stranger was the same night borne without the gates and

buried, and no one ever knew from what country he came or what name he bore, for the steel as though guided by an unseen hand entered his heart, thus sealing forever the material lips. I relate this one incident to show the significance of my vision, in which the form of a woman with face like unto mine stood upon the battle-field, while around and about her fell a radiance from the heavenly kingdom, that hindered the approach of all evil. Here and there she flitted, while around her fell the slain, yet she was safe and the shadow of fear was not with her.

There was great rejoicing in the king's household when the seven years were all told. Messengers were sent to all the countries round about, that were at peace with the king, bidding the king's friends come unto him and help him to make merry, according to the gladness of his heart; for unto his son the Lord had sent the daughter of a prophet to become to him a helpmeet. Accordingly, from near and afar, came the guests whom the king had sought, and all the king's palace was thronged, insomuch that there was room for no more. The marriage feast was to continue for several days, during which time the king entertained his guests with the choicest of all the land, and many said there had never been a feast like unto it, which pleased the king exceedingly, and he partook more freely of the wine than he had ever been wont to do, so that the third day of the feast while the sun scarce touched the noon-mark, he was that drunken as to be unkingly; which so troubled the son to whom I was betrothed that he besought his father to retire to his own room, thinking thereby the wine would lose its power and the king would be himself again. This angered the king, and he bade the son retire to his apartment, and commanded a guard to be stationed at his door that he should not pass out until the morrow's sun had sunk in the west. The command was obeyed, the son remonstrating not, though his heart was exceedingly sorrowful that the king, upon whom all nations had looked as being a wise man and a man blessed of God in all things, should thus disgrace himself in the eyes of his guests. The anger imbibed from the wine-cup grew no less because the wine

increased, until at last from loud talking were born curses, and the king assured his listeners that he had ever most loved the elder son, and if any one would bring him tidings of the absent one, for whom his heart yearned, he would give unto him gold in abundance and much land. This so displeased many of the guests that they departed to their own country, being in no wise sure that there would be any giving in marriage. This troubled the king somewhat, for in the foolishness of drunkenness he appeared to feel as the only king in all the earth. Never before had he done so foolish a thing, and never had I seen him anything but noble; but the glory of his kingdom and his power in the land were too much for him, and he must therefore become drunken.

All the days of the feast, from the first day, there had been sounding in my ears the din of an unseen and far-off battle, and I felt like one just awakened from a dream. Still I strove to mingle with the expectant guests as though the sounds of peace were falling, knowing there was a guiding power ever present with me. I was in a measure calm and restful and waited the result of the king's drunken anger, that seemed uncertain as far as duration was concerned. There were those present who ceased not to praise his possessions and power, until at last there was a great display of horses and chariots at his command, and I said in my own heart, "The king has gone mad, and the flattery from designing lips bodes no good to the king, his household, nor to his possessions." I sought not to say this to him, for I well knew the king was not on his throne; he had taken a second and lower seat among the lovers of wine. It was a strange scene, such an one as I had never before witnessed within the king's gates, and I feared greatly lest he would rue it. It happened as the sun was turning westward the same day of my betrothed's disgrace, that I noticed following the king with gracious airs, two dark-faced men. These I had many times before noticed bestowing upon him the flattery that so pleased those who have become drunken. I saw with them queer shadows, that I sought not to interpret; yet the weight in my heart

told me that all was not well. Suddenly, and while yet watching them, my soul became conscious of the presence of the radiant one, who seemed ever near in times of peril. There fell not upon me unconsciousness, and my entire inner being was illuminated, until I felt that I walked upon air. In the midst of this, a voice spoke unto my soul, saying, "The one most gracious with the king is the elder brother in disguise and he seeks far more than ever the king, who is not in his right mind, can conceive of"; and the voice furthermore said, "You will hear before the sun goes down from the king's lips all the desire of this elder brother. Therefore go now and gather together all your gold and jewels and bid Zara to do the same, then come again into the presence of the king. Yet fear not for the words that fall from his lips." Immediately seeking Zara, I stood for a moment in her presence speechless, for my heart sorrowed that I must break unto her such strange news, when all about us seemed so glad and joyous. The tenderness of my heart touched hers, so rapidly between us did the magnetic lines travel, and coming to me she spoke, saying, "What is it the lips of my sister would speak?" Touching her shining braids, while deeper and deeper grew the tenderness of my heart, I said, "Is Zara happy?" She answered, "I am; but tell me what is in your heart." Then I added, "Do you fear misfortune and the suffering it entails?" and she answered as the light of her eyes caught the light from the heavenly land, "Never, when truth is the altar whereon we offer sacrifice." Then with her hands clasped in mine, I told her all, keeping not back from her even the fears and forebodings of my own heart. Zara had ever been beautiful, but never had she seemed to the heart of her sister to possess such heaven-born beauty as did she then, her heart taking in all the past, the present, and possibilities of the future, on the threshold of which our feet were even then standing. We spoke no words to the maid servants who had been wont to attend us, but gathered together all that was most valuable, and would prove thus to us in whatever land the future might find us. Having completed all the

preparations, in obedience to the voice that spoke to my soul, I bade Zara follow me, telling her at the same time to fear not what the king might say for all would in some unseen way be well. Then we sought again the presence of the king, who was still drinking the healths of his guests, being surrounded by those who loved the red wine, while nearest to him sat the most gracious of the guests, and my heart said the most designing, also; for no sooner was the king's goblet empty than one or the other refilled it and placed it ever at his right hand. I regretted much that so great a feast had been called, for it had both created and formed the pride of the king in whose heart had ever dwelt such great goodness; and my heart told me that for all his unkingliness there was coming to him a long day of sorrow. Yet I could in no way turn the tide that was bearing more than one life-bark away from the shores that were loved and to which tender hearts clung. As we entered the presence of the king, I was conscious of several, unseen to the revelers, who were walking with us, and looking into Zara's eyes I saw that she, too, was conscious of the same white-robed ones. They were pure, and a strange contrast they made with the lovers of pleasure, who thought it no hardship to drink the wine of kings, and return flattery in its stead. My history of facts, Eon, is almost as strange in detail as some of the Bible tales, but you must remember the incidents occurred in the same age, and in that age woman's triumphs were seldom recorded.

While yet we tarried among the revelers the king cried aloud, bidding all assembled within his gates to listen to his voice; then making oath, he assured the listeners that he had become that annoyed with his younger son, who had sought to rebuke a king, that if his elder son could be brought unto him he would bestow on him at his death his entire kingdom, besides the hand of the prophet's daughter should be given him in marriage, and the ceremony should take place at the close of the feast, which was to continue yet three days. All this I heard as one hears an echo on the distant hills. My heart said, "This will never be," though how to escape the power of the king I knew not.

At his command I arose and bowed to the guests, yet saw them not, as I was communing with a radiant one who stood near me. Then in obedience to the voice that spoke to my soul, I went with Zara apart from the throng to listen to the words that should be given, the import of which was this: When the midnight hour came I was to walk with Zara in the upper hall of the king's palace, passing to and fro in the presence of the guard, who were stationed at the door of my betrothed lest he should escape. Without noticing or speaking to them we should pass and repass until at last there should fall upon their eyelids the weight of deep sleep, when we should turn the great key that remained in the lock, and opening the door back let out the prisoner. Yet before doing this I was to beseech the king permission to remain in my own apartments until the day in which he would bestow my hand on the son of his choice. This I did, and it so pleased the king that I asked of him this favor that he granted it without so much as seeking the reason for so strange a request. His anger, after he had declared his favor concerning his elder son, had in a great measure departed, and he was ready to show his power as king, his heart seeming much mellowed.

Think not, Eon, that this was to me a pleasant portion of my past history. Neither is it pleasant to recall the same; but I cannot easily pass it by, and still keep near the life-line that touches the separate incarnations. Hearts in these days, with but few exceptions, were hard and cruel. All the elements of earth and air breathed of war and dissension; then how could the earth's children (except those sent as special messengers) be different? The few lights that shone in those days were incarnations from the higher realms, and they left in the elements as a legacy from their loving hearts the radius of holy aspirations. In their higher life they overcame the power of matter, which made them a power in the land of their incarnation, and their very presence on the face of the earth wrought wonders in the elements because of their power over the action of matter. There is ever a drought of words when I attempt to bring the unseen home to the soul's perceptions, and I know not

as I make plain or understandable my thoughts when I say that incarnations from the higher life through radius of the wisdom arch that encircles the brain hold positive control over the elements. Not that I would be understood to mean that these same elements are subservient in all points to these incarnations, yet they are controlled in this manner; from the brain radius of the more unfolded incarnations is born into the unseen that surrounds the earth, and that all are confident exists, positive power for good that must be stepping-stones, although unseen, to higher conditions that in time weave themselves into, and are expressed through, the children of earth. Thus step by step, through the power of their own souls, aided by the inwrought lines of light bequeathed by the messengers, do the children climb the stairway of light from whence their eyes catch glimpses of the unexpressed glory of the kingdom. No holy aspiration, no hope for good expressed in thought or word, is lost to the world within the atmosphere of which it was kindled, but in the unseen is a power of unfoldment both to spirits in and out of the form. Words are not empty, meaningless nothings, but actual existences, children of the brain, and as such they find lodgment in and give impetus to other brains. If these facts could be understood and accepted with the tenacity that people evince in doctrinal points, there would be born to the earth on which you dwell a harmony, heaven-born and lasting, that would not only lift from the valleys of darkness the warring children who dwell therein, but the disembodied, or those who have put off the grosser materiality, who linger near earth (because bitterness and wrath are the fountains from which they have drank), would be turned from their prison-houses into the fadeless light of the better land and better life. It is too true that very many who are looked upon as believers and acceptors of spiritual light put far from them these higher teachings, and sit side by side with those who see and sense nothing but the physical comfort of the present, and make soul centers on the material side of life, gathering there the rubbish they deem gold, that stands not the testing fires of

the higher crucibles. Unto such I would say, your robes will lack the brightness of the robes worn by the children of the higher realms, and long will you dwell in the borders of a land you thought to possess. Seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, with the conclusion of the sentence, holds in its comprehension a world of truth. I will say here, I do not ignore the truth I find expressed in the book you call the Bible, but I would be very sure that the truth I accept speaks to my inner self as such, let me find it where I may. I know, Eon, I have wandered far from the king's gates, sowing seed by the wayside; but I return now, as I always do, refreshed and better pleased to take up the historical line that at times becomes irksome,—which is especially the case regarding the incarnation of which I now write.

The king's graciousness pleased me, as I had feared his power, made cruel by wine, and I knew not but he would stand in the way of the plans formed, and which Zara and I were to carry out, guided by the unseen watchers of our destiny, that at every step grew more and more uncertain. Thanking the king for his listening thus favorably to my request, I withdrew from the presence of the assembled guests, Zara also retiring with me to my own apartments. There was great wonder in our hearts as to the conclusion of the whole affair, knowing as we did of the presence of the king's elder son, through whose influence the king had become drunken, and through whose influence he had also been led while yet drunk to look with decrease of favor on the younger son, who had ever been obedient to his slightest wish. As the shadows of the night crept into the king's palace we sought the upper hall, as we had been bidden, with a great fear in our hearts lest the guard, thinking strangely of our conduct, should communicate with the king and we should be commanded to return to our own apartments. For a time we stood in the shadow of one of the deep windows peering into the garden below, where walked both men and maidens, for the king's gardens were the delight of all who walked therein. Our hearts saddened at the sight, for our days here had been pleasant and peace-

ful. We spoke of our father, and half wished we had never been led from his homely tent in search of fruit, for surely the fruit of that hour was far from sweet; yet we knew it was for us to partake of. With this consciousness there came an inner strength, and we turned away from the pleasant sights and sounds to the hour and its duties.

Slowly, and with arms entwined, we began our strange mission. At each step we grew more and more assured and calm; back and forth before the guard we passed, as though intent on pleasure alone, when at last one asked us if we were not weary, and if he should not bring unto us a seat; to which we replied, "We choose thus to walk, being weary of much feasting and merriment;" after which no word was spoken to us, and we continued our walk. We were soon conscious of several walking with us, unseen to the guard, who no longer seemed to notice us. A stronger guard walked beside us than ever we dreamed of, who looked farther into the unseen of the future than we dare even conjecture concerning. In a little time we noticed the drooping of lids, and finally one after another brought seats and sat thereon, as though grown suddenly weary; which no doubt they were, with the lateness of the hour and the monotony of nothing to do save watching. In number there were but four, yet surely out of that number, one would think, there might be wakefulness enough to ensure holding captive one man; but they saw and sensed not the unseen powers that surrounded them, and in a little time they slept a deep sleep. Listening for the voice of the radiant one to command, I beheld near me and at each side the shining guard, and a voice said, "Turn the key." This I immediately did, without fear or trembling, for on either side of me glistened the shining robes, and I knew I was safe. Slowly I swung back the heavy door and beheld the young son sitting with his head bowed on his hands as though despair had come to dwell with him unceasingly. Seeing us, great fear fell upon him, so that he fell on his face within the room that held him prisoner. Obeying the hand that guided, I quickly crossed the threshold, and falling on my knees beside him, assured him I was his own betrothed, come to him with

strange tidings; and bidding him rise and follow me, lest the guard awake, I arose and again crossed the threshold. Being assured that what I told him was a truth, he immediately arose and passed from the room, and when he saw Zara he was yet more assured. Slowly I closed the door and turned the key in the lock, that no one might suspect the son had flown. We immediately passed from the hall where the guard yet slept, and seeking my apartments, I told to my betrothed the whole story of the king's decision against him and of the presence within the gates of the elder son, who, I doubted not, would on the morrow declare himself to the king, when his heart was comforted with wine which the hand of the elder son poured for him, at the same time whispering in his ear flatteries no king in his sane moments would have given ear to. Surprised indeed was the listener, who had also noticed the tall stranger, yet thought not of the disobedient son in connection with the same. In silence we sat after I had rehearsed all that my heart knew to be true, when suddenly there came over me the unconsciousness that foreboded prophetic utterances, the whole of which was told me by Zara when consciousness again returned. The son was bidden, as we had been, to gather together all his gold, rare jewels, and gems, and prepare that very night for flight to another land, unto which we should all be led. He was also told that his eyes should never again rest on the land wherein he had so long dwelt; that the king would soon be gathered to his fathers, and that his possessions would pass into the hands of the elder son, who in wars with other nations, and in riotous living, would be reduced to beggary, and become an outcast in the land wherein he sought to dwell and reign.

Thus ended the prophecy, unto which the younger son gave ear, and, being willing to obey the voice that had spoken, he immediately set about the work assigned him. His own possessions were with those of the king, and there he sought them, while sleep reigned throughout all the palace; and deep was the sleep that closed the eyes of many, for it was made more weighty by wine. In gathering together his own, his hand rested carelessly on the king's crown,

which he wore only on great occasions, and which held the most costly gems of the kingdom. The jar it received from his hand detached the beautiful gems and they fell like a shower on the gold receiver that held it. This greatly amazed and startled the son, whose name was Eleon, and by which name I will hereafter mention him. Scarcely knowing what to do, he gathered them together with his possessions and brought them to my apartment, where we yet awaited him. Then he told what had occurred, and a voice spoke to my soul saying, "It is well, for the hand of the elder son has wrought this mischief; fearing lest his father would repent concerning the decision he had made against his younger son, he had caused to be so loosened the gems of the king's crown that he might steal them and bear them away providing the kingdom was not to become his when his father was no more a dweller among men." In this manner was he defeated in the wrong he would do, not only to one but unto many. Still we felt uncertain in our hearts as to the right disposition to make of the gems thus obtained, not wishing to leave behind us in the king's palace, neither in the land wherein we had dwelt, a record for which we need ever sorrow. Neither in our reasoning did we judge it right to leave such valuable possessions to be wasted by one who looked upon them only as a means of increasing his power, and who in the motives of his heart had already stolen them in his fear lest the younger brother be re-instated in the king's favor before the feast was ended and the hand of the prophet's daughter was given him in marriage. We felt that we had not long time to waste in decision, and with the feeling in our hearts that we were not wasting the king's possessions, but saving them, and knowing also they had in the king's sober moments been given to Eleon to be worn when the king should be gathered to his fathers, we let them remain where Eleon had placed them with his own possessions which he was commanded to gather together preparatory to flying to another land, whither he was to carry all that was his. Then with my own hand I wrote on parchment to the king, a full account of all I knew of the tall stranger by whose hand he had

become drunken, and through whose words he had confined the acknowledged heir of his kingdom in his own room, thereby disgracing him in the eyes of the assembled guests, and I also wrote what the radiant ones had revealed unto me, and all they had bidden me do, and not only me but Zara and Eleon, who would be my companions wherever I might tarry. Neither did I hesitate to make plain concerning the gems that had fallen from his crown, and what we thought was not only right but was our duty to do with them, that they pass not into the hands of strangers, as his kingdom was sure to do if he bequeathed it according to his drunken oath to his elder son, who came unto him unbidden and in the raiment of a stranger. When I had finished all my heart felt to say unto the king I folded the parchment and fastened it to the inner part of the silken curtain that was draped around my entire bed, placing it where the folds hung heaviest, that they might not find it until great search was made throughout the palace for the missing ones. While I yet wrote, Eleon, whom the guards at all of the king's gates knew and loved for his kindness unto them, commanded that three of the king's fleetest horses be brought to the inner gate of the king's palace and there held until further words. There was no time for sadness, and hasty indeed were our preparations, and when Eleon again returned we were in readiness and he knew us not in the garb we chose to wear lest we should excite the suspicion of the guards, for surely the betrothed of the king's son would not be outside the gates at so late an hour.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LIKE unto phantoms we moved, the sound of our feet on the massive stairs reaching the ears of none. There was a strangeness in the night air, as though it was the air of another land that was already fanning our cheeks. Reaching the inner gate, Eleon, who sought not to disguise himself, knowing no stranger could pass the king's gates at

night, approached the guard and bade them unfasten the gates and let him and his companions through, bidding them close and fasten them after us, as we should seek to enter no more that night. The guard obeyed, knowing the command of the king's son was like unto the command of the king. As we passed the gateway, one of the guard approached Eleon and begged of him to be allowed to walk by the side of his steed to the outer gate of the city, for there were many who not knowing him might seek to do him wrong. This Eleon granted, nor regretted the precaution, for regardless of the late hour there were many yet in the streets. While yet walking by Eleon, the guard, who trusted ever the motives of his heart, timidly, yet as one whose inner consciousness is touched with truth, besought of him to be allowed to journey with him, saying he had neither land of his own nor helpmeet, and he chose rather to abide with him wherever he might journey than to stand at the gates of the king. There was a prophetic meaning to his words that was not spoken, and when asked by Eleon to explain the unspoken thoughts of his heart he hesitated, fearing to cause displeasure; but when Eleon assured him of his kindness to him he made explanation, saying his heart told him that the son of the king, on account of the disgrace unmerited and which had come that day to his ears, was fleeing from his own land and from the people who loved him even better than they did the king. He also assured Eleon that he was bearing away with him his betrothed and her sister in disguise. This startled us all, and when questioned why he judged thus, he answered that we rode not as maid servants, but as daughters of a king. Then he advised us concerning our position and manner lest we be detected, which we dreaded above all else. When again he made request to journey with us Eleon conversed with us concerning his answer, and it was decided that he should journey with us, but should tarry within the king's gates yet three days, that he might bring unto us tidings of the consummation of the feast, and the king's pleasure and displeasure. This pleased the guard exceedingly, who in all his sayings and doings was a man of

honor, therefore to be trusted, and we regretted not that his keen inner sight had found us out. All being satisfactorily arranged we journeyed toward the outer gates of the city, the guard still walking by Eleon's steed. Reaching this point Eleon again commanded as the son of the king that the gates be unfastened that he and his companions might pass through, and while the guard of the outer gate proceeded to obey, Eleon commanded the guard of the inner gates to abide with the king yet three days, and at the end of that time to journey towards the east, taking as his rightful wages one of the king's horses, saying that when we had put between us and the king's palace the length of three days' journey we would tarry three days that he might overtake us. Then bidding the guard return to his post, we passed out of the city and out of the reach of the king, who still slept the sleep of drunkenness. At this hour of the night and under such peculiar circumstances, despair might have come to my soul had not the tireless watchers who were leading us been nearer me than all earthly friends could be; but as it was they breathed into my heart the fires of a determination that could in no way be extinguished, and looking in the eyes of the beautiful Zara I saw burning on the altar of her pure soul the same unyielding flame.

Eon, you understand it is not my province to carry with me among the facts of my own incarnation the many windings and consummations of others of whom I make mention, because for a time the line of their lives runs parallel with mine for a purpose. Had I been writing as do those of the present day, to excel in plot and consummation, to pile before the reader words lengthly and capable of meaning much or little, I might do this; but I write not thus, and seek to bring to the land I love only lines of light and truth, for such alone are weighty. Thus it was that when the outer gates of the city closed after us they closed on all whom I had there known and loved, and I search not among the indefinite records of the past for the lines of their lives. I say not that I have not met many in the inheritance that awaited them in the land of souls, but of

that I write not. We were without the gates, and before us lay the hills, valleys, and plains we had thought to inherit, and which we regretted not leaving now that the elder son was to hold power over all. The night held a moon and the sky was cloudless, which boded us good, for we lost not our way, neither did our horses lose their footing in uncertain places, thereby retarding us. We sought to make as great as possible the distance between us and the home we were leaving before another nightfall should reveal to the king the absence of the son and the betrothed, also the fair sister whom he loved as though she had been born his own daughter. We accordingly tarried not long to refresh either ourselves or our horses, fearing lest we would be overtaken. Many were the people we passed, yet they questioned us not, as we turned our heads neither to the right nor the left, but on we hastened, conscious of the true and tried who ever watched and guided and in whom we trusted. Thus we journeyed three days and nights towards the east, and at the close of the third day we thought to rest both ourselves and horses, but deemed it best to cross the narrow stream on the banks of which we were standing. It being both narrow and shallow our horses bore us across in safety, and when on the farther bank we gathered a pile of stones, by which the coming guard should know where we had crossed that he might in safety follow us, bringing with him tidings concerning the king and the elder son, of which we wondered much. In the shade of trees that grew at no great distance from the bank of the stream we secured our weary horses, and near by proceeded to spread the tent Eleon had secured of a wandering tribe who were returning from the plains. This being done we rested, and grateful indeed seemed to us the beds of leaves that Eleon gathered and arranged for Zara and myself. Unlike the splendor of the king's palace was our abiding place, yet in our hearts peace chanted its sweetest psalms and we were assured that all was well. We slept as in the wanderings of our childhood, peacefully, guarded by the same white-robed beings who then comforted us, though in the lion's stead there was one with us of the lion heart and courage. Here we tarried ac-

cording to agreement three nights and days, during which time great light came to our souls and we felt more deeply than when we left the king's palace the angel power and guidance, and more assured that we would be led into a land of peace where I would become the helpmeet of the son to whom I was betrothed and unto us should be born prophets whose presence in the land of their birth would be as a great light. Thus were we comforted as we yet tarried for the guard of the inner gates.

Pleasant indeed was our time of waiting for the coming of the guard; the days were bright and filled with gladness, and there was in our hearts no fear of the king's power, and in our ears no idle jesting of half-drunken guests, nor sounds of senseless merriment. Peace abode with us from sunrise to sunset, and built in our souls a holier arch to guard the sacred altar. Zara's prophetic nature there pointed to the future that cast before us no external symbols, yet we doubted not, for our special trust had long been in the guides, who though unseen to the world walked not far from us, two of whom now tread the earth paths, holding the magnetic cords over which is transmitted the power for good, not only from the mates whom they most love, but from many other hearts whose sympathy is with the land of their past incarnations. The hungry, dissatisfied children of earth see little and sense less of the great plannings and consummations for their good. Their lives are too selfish, and they grant self too many indulgences to wrong-doing, crediting the same to the blood of Christ. They will waken sometime in great surprise to find he has suspended payment, and they must furnish the gold to cash their own accounts; as according to the book upon the merits of which they build their faith they will be called upon for the last farthing, and in the land beyond no one loans money at any rates, consequently they will be obliged to earn their own gold at a great disadvantage. The sunset of the third day scarce lighted the western sky when the guard for whom we yet tarried overtook us, and glad indeed were our hearts at his approach, for we much desired tidings from the king and the son who had thus

stealthily gained admission to the king's palace. Spreading our blankets in front of the tent we sat thereon and listened to the voice of the guard, who said that the day following the one of our departure, at nightfall, there was heard a great stir in the king's palace. The elder son had, when the king's heart was mellowed with wine, made himself known unto his father, had fallen on his neck as though great was his sorrow for his disobedience, and, promising reliance on the king's judgment, besought him to re-instate him in his favor, saying at the same time in feigned meekness that he sought not the possessions of his younger brother unto whom the kingdom had been promised, neither the hand of the prophet's daughter in marriage, for great was his unworthiness. This touched the heart of the king, just as the designing son had expected, and on the impulse of the moment that the king imagined to be crowned with both glory and gladness, he cried with a loud voice, saying, "This is my much-loved son in whom I have great peace and joy." Then he assured the son in the presence of the assembled guests that unto him should be given the kingdom, saying that as his years were already many in the land wherein he dwelt, he would gladly be released from the position as king, and, sitting at his right side, his son should reign in his stead; and then to show still further his power as king, and his love for his son, he bade all prepare for the grand hour of triumph, for unto his elder and most-loved son he was about to give the hand of the prophet's daughter in marriage, and his younger son, because of his daring to rebuke the king, should be summoned to witness the ceremony, which should take place that very night. Thus spoke the king in all the consciousness of his power, being entirely forgetful of the prophecy that fell from the lips of the prophet's daughter when but a child. Then there was a great noise of preparation, for at the sunset hour the ceremony would be consummated. The guard assured us that the face of the son was radiant with the triumph of the hour, little dreaming of the sudden turn in the road, or the country beyond. The hour of final triumph for the elder son arrived, and, all else being in readiness, the king

sent unto the younger son a man servant to bid him make ready for the marriage feast; bidding the servant to answer him no questions, neither speak to him other than the king's message, that by so doing his sorrow might be increased when he came forth and found his betrothed given to another, as well as the promised kingdom. Then he sent unto me a maid servant with the command that I immediately appear before him, as the guests wanted to witness the ceremony by which I was to be given to the elder son. The man servant and maid servant departed on their missions of obedience to the king, and both returned with no tidings of the ones they sought. The maid servant thinking I was wandering in the gardens, went thither for me, but returned with no tidings, and consternation ruled where gladness was expected. The guard of the son's door took oath that they had not slept, neither had the son crossed the threshold, and great fear fell upon them on account of the mystery. Soon all the assembled guests were conscious of what had occurred, as well as of what had not, and in their superstition they all feared lest they too disappear as suddenly. Thus many left the king's palace immediately, not daring to abide longer, though the wine was yet red and abundant. Search was made by the men servants, while the king, the son, and the king's counselor retired to the council chamber and closed the door; and when they again appeared the king was no longer drunken, but as much himself as he could be after so long peering into the depths of the wine cup. They then sent for the guard of the inner gates and questioned him concerning those who had passed from the king's grounds, and he made answer to all their questions, being an honest man and not given to wine, that turned even the brains of kings. So when they asked him if the younger son had passed the inner gates, he made answer in all honesty that he had, and when they asked him if there had passed with him a woman he answered that there passed with him twain, whereupon the king smote his breast, and turning to the counselor said, "Great evil has come upon me." Then the guard of the outer gates was brought, and he also made correct answer.

whereby the king and all the guests who yet tarried within his gates knew that the son, with Zara and myself, had flown from the land wherein we were to be oppressed if we remained. All this occurred the day after our departure, and the guard tarried yet two days more, as he had been commanded, that he might bring us more complete tidings. He further said that the day preceding the night of his departure a parchment had been found, though he heard not what was written thereon, and he dared question none of the men servants or maid servants, lest he be suspected of being a spy; but he added that the feast closed that very day, and the king put on sackcloth and would see the face of none, save the counselor, who was as much grieved at the departure of Zara as was the king, having known her since she was a child. Thus ended the story of the guard, who at night-fall of the third day departed from the land wherein he dwelt, taking as Eleon had commanded one of the king's horses. We sorrowed for the king, who was a just man when wine held not its power. Yet we would in nowise return; our hearts were turned elsewhere and the land we sought we knew not of, yet we trusted those who wore the shining robes.

It may be asked why I do not make mention by name of the city wherein, with Zara, I so long dwelt, and it may also be asked why I do not locate with exactness the land of our wanderings, or these supposed wanderings. I reply: In the first place, many points have become so changed that were I to attempt to give a geographical description of the country I should fail, and I care not to mix up with names of localities made mention of in the much worshiped history of the past, because, if I do, there will be those who will find it easy to say, "This is taken from the Bible," to which conclusion I should object, as I have a more reliable record to turn to, which is an actual memory that holds the pictures of the past as the binding of a heavy volume holds the leaves thereof. I find it sufficient to say I dwelt in the land of your present incarnation, in the age whereof mention is made in the early history referred to, and I found it an age of barbarity and cruelty; wherefore I much wonder that the

records of cruelty are at the present day bound in scarlet and gold, and are allowed to occupy a place in the holy of holies, as an actual inspiration from the Most High. Let no one think I speak disparagingly of the book thus revered; it holds its place as a historical document of the past, and as such is worthy of notice, also of much disgust, which in all honest hearts is unavoidably increased when the word inspiration is attached thereto. One would naturally think intelligent minds would object to having the Deity they worship make of himself so unworshipful a being as the record spoken of proves him to be. In fact, looking at him from the inspirational point referred to, he reminds one of the mythological god of thunder to the extent that one never knows which way to dodge to escape the contact of a thunderbolt; certainly, among all the gods worshiped of whom record is given, there are none more full of wrath and vengeance, which could only be appeased by a generous supply of tender, juicy meats. The Jewish Jehovah was no vegetarian; his food was the flesh of lambs and bullocks, his wine their blood, for which he ceased not to call loudly,—so history says. Does any one who dares to think believe this, that the creative power of not only this one little planet, but of all the worlds in the realms, seen and unseen, took up a special abode here, built and destroyed before his inventions were patented; and finally became so disgusted with his own failures that he thought to wipe out the record of his own unsuccessful attempt by a great flood? The rhymes sung to little ones since Adam and Eve hushed their first-born to sleep are more sensible and look better in application. When people have less to do with the side-plays of life, the prompting motive to which is selfishness, and, instead of paying a salaried apostle, do their thinking from reasons to conclusions, they will undoubtedly waken to a thorough disgust of the worshipful part of the Bible, and look upon the history therein contained as do those who are already awake.

I thought not, Eon, to wander thus far from the tent door before which we sat as the guard rehearsed thus minutely his knowledge of what occurred after our departure, but

you know we are all forgetful at times. A pleasant picture we made as the sun was touching the sky and cloud-land with its last tints, and, regardless of all the past, our hearts were filled with hope while thus we sat talking over the probabilities and possibilities the future held for us all. Then fell over me the sheen of the radiant robes, and my lips were unsealed, while prophetic were the utterances that fell therefrom. In this way were we pointed the path to follow, which was to lead us to another land, wherein we were to build our own homes. We were in no way impoverished, yet we dared let no one know of our possessions, and it was decided best, and in fact the only safe way, to travel as though we were a part of a wandering tribe, which, strictly speaking, we were. We were to depend on the tribes we met for food, also on the smaller wild animals of the land, and the fruits thereof that were free to all. Our castle, you see, towered not very high; besides we were also possessors of patience, endurance, and health, three indispensables to the hour and its demands. We rested yet another day, that we might complete arrangements for the long journey that lay before us, at the end of which time, and with the sun of the morning unclouded, we were in readiness to depart. It was well for us that the king kept fleet horses whose endurance would stand extended travel. When mounted, we saw to our satisfaction that we looked like unto the many wandering tribes one always met in those days, with one exception; we had not become so covered with real dust, but we had plenty of time and opportunity before us. Pleasant seemed the days of travel, and we were comforted with the abundance of the land through which we were passing, but attached ourselves not to any of the tribes of whom we made such purchases as we needed.

Days passed until they counted weeks, and as yet we reached not the border of the land wherein we hoped to dwell. At last there came to our ears rumors of war, and our hearts told us that the elder son at last had gained all he sought, and had made war against other nations; and after a time there also came to us tidings that the king had

been gathered unto his fathers, and that the elder son was reigning in his stead. We sorrowed, and knew full well that all that had been prophesied concerning the son would be fulfilled. Then it was we regretted not that into our possession had come the crown jewels. About this time, on account of the war, that destroyed peace in all the immediate borders, we began to feel the uncertainty that attended every step, as the elements of war seemed awakened in all hearts, and we knew not whether we were to approach friend or foe. We had in nowise calculated upon this, and we grew at length to dread the approach of tribes that were wandering here and there as though they were the licensed wanderers of the land, for we had not gone forth to battle, consequently were not prepared for the same. We were one day saluted by a stranger, whose eyes seemed to take in the strength and beauty of the horses, and upon being asked to part with one or more we objected, which led him to ask from whence we came, together with other questions that disturbed us. We replied that we were a part of a tribe on their homeward journey, and sought thus to pass from his notice, but he was not to be put aside, and continued to ride in our company as though belonging to it. His features were only in part visible, so we could conjecture little of his appearance. He spoke at last of the king, and the son who was then at war with the nations, and, with other remarks, informed us of the departure from the king's palace of the king's younger son with his betrothed and her sister, saying at the same time that the elder brother was seeking for him, as he still made oath that he would take unto himself the prophet's daughter, who had been given him by the king, who had made oath thereto. Such were the tidings brought us by the stranger, whom I much feared the guard would slay, thinking him a spy, because he sought thus to follow us. At night-fall he dismounted with us, and securing his horse with ours seemed about to abide with us, and I commanded the guard that he touch him not, but watch him unceasingly.

Without farther word to the stranger we spread our tent and prepared our evening meal, of which he partook with

us. There are times when we entertain angels unawares, which proves the injustice of passing judgment when only the seeming is presented to us. It is well to measure all premises, and it is also well to leave unuttered the final verdict until suppositions become unquestioned certainties. The repast being completed, we as usual spread our blankets on the ground in front of the tent, whereon we sat in the shadows of a misty twilight. The stranger sat with us and near him the guard, who thought not well of the stranger, who again took up the thread of conversation with the king's trials, triumphs, and sorrows; and when he fully disclosed to us his name and land we were so unprepared for it by our conjectures that we were loath to believe him, and not till he stood before us without his heavy mantle and other disguises did we accept him as the king's counselor Azier. Then our hearts rejoiced exceedingly, for we welcomed him as a brother. He told us he had remained with the king until he was gathered unto his fathers, and then desiring not to be a counselor to one whose ways were ways of wickedness, he, too, departed from the land wherein he had long dwelt, and thinking not to find us sought another country wherein to make for himself a home. He had come across the country, while we had gone around, by which means he had thus overtaken us, and in finding us he might not have noticed or known us had it not been for the king's horses, that attracted his attention. With the coming of Azier, a greater peace seemed to fall upon us, and we looked toward the future with more of certainty in our hope. Truly there is strength and overcoming power in the presence of the good that is found not in the midst of those who do evil. I look back now on the peace and pleasure of that one evening as a sunlit niche in our wanderings. It was well we caught no glimpse of Crescent Cottage and heard not the wash of the waves that broke on the shores near by, else our hearts would have been filled with despair in contrasting the home of peace, the glory of which could not be told, with many paths over which our feet had found it needful to walk. Well was it that our soul mates were conscious of all we met and suffered, and could through that

consciousness be very near us, or the shadowy clouds that were around and about us would have had no silvery lining; but faithful were they in all things, and rejoiced in whatever made us glad, failing not to sympathize in our sorrow.

With the addition to our number of our brother Azier, as we were pleased to call him, we continued our journey, which was one of increasing peril, insomuch that we felt at each morning dawn the uncertainty of the events that cast not their shadows before us; and as the sunset shadows fell we grew more uncertain as to the coming of another sunrise. All this was the result of the fulfillment of the great desire that the elder son had ever made manifest. There was no peace in all the land through which we were journeying; each tribe was at war with all other tribes, and we seemed as a pebble cast into the very heart of a furious sea—it was uncertain on what beach the wild waves would toss us. In all this peril the guardians participated and suffered, and had they not borne a part of the heavy load we should of necessity have left it by the way-side, for stronger hands than ours, but not braver hearts; for we knew not fear in the sense that makes the physical shrink from contact with incidents that hold with their might a deadly power, and we dared face the storm that raged, although we were not prepared for warfare, which caused us to make use of the weapons that come under the head of strategy. Thus it was that the Eoná of your soul, with the beautiful Zara, took upon themselves the semblance of wandering fortune-tellers, such being more protected at that time than all others who followed a life of wandering. We read the fates of all who accosted us, peering with wise looks into the depths of a peculiar stone that we allowed no eyes but ours to look on, assuring those for whom we read the line of their destiny that were their eyes to rest thereon we could not vouch for a fulfillment of the predictions we uttered. This we did because the stones we held were from the king's crown, and we dared let no eyes but ours see the light that flashed therein. Thus you see, Eon, the strategy with which we fought; yet there was left no other way for us; and, grateful for the path that opened unto us, we hesitated

not to walk therein, and in doing so we were sustained by those who, invisible to others, walked with us and threw over us a light prophetic, by which we were able to glean from the unseen actual facts, that were both startling and convincing, to lay at the souls' doors of those for whom we thus peered into the curious stone. Eon, we were not digressing in taking the position of fortune-tellers, even though we had sat in the halls of wisdom in the higher life; the land of our incarnation needed the power magnetic we brought to its shores when we came earthward, and we were obliged to walk in the path that circumstances created, and in doing this successfully we showed our power over circumstances that had we not been superior to would have bound us hand and foot. I look not back on the past of which I now write, or the part I took in the drama, with other feelings than those of satisfaction; it was all well, and I held with a firm hand the threads I wove in the loom of circumstances that time had patented. There were no ends left unfastened, that could call for other incarnations to gather up; therefore I said it was all well, and I look not back with regrets, though the path was rough and the times perilous. But I must continue my record. The inharmony that existed increased, and each day our way was fraught with increasing dangers until we were at last sadly driven by the circumstances that pressed upon us like hungry wolves. We were more frequently accosted and found it more and more difficult to appease those who approached us, though we were safe from detection did we meet our best known friend, as we had in our travels through all roads and circumstances become so degenerated in appearance, so mixed with the actual dirt of the land, that it would not have been strange had the memory of our own names departed from us. We were many times without water for days; our clothing became torn, our hair matted, and taking all things into consideration we were veritable fortune-tellers, even in our looks. Perhaps, Eon, you did not anticipate such a picture as the one I have drawn with words handed down to you from the better land, with the name Eoná attached thereto. Comfort yourself with the

knowledge that had you been there with us in a material form, you would have looked no better than did we.

In addition to what we were daily obliged to meet as best we could, there came to us what seemed the greatest trial we could be expected to endure. The day of which I write had been one of unusual perplexities and tarryings by the way to answer meaningless questions, and give testimony concerning the land we had left, of which we seemed to know but little, and that through the words of others, not daring to be ever known as dwellers of the city against which we learned was arrayed a formidable host, brought thither by the wrath of war provoked by the willful son. The day, as I said, had been thus crowded with unpleasantness from morning and we longed for the cover of night to lessen if possible the number and inharmony of the incidents that crowded upon us. It was past midday when we saw coming towards us a body of horsemen, whose seeming intentions were to distance the wind, so rapidly did they ride. We had at no time previous met so large a body, consequently we felt that we knew not what to expect, but prepared our hearts to meet as calmly as possible the demands made upon our time and patience. Surrounding us, they questioned us concerning our wanderings and possessions, to which we made answer as we had agreed among ourselves to do. They continued to look at us suspiciously, and finally proposed to us to dismount and let them see our horses and possessions. Eon, could I have done so I would have slain them all with one blow of my hand, and considered myself justified in so doing, for at that time brute force was in the ascendancy and stood in the place of reason, humanity, or any of the finer attributes of the soul. With that we were obliged to cope as we were carried by the tide under the circumstances. We knew if we got off with our lives we must obey, which we did; but the anger that dwelt in our hearts, could it have been made effectual, would have sunk both horses and riders beneath the turf they trod. Slowly we dismounted, casting about in our minds for some way to elude the furious looking beings and save our possessions. While thus conjecturing, a light

flashed before my eyes, and I heard a voice say, "Be calm." This assured me to a great extent, though I could see nothing that brought me one glimmer of hope. We each carried about our person our valuables, which we hoped to save. The leaders of the body dismounted, examined our horses, pronounced them just what they needed, and passed them into the hands of those who waited, enjoying our discomfort; then they commanded us to disrobe ourselves of the outer clothing worn to conceal our possessions. This was too much, but we were powerless, except through circumstances, and there did occur one that at last turned the tide in our favor. We were intentionally slow in obeying the heartless command, by which we gained just the time we needed; for in the distance, though rapidly nearing us, was still another body of men who were entirely unnoticed by those by whom we were surrounded. Our horses in possession of the men who kept guard became conscious of the approach and therefore restless, which caused the men to turn around, when they caught sight of the coming warriors. The men gave an immediate alarm, which caused a rapid mounting and the entire crowd sped away with the swiftness of horses trained for war. They took with them our horses, leaving with us the tent and blankets the horses bore, and which they had cast from them, the better to test their merits. We were thus left with our most valuable possessions, but knew not what to expect from the hands of those who were nearing us; but they noticed us not, or, if they did, saw before them something of more importance and hastened in pursuit of it. We felt sure the first party would be overtaken, from the rapidity with which the second one approached, nor did we sorrow at the thought. I assure you, Eon, we had become hardened wanderers, but it was the result of the circumstances that hemmed us in and through which we felt that we must break or die in the attempt; besides, had we been less lion-like than we were, we would have been swept from the face of the earth; as it was we injured none and brought to no heart that disturbed us not a shade of bitterness. In the way I have mentioned were we left, and great was our loss, though the wealth we

carried unseen was left us. We knew not how far we were from a land of peace, or how protracted a journey we would have to make, on account of the warlike condition of the country; but there was neither time nor sense in expressions of sorrow or discouragement. Therefore we each bore what burthens we could, and again took up our wanderings. There were no songs on our lips, for joy dwelt not in our hearts; yet we were too proudly brave to confess to our own souls a dread of any coming event. Standing where I now do, I can see where wound the tide of our life, how certain its flow, though the banks on either side were rough. I can see where one circumstance was needed to hinder the approach of another, more destructive; can see how through all the paths wherein our feet wandered we were guarded and guided, being the recipients of only such incidents as at some time would yield us just the harvest we most needed.

Wearisome were our marches and short the distance traveled each day, yet we were not so much disturbed by those whom we met as we had been while we were in possession of the king's horses, which comforted us not a little. Looking like the most aimless of wanderers, we were let to pass without giving so strict an account of ourselves as we had done, which brought us no small relief. The journey to a land of peace began to seem to me like a life of wandering, and there were times when my weariness was so great that I wished in all earnestness the lion had dined from the form he watched. There would come before me as a picture the prophecy concerning the land we were yet to inhabit, where peace would be ours, and sons would be given me who would be wise men and prophets, when I comforted my heart by imagining the tent wherein we rested at night a beautiful home, made still more beautiful by the sound of the happy voices of children that should call me mother. Many times, Eon, I thus comforted myself when the waves of bitterness and weariness swept over my soul, hiding the light of prophecy. Oh, days there are in many an earth pilgrimage that hold in all their length and breadth as deep a blackness as was ever born in the heart of

the dreariest night! The bitterness of such days is better borne in silence, and in silence did I meet the increasing darkness, for it fell on all. Added to our loss, there came a time when we found it difficult to obtain food, and we dared approach none of the wandering class that infested the country as we had previously done. Now and then we killed a bird, the bones of which we were glad to pick without contact with fire, which we dared not make lest we call to our side an unseen foe. Bitter indeed was the prospect that lay before us, and we saw no way but to go on, while strength was ours, taking each day whatever of good or ill the day brought; we knew death would release us when all else failed and we came to think of it as something to be welcomed rather than dreaded.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LONG nights of gloom and darkness have ever a morning dawn, and the dreary winters are at last overtaken by the breath of spring, that comes bringing tidings of a coming summer. Thus to us came the gray of dawn when the darkness of night had woven its blackness in and through all our hopes until we saw before us only desolation and death. Our possibilities to obtain food were each day lessened, and as a result we felt the life tides of our bodies running low, our marches growing shorter from weakness, until we were ready to lie down and die. Here it was the night became darkest, the night to which we thought could come no morning dawn. Our condition seemed to be understood by all who met us, for no one offered to disturb us, thinking perhaps we were of no importance whatever unless we had both the desire and strength to fight, neither of which we possessed; nor did we care how soon an attack was made on our helplessness. It was with these feelings we sat at midday under the protecting branches of a wide-spreading tree, the only object

in all the universe that seemed to give us a welcome. We had become too much weakened by fasting and exposure to journey in the heat of the day, and thus we tarried, hopeless and sad; yet no murmurs escaped our lips, knowing complaints would bring us nothing. With eyes closed I sought to shut out the sight and sounds of life, and while thus sitting I seemed to be gazing afar off, when before my far-away vision came warriors, the numbers of whom I could not count, there were so many. Before them in a chariot drawn by many horses rode a king, who was leading his army to war, for in those days the kings tarried not within their palaces in such times of peril. So long did I watch them that I felt they must be nearing, and I opened my eyes to note thus their number, but nowhere could I see them, and in disappointment I again closed my eyes to shut out the visible, that I might view the invisible, or what was invisible to the natural eye. Again I saw the approaching warriors, and nearer they seemed than before. I dared not open my eyes again lest they would vanish as before, and there was a rest from the consciousness of our condition in watching them, whether they actually existed or not. Long I thus sat, both seeing and hearing, for the tramp of the coming host on the turf made a strange sound in my ears. I at last wondered much what it all meant, for they were coming nearer and nearer, yet I dared not open my eyes lest they disappear as they had previously done. While thus conjecturing concerning what I saw, Zara, touching my arm to arouse me, said, "Oh, the armed host!" Then it was I opened my eyes, and there seemed born into my soul new strength and life; indeed, I felt not like myself, not like the worn traveler of many weeks, nor did I for one moment think of death, but in silence I arose to my feet, and in silence I awaited the coming warriors. I spoke not to my companions, for my speech seemed locked, yet I felt within my soul power to command the whole armed host, though I saw not from whence this power came, and knew not why I thus awaited, or what I was to do. I felt myself grown tall: not that I had changed in the least, though it seemed to me I

could look from one end of the universe to the other, and, if need be, count the very stars that shone at night-time.

The chariot in which the king rode, and which was surrounded by a guard of horsemen, approached. Suddenly, and with a feeling that unconsciousness was falling over me, I felt that I was walking towards the king's chariot, though I knew not why I was doing thus. It seemed to me I went with the speed of the wind. I passed the guard, though several swords sought to pierce me through, but they failed, for the circumstances of my incarnation were not all woven into the web that in the loom of time waited them. I feared nothing, and with the power of this wondrous strength I mounted the moving chariot of the king, until I stood face to face with the ruler of many lands. I heard my own voice say, "Listen; oh king, to the voice of the daughter of El Haban, the prophet." Then for a time I heard no more, but I was afterwards told that the guard sought to kill me while yet in the king's chariot; but the king, hearing the name of El Haban the prophet, stayed his hand, and commanded the host to stand still, which they did, while he listened to the words of prophecy that fell from my lips. After which he was told in what way to approach the gates of the city he would besiege, that victory might be his, the plan being contrary to the one he had already formed in his own mind, and laid before the guard; hearing which he was confounded, and seemed uncertain in his own mind. I heard the guard say, "She is a witch; slay her and cast her body to the dogs;" but I heeded them not, and my heart told me the king's better self was reached, and I saw in the distance the home of peace that had been promised us, and all my heart yearned for it as it had never before done. The king commanded the guard to stand back, and, turning to me, asked me who I was, and I told him, adding, by way of convincing him, what little I could of the knowledge I possessed of the city wherein I had dwelt, of the king who had been gathered to his fathers, of the elder son's desire for war, and finally concluded by telling him that with my companion was the king's youngest son, whose helpmeet I was to be. Then he made answer to

me, "I will test the power and truth of prophecy that has fallen from thy lips, and if there is not a fulfillment, I will command the guard to slay thee and all thy companions, and thy bodies shall be given to wild beasts." Then the king commanded that Zara, of whom I had spoken to him, be also brought, and she was made to sit with me in the king's chariot, saying we should thus ride to war with him. This was not done to honor us, but to make us feel the death that awaited us did there come to the prophecy no fulfillment. Our companions were allowed horses to ride, as they were too weak to walk, and food was given us, of which we partook as though we were wolves. Women in those days were women of nerve, and feared not, as do they of the present, being reared to hardships and privations; besides the very elements of earth and air held a stimulant both to war and blood. This was the morning, Eon, I saw breaking in the distance, the gray tints of which told of yet another day to us before we went home again to our Father's house, where were many mansions that waited us when the pilgrimage would be ended. Perhaps the morning seemed not so fair as had other morns, yet we were satisfied, and felt strong in the power that had guided us. You understand, Eon, the power that both led and sustained me as I made my way through the guard to the king's chariot. It was not the power of one, but of many, who surrounded and bore me triumphant over all obstacles. This it was that gave me the feeling of height, and power to command, and these same helpers were brought to me by those who, watching, knew all our necessities, and where the circumstances by which we were surrounded would in time bear us. Strange indeed were the incidents of the incarnation of which I write, yet they were such as spoke the condition of the earth at that time, and I assure you that those who bore earthward their soul lamps at that day climbed high mountains and wandered in deep valleys.

The king dispatched a portion of the guard in advance of the main body, to prove the correctness of the words that fell from lips imbued with prophetic utterances. These rode in haste away while the main body moved slowly

onward, to be met again by the returning guard with tidings concerning the land and the possibilities of possessing the city from the plan given, as they termed it, by a witch, of whose words they proposed to the king to take no heed; but the king had heard much of the fame of El Haban, the prophet, and had sought to prove his daughter thereby; and when I answered all his questions concerning my father and the land wherein he had dwelt, the king in his heart believed; and, being a man desirous of fame, and wishing to overcome a power that had invaded his realm, and knowing of the truths of my father's prophecies, believed that the light of prophecy that shone over the soul of his daughter was of holy origin. Thus while seeming not to notice me he followed out the advice given, contrary to both the desire and judgment of the guard, who, could they have done so, would have slain me on the spot, saying, "What is this woman that a king hearkeneth to her?" Slowly we moved in the direction chosen, nor could Zara and myself take in the strangeness of our situation, but felt quite at peace with the circumstance that had thus once more turned the tide, that had to change its course if we died not in our wanderings. The strangeness of the circumstance of our riding to war in the king's war chariot never seemed to me to possess the air of wonder that it now breathes, as I look over the record of that incarnation and contrast it with the one you are living and in which to a certain extent I participate, and if memory were not true to its own I should say the record of that incarnation was not mine; but memory gathers from its own fields the buds, blooms, and thorns, and weaves them into a chaplet with which to gladden one heart that waits in the valley towards which the sunset rays are slowly approaching, and as they thus approach the joy of Eoná's heart deepens and she sings again the sweet songs of the by-gone when the love of two hearts made radiant Crescent Cottage. I must not cast my glances toward the future, or a sigh born from the weariness of waiting will find a place in my heart and echo itself in yours, which would not be well, as there is yet work to be done. Be sure, Eon, the morning will dawn

by and by, and the greetings of Eoná will gladden the heart that has taken up cheerfully all its weary loads, and sometimes the shadows have so arrayed themselves as to seem like the army the king was leading to war, and to which, or more especially to the king, I must return.

The point at which the king was to tarry until the return of the guard was reached, and there we waited, though not long, for they rode with the speed that characterized the movements of the war-horses of those days. My heart sank as I noticed the look that told itself on the cruel-looking faces of the returned guard, and I wondered what was to follow. They approached the king and answered him that it was as they had both suspected and advised, saying also : "The woman who rides with thee seeks thy destruction and would have led thee into the hands of thine enemies, had we not been both cunning and vigilant." This disturbed the king for he had been led to believe the prophetic words uttered; besides being a man of pride he liked not to acknowledge himself mistaken, nor to have his judgment set aside; neither would he sacrifice himself, nor lessen his possibilities for kingly power. Accordingly he commanded us to place ourselves before the guard and meet the compensation we deserved for the duplicity we had dared to practice on the king. It was useless to strive to convince him of our honesty, and we accordingly obeyed, when the king commanded the guard to slay us, but to spare our companions, as they, being men, could fight and thereby do him some service. We thought then the life path ended for us, and without a word we waited the final blow, when, to our surprise, there fell on his knees before the king one of the number who had been in search of proof of the truth or untruth that had been uttered, and he then made known to the king, the plan of the other members of the guard with whom he journeyed. They being angered that a woman should turn the judgment of the king, and should also be allowed to remain in his chariot, vowed to revenge themselves by bearing false testimony concerning what they had seen, choosing rather that the king should be placed in jeopardy than to have a woman, whom they termed a witch,

stand in closer relation to the king than did they. All this the guard on bended knee told the king, and besought him to listen thereto, as he would not only cause the innocent to be slain, but would also place himself in peril from which he might not be able to extricate himself, when his kingdom would mourn for the loss of their king and his possessions. This touched the king's heart and he commanded the guard who had borne false witness to dismount, which they did. The king made choice from the warriors who followed him on foot, and commanded that they take the guard's horses and with the one who had revealed their falseness, journey over the same path, and bring him tidings concerning all they saw. Then turning to the false guard, he vowed that they should meet the fate they had chosen for others, if what the guard who spoke against them said was by the others proven true. The shadows fell over their faces and crept into their eyes, the shadow of fear, for they cared not to drink from the cup that they would place to the lips of the innocent. People who are cruel are apt to be cowards when real danger faces them, while the heart of tenderness and humanity gathers to itself smiles of sweetness with which to lighten and make beautiful the face after the spirit has departed, thus smoothing ever the lines of care.

Our season of tarrying again soon passed, and with hearts grown somewhat anxious from past occurrences, we saw the spies of the enemy's land returning and we looked into their eyes. We knew they would bear truthful testimony concerning all they had seen, which lifted the load of doubt and expectancy from our hearts that lingered there. Addressing the king they spoke a complete fulfillment of all my lips had been made to utter, which the king now believed without lingering shadows of doubt, and turning to the false guard he commanded that they be slain for their perfidy, but both Zara and I begged that their lives be spared, to which the king after a time listened, because he began to honor us as well as trust us. They were commanded to take the place of the footmen, who were in turn installed as guard. Again were we bidden to enter the king's chariot, to which we were assured we

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should ever have the right, and now feeling no longer the restraint that our previous position had engendered we dared address the king, who became much interested in our recital of events, and in turn he assured us that he should carry us to his own land.

The journey now began to assume a more pleasant aspect, as we had no forebodings, and our weariness and exhaustion were fast leaving us, because of rest and an abundance of food, of which we partook with the king, who seemed pleased to have us with him, as though more sure of success by our presence. He was in many ways a good man, yet, like most kings, was pleased with the good opinion of others, even when it bordered on flattery. He loved power for power's sake, yet used it not as a means of cruelty, neither did he seek to do great good thereby. It was unto him a mirror in which he viewed his greatness, and found happiness in so doing. In the days of which I write, the power that was made manifest by and through armed footmen, horsemen, and chariots, was the power to which all were expected to bow, and, did they not do so, were among the obstacles to be overcome. The tide that had borne us on thus far adown the stream of time had been one of uncertain flow, until we had learned to expect only what came, and to reach out for nothing beyond; though my heart would at times catch glimpses of a peaceful home, when the clouds of uncertainty would roll from the sky, that to me seemed of a summery blue. I dared look but for a moment at the loveliest picture which in the valleys of the future towards which we were journeying was lingering, for I feared the journey would end long before it was reached. The moodiness of the king had passed away, and as point after point was reached in the journey that had been foretold, he grew more and more yielding towards us, until at last he assured me that if the victory that had been prophesied became his, he would give unto my betrothed the lands of which I had at that time never heard, and which he by war had become possessor of. Then he described to us the beautiful country of which he was speaking and concerning which he made promise, though

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I could get no idea concerning it or its whereabouts, neither did I trouble myself about it, on account of the uncertainty of the promises of kings, regarding which I had already had much experience that left no pleasant memories. Kings are as much governed by circumstances as are others, and no more to be trusted, because of their love for power, which is not always an incentive to goodness. I knew we were at that moment riding with him in his chariot to war, but I knew not where we would be when, with victory gained, he journeyed homeward with all his kingly power radiant with added success. I built no castles, but was certain I would be obliged to dwell in whatever castle or hamlet the coming circumstances would build for me. Feeling thus, I made the most and the best of the hour, yet to gain favor in the king's sight would stoop to no flattery, and held myself aloof from conversing with him as much as was in my power, not wishing the familiarity even of a king.

After some days of journeying the guard who had been in advance assured us we were near the city to be taken, and it was thought best to tarry where we were until night-fall, as the attack was to be made at that time or when sleep had made quiet the dwellers of the city. Thus we waited, during which time there again fell over me the light of prophecy, and from Zara's lips I heard the commands given the king,—that suffering be avoided, and great wrongs be left undone. He was bidden to command his men to slay no women, children, nor old men; neither priests nor prophets, and to capture by strategy, if capture he must, instead of taking life that was alike dear to the high and low; to all of which he gave promise, and he was assured of victory, if he broke not his vow, and was likewise assured of being captured, with all his hosts, if he listened not to the voice of prophecy. As the shadows of evening descended, like unto robes that mourners wear, the chariot again moved on; again the tramp of footmen and horsemen sounded in our ears, and we sorrowed for those unto whom disaster was being borne, and prayed the angels of mercy to be near. It was a moonless night when we approached

the walled city, nearing the side where the fewest guard kept watch. It is neither pleasant to me nor of special interest to others to give in minute detail the incidents of the battle that followed. It is enough that I tell you the tide of victory turned in favor of the king, who commanded the gates of the city to be opened, and being obeyed rode triumphant through the entire city. It was day-break, and all things were visible, yet nowhere did I see evidences of conflict that had been freighted with death, though there was everywhere the excitement that must of necessity follow such a change as had come during the passing of one night. The king was overjoyed at his success, thinking it would be necessary to besiege the city for days before the gates would be opened to him; but he had obeyed the voice that guided through advice of strategy, and in obeying had spared not only the lives of dwellers of the city, but the lives of his own men. The king, desirous of making himself heard by the people whom he wished to address, sought the most conspicuous part of the city, and sent criers throughout all parts of the same, saying, "Hear ye, hear ye! The king speaketh unto all the people, before the outer gate of the holy temple." Thither in the king's chariot we were also borne, as he would in nowise listen to our voices when we begged to stand with the crowds that gathered here and there, fearing lest the king be spoken of as unworthy because of our presence. He heeded us not, saying we had brought him great good and he would in nowise allow us to stand among the common crowd. Thus it was we sat in the chariot while the king talked long in a loud voice to the people who had gathered to listen unto him. He assured them that he had not come unto them to bring them either death or bondage, and that he demanded of them only as their previous king had demanded. With great kindness he addressed the people, and when he finished all he had to say the air was filled with shouts, for the dwellers of the city had been ruled by a cruel king, and they rejoiced at the words of kindness they had listened to. The king who had thus ruled was among the few that were slain, which occurrence

would not have taken place had he not been headstrong and willful; but no one sorrowed, and the day seemed unto all more like a day of feasting than aught else.

While yet we sat in the king's chariot there came from the holy temple, before which the king had ordered his chariot to be drawn, the priests thereof, who desired to listen to all the king's words that they might better judge of the one who had taken possession of the city and was to be ruler thereof, also the country round about. The priests shouted not with the crowd, but the look of peace their faces wore was deepened, and as the shouts subsided I heard them say, "May he ever be a man loved and blessed of God."

Among or near the priests stood one whose face touched my soul as touches the brain the vision of a dream that is half forgotten, and as one strives to recall such dream did I strive to recall the face and attach thereto the name its possessor bore; and as yet I looked a bright light fell around me, and in a half conscious condition I arose, and stepping from the chariot approached the one upon whose face my eyes had been fastened. I marveled much at the same time as to the reason of my doing thus, but could in no way refrain from nearing him until I stood face to face with him. I heard my own voice, that sounded strangely in my ears, say, "Oh man, thou art El Haban the prophet, in whose heart dwell the love and light of the Most High." Looking in my eyes as though the shadow of a strange dream had also been cast through the open door-way of his soul, he replied by saying, "Woman, who art thou, that coming from a strange land knowest my name, and callest me thereby?" Then I heard my own voice again, saying, "I am thine own much-loved daughter, whom the son of thine handmaid did lead into the wilderness to be killed and eaten by wild beasts, when her father the prophet, whom thou art, did obey the summons of the high priest; and yonder in the king's chariot is my sister Zara, who was also at the same time led away." Hearing these words he lifted his eyes heavenward and blessed the name of the God he worshiped and served, and walking by my side he approached the king's chariot, at the same time

speaking words of thanksgiving. Then I told the king, who had ceased speaking, and my sister Zara, who it was I had brought with me, and Zara fell on his breast and wept tears of joy, while the king said, "Blessed have I been in the children of the prophet El Haban; henceforth his God shall be my God, and he and his children shall dwell in the land unto which I will lead them, and I will build there a temple unto the God of El Haban, and the God of his children." Then it was my heart went back over the path we had but recently traversed, without hope, and without food, and I saw how we had been thus led toward the fulfillment of that hour's triumph and the peace that filled my soul. Had we gone otherwise than we did we would not have fallen into the hands of one who had the power to do us all the good we either needed or craved; neither would we have found the father whom we both loved and whom we expected no more to see, for being but children we knew nothing of the country round about, not even recalling the names we had known. Separated, indeed, had we been from all our kin, until they had passed from our minds. I wondered not that Zara wept, for my own eyes filled with tears as the light that had fallen around me, and of which no one but Zara was conscious, faded away. Our father held our hands as though he feared we would disappear from his sight, and sought to know of our strange past, but I bade him wait until we had taken up our journey towards the land unto which the king still assured us he would bear us. My father had by added years grown not to look old, for his form was not bent, neither had there come to his face deep lines, that betoken excessive care or earth weariness, but his hair, which fell on his shoulders, and his long beard, were white as fine wool, and as my eyes turned not from his face in my joy to be with him I noticed the same peaceful smile, as though to his soul time and the circumstances thereof had bequeathed no winters. When I asked him if he would do as the king desired, and journey with us to another land, he made answer, "Where my daughters go thither will I go, and where they dwell there will I also dwell."

All that day, and several days following, there was in the city great feasting, and all faces wore a look of gladness as though no evil had ever threatened them; all unlike an invaded city did it seem. The king's heart rejoiced exceedingly though he drank no wine, knowing well that a cool brain alone could govern a multitude or a realm. In the midst of the rejoicing the king commanded that we both be arrayed as would become the daughters of a prophet whom the king revered. Accordingly we were conveyed to the palace occupied by the king who had been slain, and our father, at our request going with us thither, took into his possession the wealth we had ever borne about our persons, and of which not even the king knew; neither did we feel that it was wise to reveal unto him the same, having tested the uncertainty of kings; therefore our father promised to bear with him the treasures, and guard the same from the knowledge of all until such time as it would be needed. Then were we arrayed in raiments of silk and fine linen, and wore upon our feet sandals made of heavy silk broidered with gold, and about our waists were belts of the same material broidered in the same way. We wept when we beheld ourselves thus arrayed, not that we were saddened thereby, but the sight and sense of the extremes that had so suddenly met were too much for our overwrought souls, and tears alone could tell the pent-up sorrow that had dwelt in our hearts, and which now departed as departs the night when morning lights the hills with a light unwavering. Our father scarce knew us when we again stood before him, so great had been the change; but when we called him by name, and told him the names our mothers bore, he was assured. Then we sought to return again to the king, but were bidden by my father to remain, who assured us it was the king's request that we do thus; saying the king with the companions of our wandering would, before the day was done, meet us there. Thus we tarried, being cared for by the maid servants of the wife of the king who had been slain, while joy and sorrow met beneath the same roof, like two tides that flowing through distant lands at last meet in the same broad ocean. We saw not the wife, though our

hearts, accustomed to many changes, sorrowed for her, and would have comforted her could we have done so, for the shadows that had been cast across our pathway, although receding, were not so far away but that we could yet see them.

The hours, like the sweet notes of a song of summer and of roses, passed until the sun had passed the noon-mark, and cast shadows in the valleys that would continue to deepen. Then it was the king came to the palace, and with him came also our long-known companions, and there came with him others who, from their appearance, we judged to be among those who held positions of honor in the king's realm. The king was much pleased when he looked upon us, and assured us that we were worthy of great honor and joy, which he proposed to grant us, therefore had he brought to us our companions and others that we might make merry. We knew not the full plans of the king until our father bade us prepare for a marriage, when a great light dawned in our souls and we rejoiced as it was proper we should do. The king's counselor who journeyed with us had long loved my beautiful sister Zara, and it was arranged that she should that day and that hour become his helpmeet. Therefore when the sun no more lighted the hills, there was music and feasting with much dancing and gladness of heart, for Zara had been given unto the counselor, and I had also been given unto the king's son, Eleon, unto whom I had long been betrothed. We were made one in the palace of a king after all our journeyings to and fro as a wandering tribe and fortune-tellers. Such are the changes that come to some, while others are like a lily leaf on stagnant water, they move not and feel no ripples.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE consummation of hopes towards which many hearts have been turned with no glimmer of fulfillment, is abundant reason for rejoicing, and we, who had dwelt in the

heavenly lands, were made glad in the land of our incarnations, and joined with zest in feast and song. So unlike was the scene to what we had once imagined our surroundings would be at the day of marriage, that we felt almost that we were not the same beings who then prepared for the feast of many days, that proved the open door through which we passed to the present that then gladdened us, and to the future that still awaited us, and towards which we turned no questioning gaze, because we were for once content to rejoice in the certainty by which we were surrounded. The weariless hours that one by one slide adown the silvery thread of time are bearers of change to all; to some are born sorrow and to others a continuation of gladness. Thus to us the light continued to shine, although at the end of three days, during which time there was everywhere feasting and gladness, the king proclaimed his departure to his own land, saying that when another sun dawned on the land that had been given to him he would turn his face towards his own land and his own kindred, and he furthermore said we should journey with him, he being in no way forgetful of the good that had come unto him by obeying the voice of prophecy. Therefore when the time spoken of by the king had come, we tarried no longer in the city of this strange land, but journeyed in the king's chariot towards the king's own country. Strange indeed had been the incidents of our lives, and looking back we could see where one circumstance had given birth to another, all of which pointed to that very hour, and from that to a future as yet unrevealed. Pleasant was the journey that lasted for several days; perhaps I should have said for many days; there was in it no dread of coming days that should break in gloom and end in despair. The shadows were cast from instead of towards us until each coming dawn seemed freighted with a greater depth of peace than had hitherto come to our hearts. I wondered not as I reviewed the path over which we had come, that so many times while yet a child there sounded in my ears the din of a far-off battle, for surely many battles had we fought, until at last we were journeying home with the breezes of

victory fanning our cheeks. There was triumph in the thought, and if we sang glad songs, no one wondered or chided. Our father listened to our narration with eagerness, tears many times filling his eyes, for he had ever a heart of tenderness; besides we were among his chosen daughters, to whom more than to all the others he had turned. When we had finished telling him all the incidents of our lives, he then gathered up a few tangled threads of the past, thereby giving us a glimpse of what had hitherto been hidden. He told us that upon his return to his tent and his flocks he inquired of the elder son of his handmaid regarding the children left with him, and when told they wearied without their father and returned to the tents of the handmaids, he questioned no more concerning them, for he doubted not the words of the son. But when he went to the handmaids' tents and saw not there the children he had most loved, he again made inquiry and was told they had returned not from the tent of their father, with whom they had been accustomed to tarry. Then he made great search for the absent ones, and commanded the son also to neither eat nor sleep until the children of his love were again brought to him; but when we came no more to him he became assured that we had been killed and eaten by the wild beasts of the woods, and he sorrowed exceedingly. The son, conscious of the wrong he had been guilty of, and undoubtedly fearing the prophet's keen inner sense and sight, besought of our father that he would send him to the mountains, whither he went, our father consenting thereto, and since that day he had dwelt apart from all his kindred, who had heard from him no tidings. This was the story our father told us, and we refrained not from sorrowing for the son who by his own deeds wove the unyielding shadows of his life. Compensation is ever sure, though at times delayed, which lessens not its completeness.

No shadows wove themselves into the pleasant pictures of those days; no discordant notes found their way into the glad songs our souls were singing. We were journeying to a land where home and peace awaited us, and we could well afford to hide the shadows of the past in the halo of

the present, and thus we did. When the land for which we had hoped, and towards which we had long wandered, was reached, we felt that all the cords that bound us to the life and land of other days were severed, and a new life began from which we would date our summer of peace that at last would border a richer autumn,—richer because fruits are more lasting than blooms. In the king's immediate realm we tarried for a time, as it seemed needful that we should, before journeying to the land he promised us, and which he still assured us he would give unto us and unto our sons and daughters after us. During our stay in the land of which I speak, we dwelt in the king's palace, and with us also tarried Zara and Azier, the latter of whom became greatly beloved of the king, to whom he was of great assistance, because of his deep thought by which the king chose many times to be guided. The king, in fulfillment of his promise to build a temple to the God of El Haban the prophet, called unto him his laborers and his wise men, preparatory to a beginning, and after much planning concerning the same it was decided to leave to El Haban and Azier all the arrangements, and all management. Accordingly the laborers were commanded to listen to their words and to obey, and the temple was begun, of which a description would not be of sufficient interest to warrant my giving it. It was completed at last, and many people from other lands hearing of the beauty thereof, came to visit it, and it was pronounced by all to be wonderful in all points. Like unto many temples seen in the better land was this one, of which I write. To my father came visions of a temple, and these visions he embodied in the structure in process of completion. In this same way come to designers of the present day visions of beautiful dwellings, and they are repeated in this life, or as nearly repeated as is possible with the gross material with which to work. The designers spoken of are incarnated here for the very purpose they fulfill, and thus they serve the multitude, by making beautiful the abodes of men; no leading attribute is the result of study, but of incarnation in the seen and labors in the unseen. When the light of this one grand truth shines over

all the land, many of the mysteries of life will disappear, as disappear the morning mists that bide not the direct rays of the sun. Let no one lift their hands in holy horror, and cry, impossible, for you have the testimony of all the churches in the land that all things are possible with God.

While yet we dwelt in the king's palace was born unto me a son, in whom I saw great promise of future good to the land wherein he should dwell, and when twelve months had been added to his life, the king, knowing our desire to inhabit the land he had promised us, made preparations for our journeying thither; but assured us he could in no way part with all who had brought unto him so much peace and contentment that it extended throughout all his borders, and proposed to retain with him our father, saying, also, that at stated times Azier and Zaramust abide with him, for he both loved and needed them, and especially did he need Azier as counselor in matters pertaining to his kingdom, as he desired to be just in his reign, this feeling gaining greater depth in his heart by being surrounded by those who dealt righteously with all. Therefore it was decided that the king should be pleased, as he had been unto us both friend and protector in an hour when deep night fell over us. Accordingly, we made preparations for our journey, which would cover many days; but, previous to our departure, the king called a great feast, to which all the wise men and women of the land were bidden. They came in great pomp, being arrayed in costly robes, heavily broidered with silk and gold. The king commanded all the musicians of note to be present at the feast, with their instruments, with which to make glad the occasion. I could in no way count the multitude that came; many brought with them rare and beautiful gifts, and bestowed them on the child of my love, which gladdened my heart exceedingly, for I felt the great good that would in time dawn in his soul and bless many others, therefore the heart within me beat with a proud joy. While yet the feast lasted it was decided we should take our departure. Accordingly, the king commanded a chariot to be brought, also conveyances to carry our possessions, which had increased abun-

dantly. The chariot he commanded to be left with us; also the horses that drew it. Then he called many of his warriors, and selected from them the number we desired to journey with us, and to abide with us in this new land to which we were about to journey. All things being in readiness, the king accompanied us to the outer gate of the city, wherein was his palace, and there wept because of our departure from him. He then threw after us his sandal, and turning again sought the guests he had summoned, that he might therewith find comfort. Our hearts saddened that we must again be parted with our father, whom we loved; yet, knowing the king's need of him, we strove to be content. In our pleasant journey through a country we had never before traversed, we were reminded of our journey, when but children, with the beautiful Cleos, who, obeying the command of her father, sought her home, bearing with her the two wood-nymphs, with their lion guard. We wondered in what country the dark-eyed woman dwelt, and if peace was in her heart; the lion, we knew, had died, and was buried with honors, above his resting place being a square block of marble, on which was mounted a lion carved from the same material, and of life size. This, at the time of its consummation, had pleased us much; likewise it consoled our hearts, for we had learned to love the noble animal that many times stood between us and danger, seen and unseen. The days of our journey told themselves one by one, and it was pleasant to note the change in country and scenery each day's travel brought us. As we neared the land of our future home we noticed a change in fruits, in trees, and in flowers as well as birds; indeed we wondered much that the king had not sought the land to make in it a home for himself and his household. There was a thrift in the growth in all expressions of the vegetable kingdom that we had seen nowhere else, inso-much that labor was thereby decreased. The land was somewhat lower than the land of the country wherein we had dwelt, and was fanned, freshened, and purified from noxious vapors by the winds that came from large bodies of water, that washed both sides of it. Having journeyed

as far into this country as we deemed it best, we rested from our travels, and sought to make for ourselves homes. For a time it was needful that we dwell in tents, which we did, being prepared therewith by the king, who knew something of the country and its demands; and while thus we dwelt, there was born to me another son, whereby the gladness in my heart was deepened, for it was needful that unto the world were born sons and daughters in whose hearts should dwell the light of the better land; else wars and evils engendered by the fiercer passions would find no place to withhold their fury, even for a time, to let in the tide of peace, whereby hearts might be rested, and the nobler attributes of the soul brought into the ascendancy. There were at the time of which I write no inhabitants in the part of the country towards which we had been led, though we were informed by the king, before we took up our journey, that traveling toward the east, after entering the beautiful country, we would find inhabitants who dwelt in peaceful homes, and made war against no other country; but choosing rather to dwell in a land by ourselves we journeyed westward; therefore were we alone with ourselves and our warriors, whom the king had bidden tarry with us and make for themselves and for their families homes, and he would call them no more to war against other countries. Therefore did we consider ourselves a nation of peace, and builded homes in which to dwell, until we were called to the land of the pure in heart, towards which, I confess, we cast fewer glances than we had done while as wanderers we sought a home, and found but the broad lands of our enemies and an ever-changing sky. Nor do I wonder that we were so at peace that we were content to peer but now and then towards the beyond, unto which our thoughts would be drawn and our hearts turned when the years of our pilgrimage were more nearly told.

In this beautiful land we continued to build until many homes told of happy hearts. Do you ask of what we builded? I will tell you. There grew at that time in the lower land of the country beautiful straight willows, or what I will call willows, that you may get some idea of

what I mean. These grew to great height, being but little larger at the roots than at the top; there were no branches on these, but at intervals small narrow leaves put forth in clusters of three. These willows were cut close to the ground, the leaves removed, and then left to become seasoned, during which time they were oiled at stated periods and bent back and forth to preserve the withiness necessary for building. The oil you can easily imagine was not difficult to obtain, as animals inhabited this happy land and were serviceable to us in many ways. Even some lions were seen, towards which my heart went out in kindness, until I forbade any one to slay them, but rather encourage in them a trustfulness in the beings who had come to possess the land over which they had long roamed in peace. Besides the willows I have described as used for building, there grew trees the leaves of which also entered into the construction of the dwellings. The leaves spoken of were long and narrow and when fully grown were gathered and spread where the sun could not reach them. Then, when half dry, they were dipped in a kind of cement much used then, and which was in our power to make. This cement, which is hardly the name to call it, made the leaves impenetrable to water, yet not brittle nor easily broken, and rendered them of a nature to be readily bent in any form desired. Then, when the willowy frame was arranged, which was done in sections, these leaves were woven closely through the entire parts and then the parts united with these same leaves made into ropes so strong that they could with the greatest difficulty be severed. You can easily imagine it took some little time to construct these homes, which were to us very beautiful when done. Additions thereto were easily attached, but at first all homes were small, consisting of but one large room. Thus the building continued until for every family there was a home, after which additions were made as were needed. A city was laid out which the future was to see completed; for we had come to the beautiful land to dwell and thought not to turn away. From the materials I have mentioned were also constructed many articles of furniture, such as chairs and

beds, which though not like those of the present day were to us of great value and comfort. We came at last to excel in the construction of articles too various to mention, and at one time sent to the king whom we loved, tokens of our industry, which were so admired that many sent to us for like articles. Thus, in time, this branch of industry became to us a source of wealth, and, in exchange for our articles, thus manufactured, we took from the king's realm silks, linen, and such articles as it was not as yet in our power to make, and which we needed to replace what was destroyed by time and use.

Azier, who had been counselor to the king, and in whose wisdom we trusted, was chosen by the people, who loved and revered him, as the lawgiver of the land. The laws by which we were governed were originated by the demand of circumstances which were born into our midst, as will always be the case when there are gathered together in one company many of unlike temperaments and desires. To you on this earth ever has law been a necessity, and thus it will continue to be until the principle made manifest through the blending of mind and matter and termed error is overcome; then there will be a complete harmony between the two, mind and matter, the result of which will be an absence of law against evil, and also an absence of what is termed disease. Then will the children of the land live naturally, and having fulfilled their missions, which will be lighted by the love of the angel world, will pass naturally to their more lasting homes, without the dread that veil-like is folded over those who have their faith or creeds unlighted by reason. In the making of laws for our little nation, as we were pleased to call it, Azier wrote what his judgment, aided by invisible guides, dictated. Then there were called together the people of the land, and they listened to the reading of the law, passed their judgment, and made answer as seemed best. This law or clause, when accepted by the majority, was kept by Azier, and to it reference was made in order to settle all difficulties; for difficulties would at times arise as perfection had not been attained, and within the hearts of the warriors by whom

we were surrounded, because of their destructiveness, the rivers of peace did not at all times flow. Consequently we were not always at peace among ourselves, though extensive dissensions arose not, neither was there ever spoken in our midst a word concerning war, as though it could be possible. You understand, Eon, that the age of which I write was an age of war, when the clashing of swords played an important part in the music of the elements, and was at the same time in harmony with the unfoldment of man. I regret exceedingly that language is as yet so imperfectly developed that I find not the expressions born into the elements by which I can weave into the writing I bequeath to the world the deeper truths my soul longs to lay before the children of the land; and I have delayed this writing just as long as I thought it were wise to do, so that higher thought expressions might be called to existence here, that I might thereby have increased power. Oh, Eon, the fields of light and wisdom beyond are so fraught with wonders, dreams even of which have never echoed in these valleys, that I long to unfold them to hungry souls, yet the light might be too intense and thereby blind instead of lighting the way.

Little by little the blooms of earth unfold to the sun; little by little are the doors of the soul left ajar, through which the noiseless breezes, love-laden, wisdom-freighted, float, breathing to the receptive souls faint glimpses of the real, though unseen, life. There are those now walking in the valley of incarnation unto whom have been given glimpses of the unseen that would awaken in the souls of mankind the questions, who are we, and from whence or what planet have we journeyed. These same beings are throwing from their receptive beings into the unseen elements by which earth is surrounded, thought children that are actual existences, and are the sentinels that stand at the open door of mighty principles, which through the very existence of those whom the world comprehend not, are drawn earthward from the higher realm and held here, to be woven into the unfoldment of souls who, by the reception of these principles alone, can reach the loveliest halls of

the better land. Here, that I have touched, in my little digression, a point that is pleasanter to me than the historical points that breathe alone of earth, I will answer the question that my heart tells me will many times be asked: Why did spirits, who dwelt so far above the contentions, come earthward, when by their coming they could work no visible changes for that immediate age? I answer, to begin with, We did have a certain amount of power then; but let me ask, did any one ever know of an acorn falling one day, and the next day sheltering the weary multitude beneath its branches? It was not to control the expressions of earth's children that we came, for those would become self-controlling, when through spiritual unfoldments the soul rounded out to the point where the expression born would be in harmony with purity. It was that we might, through our power gained in the higher life, hold on this side of time's river the magnetic lines over which sacred and undying truths might be transmitted, and when once given to the unseen elements, they would become the world's legacy, into the possession of which earth's children must in time grow. There was a time when the individualized existences that are now the inhabitants of worlds were sparks of deific light, each spark or twofold spark possessed of a central power, by which it drew from the deific atmosphere that was in itself a glowing, rosy light, the child form or forms which it first wore. These dual stars or children of Deity were cast off in constellations, groups, or families, being brothers and sisters in the eternities of the past, and as such will they remain through all the eternities.

CHAPTER XL.

ACCORDINGLY there was erected another temple far exceeding in size and beauty the one wherein we worshiped. This in its construction and adaptation to the people and their demands was a wonder to all who saw it. The re-

sources of the land wherein we dwelt were not developed to the extent needed to supply the demand caused by the building of the temple. Therefore many who were interested in its construction went to the king's country for the materials we lacked, and returned laden with all that was needful. With them also came our father El Haban, who desired once more to greet and bless the children of his love. Many years had been given to him, and he felt that he was soon to go to the land of souls. He marveled much that in our midst he saw no priests; yet was much pleased with the intelligence and thrift that characterized the people. He tarried with us many months, during which time he watched with earnest eyes the building of the temple, and when he fully understood the purposes it was to serve, he called it in his quiet way the Temple of Wisdom, which, when it was completed, we named in honor of our father. Before the temple was finished there came into our midst two strangers who spoke not the language of our people. They were of good figure, fair-haired and fair-faced, and seemed of kindly spirit. These, when my father saw them, he addressed in their own tongue, which both pleased and surprised them, and gladdened us not a little, for there was a look in their eyes that we liked, a look which spoke of integrity and trustfulness. From them we learned that they were from the other part of the country of which we had heard, but towards which we had never journeyed, caring not to mingle with the people of other lands, fearing lest the peace and prosperity of our own land be thereby weakened if not destroyed. These strangers received from our people a kindly greeting and were made welcome to abide as long as they chose. They stated that it was by the merest accident they found us, not knowing that another people inhabited any portion of the land. They remained with us several days, taking note of our manners and customs, during which time they gave us much information concerning their own people, saying they never went to war with any nation and knew nothing of its results. When they went away we gave them such tokens of our industry as they could carry with them and not retard their steps.

The temple was at last completed, and a day set apart for a great feast in honor of the same. I shall not undertake to give even a limited description of its perfectness or beauty; only this will I say, the main and front entrance was guarded on either side by a lion, carved from the finest white marble brought from the king's country. This was done through the expressed wish of Zara and myself, who never lost sight of the wilderness and the friend there found, in honor of whose friendship we had it fully understood that when we too passed from the sight of the children of men, a white lion should guard the mounds wherein our bodies rested. The feast was to continue for the space of three days, during which time all the people of the land were requested to lay aside their usual labor and come to the temple, as all had an equal right thereto, it being built for all. There was allowed in our midst no expression of superiority one over another, and all labored for the common good, as well as for themselves and their special families. Accordingly there was a three-days rest from the labors by which the people sustained themselves, and gladness reigned in all hearts and all homes; for, remember, in our land there were no homes impoverished to make other homes abodes of wealth and luxury. The temple, in its construction, was so arranged as to consist of many apartments, instead of one as is usually the case. At the entrance was what you would call a vestibule; opening from it and situated on one side of the temple was what to-day would pass for a lecture and reading room. In this room the crowds gathered by request, and when seated our father, El Haban, spoke to them in words of prophecy that thrilled the hearts of the listeners and made strong the holiest purposes of their souls. There was no farther speaking, for we chose to make glad the people, thinking it a proper way in which to express the joy of our hearts for the triumph of skill shown to exist in our midst, and which spoke well for the future, that as yet lay unrevealed before us. In the room of which I have made mention were all the parchments kept. All the wisdom we could glean from other lands was to be there deposited and there referred to, at any

time; for, as I have before mentioned, the temple belonged to all, and all had an equal right to what was therein. At one side of this room was erected what I call a rest—you probably have for it some other name. In front of this was a table of the finest wood from the king's country. This was inlaid with both gold and pure pearl, and was used by the scribe, whose business it was to put on parchment whatever valuable information came to him, or to any one of the land. I have described a little, but not minutely, and as I show the many uses of the temple you will get still further ideas of its construction.

While we were in the very midst of the feast, in which no wine to make feverish the brains glowed red in the cups, there came to our ears a tinkling sound, as of many bells. At last the air seemed to vibrate with this strange sound—strange to us, for we could see no cause for its occurrence. Some hearts showed signs of fear, but the voice of El Haban assured them that, whatever it was, there was an echo of peace in the sound that to his soul boded only good for all. This in a measure reassured us, and the peace of the feast was restored, though anxious glances showed that some hearts wondered yet. At last the noise of many bells came so near that all left the temple, determined, if possible, to solve the mystery; for with the tinkling of many bells was also heard the strains of music, that told only of gladness. While some were running in one direction, and others taking still different paths, there suddenly came within sight what you will better understand as a caravan. The first object that greeted my eyes was an elephant, loaded with both men and women, and gorgeous trappings, from every conceivable point of which hung small silver bells, the echoes of which had so long puzzled us. I do not remember the number of elephants or people, but there were many of both. We were startled at first, and our first thought, without the weight of a conclusion, was that of war, which, above all other things, we most dreaded; but we were soon relieved of our fears, as the two strangers who had been made welcome in our midst came running in advance of the others with banners in their hands, also

with a parchment, which they delivered into the hands of El Haban.

Silence took the place of the hum of partly expressed wonderment, as our father read aloud from the parchment placed in his hands. It seemed that the pleasant-faced strangers, who had gone from our midst with tokens of our thrift, had told the inhabitants of the land wherein they dwelt of the people they found, and especially had given information concerning us to those in authority. They also told them of the wondrous temple, and the time set for its completion, and of the feast appointed for that day; all of which so interested and caused the wonder of the people that they set out in a great company to visit us, and had reached our land on the second day of the feast. The parchment expressed all this, and furthermore added, with their expressions of pleasure at thus becoming known to us, a desire to ever after live on terms of friendship that would benefit both lands. They then requested permission to tarry with us during the remainder of the feast, which request was made known to our people, and they, as with one voice, gave consent, after which there was a great time of dismounting from elephants, and of bringing forward rare gifts that they had brought us from their own land. I can give you no conception of the great value or number of these, all of which we placed in the Temple of Wisdom, in a room set apart for such relics and valuables as should be sent us, as at that time was the custom among many nations, to thus express their appreciation of power and progressive strides. In honor of the great company who had come far to rejoice with us, the feast was to continue yet another day; at the end of which time El Haban called them all together in the great room of the temple, and in behalf of the people of our land returned unto them thanks, that they had with kindness in their hearts journeyed thus far to express the same to us, bringing with them gifts from the abundance of their country. Then, in his wisdom, he proposed, that when they returned, as they were about to do, a party should go with them one-half the distance, carrying with them blocks of marble, and there lay the foun-

dation of a tower, which should be completed by the united and equal labor of the people of both lands. He furthermore said, in explanation thereof, that this tower, when done, should be for a bond of peace and friendship between the two nations, and that once a year there should be sent to this tower from each nation parchments concerning the improvements of each, which should be kept for reference for future generations. When El Haban had ceased speaking, the people shouted for very joy, as I had never before heard them shout. Accordingly, when the people departed from our midst, Eleon, with Azier and many others who would be needed, went with them, carrying with them the marble for the foundation, which was laid in the presence of many witnesses from both lands. It was thought wise to let no time pass before completing the same; therefore part of the men of both lands tarried to continue the work, which, when completed, I visited in company with Eleon, Zara, and Azier, and felt much pleased at the cunning devices that would utterly lead astray the judgment of any one who sought, without knowing just how, to reach the interior, where was to be deposited whatever the people of both lands thought worthy of notice by their new-found brothers and sisters. The structure received the name of the Tower of Friendship, and served both nations in many ways. It was of sufficient size to hold a goodly number of people, who, were they to secrete themselves, could in no way be found, on account of the strange devices of the entire exterior, by which no one could find the opening, it being hidden thus purposely. It was decided that a yearly feast should be held within the Temple of Wisdom, in honor both of the temple and the increased wisdom of the people of the land, who sought in all things to excel. There were in our midst many master minds, whose thoughts reached far in advance of the age in which they lived, as is the case now, and has always been in all ages. These minds were leading powers, and a source of great strength to us all, a line to grasp to make more sure our footing from one accepted point to another. We were, indeed, a thinking, acting people, given more to those solid

lines of thought from which is evolved the foundation of principles that must remain undimmed through the steady march of ages, than otherwise; while our brothers and sisters in the land adjoining were given more to the lines of thought from which is born the rhythm and measure of song, with which they were accustomed to gladden themselves. This was shown in many of the parchments left in the tower, and we were pleased with the same, knowing all principles had their use, and should not be discountenanced.

While yet our father tarried with us a messenger came in great haste, saying the king had taken it into his head that he was sick unto death, being unable to rise from his couch. The messenger further said the king requested of El Haban, of Azier and Zara, of Eleon and myself, to journey immediately to his land, that he might rest his eyes on our faces once more before he left the land wherein he had been prospered. We accordingly made all haste and departed, taking with us also my eldest son. The journey was long, regardless of our haste, and before we reached the city where dwelt the king, other messengers came in great haste to meet us, saying the horses they rode were more fleet, and bade us leave the chariot that had been sent us and mount their horses and ride at great speed, or we would look no more into the eyes of the king, who was waiting us. We accordingly left the chariot and mounting the horses of the messengers rode with all haste to the king's palace, and when the inner gate opened for us we were told the king yet lived. We waited not but, El Haban leading us, we went immediately into his presence, and when he saw us he wept as weeps a tired child who has been long absent from the heart it loves. The change made by our coming seemed to bridge the time a little, and he lingered yet there, during which time we left not long his presence, so that his heart was gladdened, and he listened to all our words concerning the land wherein we dwelt, and was much pleased with the description given of the Temple of Wisdom and the Tower of Friendship, and made request that when he had gone from among his people his body might be embalmed and placed in a tower built in our land near to the

Tower of Friendship, to which we gave our solemn promise, strange as the request was.

While yet the king tarried he called to his immediate counselor and scribe, and bade him take the finest parchment the realm afforded and place thereon the words of the king concerning the land wherein we dwelt. This he bequeathed us and our children after us, and bade us possess it in peace, as we had done, that in time we might become a powerful nation, paying tribute to no king of foreign power. This comforted us not a little, for we feared when tidings came of the king's expected departure, lest our possessions be given to others or devastated by wars. When the king had finished speaking he bade the scribe depart, when he took from his finger a massive ring, and, calling my son to his side, placed it on his finger and blessed him. Then with one hand of El Haban, and the other clasped by the hand of Azier, he closed his eyes and spoke no more; neither did he ever again look upon our faces; and as we looked almost awe-struck at the kingly form, his face slowly changed in appearance, and we saw that he no more breathed. At the last moment a light, such as I had often before seen, shone over the calm face, and even lighted the pillow upon which his head rested. This was seen by all and remembered with gladness, for we felt it to be the light of some pure dweller of the better land, come to lead and light home one who had proven himself our more than friend. We sorrowed at the departure of this good man, who had grown in nobleness, and whose reign had been one of peace. His kingdom passed into the hands of his only son, who, considering his years, was well versed in the affairs of the realm, which boded good to the land over which he was to rule, and the future of the realm spoke much in his praise, as being both wise and just. He objected not to our granting the request made by the king concerning his body. Accordingly we, after tarrying a few days, left the land to return to our own, to make immediate arrangements for the building of another tower, which at best would take considerable time; but before we had departed, the son in great kindness desired us to consider him

just the same in all things pertaining to a friendly union as his father, and expressed a desire to live in peace and with the same bond of friendship existing between us. To this we gladly consented and prayed that the wisdom of the father might guide and bless the son.

When we had arrived in our own land, for which we felt a greater love now that it was not to be taken from us, we began immediately the building of the king's tower, and when it was completed we sent messengers to his land, saying all things were in readiness; then the son with many others came to our country and were met at a certain distance by an escort, among whom rode our father, saying it was but right and just that the priest should journey to meet the king he loved. In great state was he placed in the tower prepared for him, which, like the other, could be opened only by one who had the invisible key to the mysterious door. The son with a few chosen ones remained in our midst for a time, to become acquainted with our peculiar customs, and he became much interested in all that he saw, and he left not until he had asked the hand of our eldest daughter in marriage. She was very beautiful to look upon, and gentle of heart, and we rejoiced that there should be this added bond to the friendship that was already extended to us as a nation. It was decided that when three years had passed there should be held in our land a wedding feast, at which time he should receive in marriage the hand of our daughter, who as yet was not of sufficient age. Then with much gladness in his heart he journeyed to his own land, and we looked not for him until the three years had passed, during which time we increased in power and wisdom.

Before the time spoken of had gone by our father, El Haban, whom we loved, fell sick with a sickness that was unto death, and so sudden was it all that when the morning sun shone on the land of our possessions he greeted it in perfect health, and when the evening sun shone his spirit had gone to the God of his fathers. Great was our sorrow, for, besides his tenderness of heart, his wisdom was a power in our midst. Before he closed his eyes he called us

to his side and bade us place his body by the side of the body of the king, and when we had made promise he closed his eyes in peace and opened them not again on the sorrowful faces of his children. All our people sorrowed as though a father had gone from their midst, as indeed such he was to all, and he left in the earth atmosphere a record that has in other brains been many times repeated since. I mean not that he has since many times incarnated, for but once since then has he touched the shores of your land, and then on the borders of a country you now call Japan; I refer entirely to the action on receptive souls of the thought children of his own brain, which principle or truth I have tried to make plain and acceptable, being fully aware that to many it would have too mythical an appearance to receive a second thought, but when principles are born and take a positive position people develop to them. It is only the result of the quickening power from the higher life or the spiritual nature that enables one to look beyond material life for the actual expression of truth and a proof of the same; to natures not thus quickened only material proofs, such as can be touched and seen, bear evidence that is in the least conclusive. All this is natural and in no way to be condemned; besides one condition in fulfillment of the law of progression must merge into another, consequently there will come a time when the materialists of to-day will become the leading spiritual minds and helpers of another to-day, marked with still greater progression than is at the present recorded; and, too, these same minds will have gained a greater power by the paths they have traversed, which are for them or they would not seek them, through a fulfillment of the central or governing power of their beings. As our father, El Haban, had requested concerning his body, we failed not to do, having it embalmed, and placed in the tower with the king; side by side they lay, and the wrappings of our father were in no way inferior to those of the king. Many people followed us to the last resting place, and sorrowful were the faces that were for the last time turned towards the lifeless form of him they had loved and revered. Inside the tower

were placed the priestly robes he had worn, besides some gifts that had been too sacred to him to have them pass into other hands.

[*A Séance for Eoná, at Mexico, Oct. 18, '85.*—Luaskaletta, the daughter of the Inca of Peru, in materialized form, said she lived with Eoná and had come to help me, and said I was looking better already—and when the everlasting day comes I will be there to help you home to your higher life. This lady was small in stature but looking very pretty; her dress was covered with sparkling diamonds. After she retired Eoná came in materialized form. She came during the *séance* several times, and talked much. She said my present incarnation was my last, and at my home-coming to the higher life we would be united for a never-ending eternity, where we would together work for the earth children, and also work on all worlds wherever we might be attracted. But, Eon, you must stay in the land of your present incarnation, until the center of the Sun Angel Order of Light is fully established, and its light radiates far and near, and branches from our loved order are established in various localities to bless the children of earth, and each member of the Order of Light becomes a beacon light in the earth life and in the beyond. Then at your home-coming will you receive the angels' blessings. After which, Cleos, the beautiful daughter of the king, greeted me in materialized form. She is a Persian lady, and came wearing a veil, which she removed, revealing to our gaze her beautiful features. Then came Zair, my companion in my second incarnation in the long ago—and also a companion in my present incarnation. She greeted me with angel tokens of love, after which my spirit daughter, and the child of Zair, Henrietta, came and warmly greeted me with her angel kisses. Then came a beautiful young lady and introduced herself to me as a niece, and to a lady present as a sister, thus presenting to me relatives of whom I had no earth knowledge. Then came Saidie and addressed the members of the circle at length, and told me what to write to the child of her love and watchful care. Then Eoná again came and presented each one with an orange, and said she desired a *séance* like

this every three months, as it would help them to accomplish their work. She then greeted me with good-night kisses, saying the day had been a very happy and pleasant one to her, and bidding all good-night the *séance* closed.]

CHAPTER XLI.

EON, I may weary you with the minuteness of detail, but the points given are all so interwoven that it is difficult to separate them and give only the more important ones, as I have done regarding other incarnations; for you of course understand, without my putting it in words, that only the most essential points have been given regarding each earth journey and each removal to and labors in the heavenly spheres. I have not given a detail of the points overcome in our natures, nor the manner in which they have been overcome, because the task was not pleasant; neither was it fraught with sufficient good as a result to warrant the effort. You are, of course, conscious that I have not always been angelic in my nature, for, as I said in an early chapter, I have drank from all cups that could be placed to mortal's lips. I have known anger, jealousy, hatred, revenge, and all the powers that hold the soul in bondage until through its own developments it frees itself therefrom; therefore I have for others a charity and sympathy, and censure not. Short-sighted are the children of earth, who claim as a truth that one incarnation is sufficient to unfold the possibilities of the soul to a point where the passions made manifest through the wedding of mind and matter are overcome. These powers yield not to one impress of the immortal in matter, and being made manifest by the blending of mind and matter it is proof positive that only through successive blendings or incarnations can these powers be overcome, as they can in no way be taken to the more heavenly spheres, but bar the soul from its inheritance. Thus at each incarnation have I overcome

the lesser good of my nature, and at the same time have been a light-bearer to the world wherein I tarried, for from the time we were cast from central power have we been messengers, sometimes to one planet and then again to another. I will return again to the line of my pilgrimage which had grown peaceful, for the light of prosperity filled all the land wherein we dwelt.

My children were growing to manhood and womanhood, and were immortal towers of untold good to my soul. The light of prophecy fell like a heavenly mantle over the sons that had been given me, while my daughters were beautiful to look upon, and drank deep from the wisdom of the land. I use not boastful words when I say that as a people we were a center of deeper thought than at that time existed elsewhere on the planet. There was a cause for this, for spirits from the sixth sphere had come from their homes fraught with purity and wisdom, and were holding the magnetic cords on earth's side of life, over which were transmitted truths that are unending as Deity : and besides this there were in our midst incarnations from Jupiter, Saturn, and other planets, through whose presence great power was evolved that was a constant blessing to the land. Living springs were they, making glad the valley of our incarnation. There were points made and left on earth at that time as a legacy from loving, earnest hearts, from which may be dated the increased progressive power that is at present making long lines on the dial of time. The thought children of the brain there born have in the present become mighty principles that are unfettering the bonds of ignorance, bidding the children of the land go forth and be glad in the light of wisdom. It is true that since that day much blood has been shed, and many hearts wrung in agony : but the principle of tyranny that existed, and, like some animals when driven to the wall, rallied all its energies and fought even with its latest breath, has not yet fully expired, but lingers in some church-bound hearts, though the old-time power thereof has passed away like smoke, and the dawn of a brighter day is seen beyond the hill-tops that guard the horizon of the present. In

our midst there were in time manufactories that met the demands that increased with our prosperity. From our looms were taken as rich silks as we had ever found in the palaces of kings. Thus in all things we at last became a self-sustaining nation, upon whom the people of other lands looked with unfeigned respect. The high priests of other nations came to us, as did also many prophets, to worship at the shrine of our Deity, and were confounded that no material expressions of the same were found in all the land; nor could we make them understand the God we worshiped, the Spirit of the universe, the Spirit of all good, when they would leave us with no less respect for our prosperity, but with increased wonder.

There were in our midst many prophets, besides my own sons, all of whom, when in the temple of worship, prophesied or gave voice to superior wisdom as the prophetic light fell over them. In this way were we led, and in this way was the receptiveness of our people increased, until many there were who conversed with the angels face to face. Where one extreme exists there must also exist the other. This was proven in my incarnation. The extremes of bitterness and sorrow had woven their unbroken threads in the web of my existence, and having finished gave room for gladness. The three years of waiting had nearly passed, when a messenger from the king's country came, saying: "Prepare the marriage feast, for the king cometh to claim the eldest daughter of your household" (whom we had from her birth called Zara, because of the great love I bore my sister). There was in my heart both sorrow and pride; I sorrowed to part with the fair child of my love, and I was at the same time proud that a king had sought her hand in marriage. In response to the call, we accordingly set about to prepare for the feast that brought to my soul the remembrance of another feast, in another land, and another day, from which was born a season of deep sorrow; but I saw then that it had been best, as we would not else have possessed the land wherein we then dwelt. We sent to meet the king six messengers, as was the custom at that time. They were from among those who prophesied and ut-

tered words of wisdom. They were all richly arrayed in long robes of heavy silk, while their horses wore gaudy trappings. From the hand of my daughter was borne to the king a knot of blue bordered with gold lace. This was to be fastened to the outer covering of the left shoulder, and was a pledge of her constancy. I give these minor points, to show the customs of the land. Will there be wonder in many hearts, how I, coming from the higher spheres, could feel interest in surroundings such as I describe? It must be remembered that memory is wisely barred from reaching the old landmarks, or the messengers coming earthward could in nowise fulfill their mission to the children in need of their assistance; besides at that time earth and the elements surrounding it could not give birth to and sustain material forms through the brains of which could be expressed the higher wisdom to which the spirits controlling had attained. Neither can this be done now, after all these ages of progress, and the brains through which advanced thoughts are given to-day are not capable of giving expression to the wisdom of the spirit in possession; consequently the spirit is in bondage, and is obliged to make the most and best of its surroundings, and express just what the avenue through which it works is adapted to. This destroys not the wisdom nor power of the spirit after its liberation, though it is often the case that memory does not immediately claim its own, which is due to the earth mists by which it has been surrounded. But this matters not, for when the spirit again reaches its own home it is satisfied, and regrets not the sacrifice of peace and heaven, for by it many are lighted homeward to their Father's house, wherein are many mansions.

The shuttle of time weaves ever on, and on. The hours and days are gathered in like the winding of a silken cord, that breaks not till the ball is complete. Thus passed the days during the time we made preparations for, and waited the coming of, the young king. Our feast was to be no feast of nations, such an one as I remembered, with a vividness that nothing could dim, but a feast in which the gladness of our own people would find expression. The

marriage ceremony, at Zara's request, was to take place in the audience-room of the Temple of Wisdom, for thereby a greater number of people could be present, and she wished to look upon all the faces she loved in her hour of rejoicing; for she did rejoice exceedingly, inasmuch as she deeply loved the young king, from whom, many times during the three years that had passed, messengers had come, bearing parchments whereon the king had given expressions to the love of his own soul for the beautiful Zara, who had for years been a love-light in our home. Around our dwelling extended gardens both broad and beautiful; in these were many arbors, made beautiful by blending of leaves and ripened and ripening fruit. Here were the many tables to be spread for the feast, unto which all the people of our nation were bidden to come. The feast was to continue three days, as was at that time customary. Thus those who came not the first day had yet abundant time for feasting and dancing. The stay of the wine cups had been whispered to Zara's ear, and she besought us that no wine be added to gladden the hearts of the people, and her wish was granted. The horses that bore the messengers to meet the young king had attached to their richly broideder trappings many silver bells, some very minute, others larger, and there being in number six messengers, the music thereof was heard at a great distance, and besides was very sweet, as the tones of the bells blended one with the other. Was it strange that the mother's eye sought the sweet face of her daughter as the first notes of these wedding bells were borne towards us on the breezes of that long-ago summer? Ah, no; the mother's heart was the same, as tender in those days as now, and the silent mists of the saddened soul fell on all things beautiful, as the silvery tones came nearer and still nearer. In the far away lies that day and scene, yet memory, true to its own power, brings back even the breath of sadness that touched my soul as I saw on the fair cheeks of my beautiful Zara the love-roses bloom; and, looking back to another day when I, too, expected to be wedded in the midst of great pomp and splendor, I caught no glimpse of the

tell-tale roses, and wondered much thereat, for I would have met and overcome any danger, as though the heart of a lion had been mine, had my betrothed been thereby threatened. Yes, I wondered, but memory then looked not over the hills that bordered the valley of my incarnation, and I recalled not the love that was too deep to be told in words that were earth-born. I knew in other days, when the light of the fadeless skies fell over and around me, why it was thus: knew that my soul over there wore a crown of love set with gems fadeless as the eternal summers of my fatherland, and this was why the depth of my soul was not awakened.

Nearer sounded the silvery-tongued bells, until we knew they were in our very midst, and he who sought our loved child was at our door. Our customs at such occasions were so unlike the customs of to-day that they may be considered strange. In our home had been hidden as special guests twelve fair maidens. These maidens had woven of roses an arch, having first a frame to which they were attached. This was placed at the entrance of the outer door as the bells announced the nearness of the king; then the path leading from the broad marble whereon he was dismounted to the sweet-scented arch was also strewn with blooms of the same tints and fragrance. Over this path he must walk to meet the one of his choice, who was to stand under the arch and receive there his greetings of love. The arch was waiting, the path was strewn, and the twelve maidens met the ruler of another land and led him over the pathway of blooms that exhaled their sweetness as though they were breathing blessings on the very soul of him who pressed their tinted hearts. Beneath the arch of roses stood Zara in her robes of softest, finest lace, looking fairer than the blooms. I turned away, for there was in my heart a dull pain, and I cared not to remember the tender greeting, as none such had ever touched my soul and I understood it not, therefore it seemed even too sacred for my eyes to witness. The feast was to begin on the morrow, and that day there was in the gardens a throng of busy workers; both men and maidens were hastening to and fro, and when at last all preparations for the coming day were

completed, the gardens had the appearance of a grove city. I can give you but little idea concerning it, because all the preparations were on such an extensive plan. When at last the workers had left the grounds, the king with Zara, accompanied by the twelve maidens, walked therein. The king had brought with him a harp, the strings of which he touched with a tenderness that one instinctively thought of heaven. On this he played and sang the songs of our own land, in which the maidens joined.

When the morrow was but first born the people came flocking to the gardens, dressed in the finest fabric they possessed, in honor of the day and the king of another land. Each arbor held a long and loaded table, at which the guests were to refresh themselves whenever they desired with the choicest fruits of the land, there being aside from this refreshments served only in the middle of the day. This consisted of tender meats of many kinds, likewise the most desired products of the country. There was an arbor wherein the king and his betrothed were, with the twelve maidens, especially attended. This was freshened on the inner side many times during the days of the feast with the finest flowers of the land that were brought by the guests, each one bringing each day their sweet offerings. There was bloom, and song, and beauty crowding the hours that came and went, as were crowning two glad hearts the hopes of a future towards which they unhesitatingly turned as though expecting every bloom adown life's path to be laden with sweetness. Unfearing are hearts wherein has dwelt but the sunshine of peace, and it is well, else there would exist nowhere a gladness to the refrains of life that fill with no uncertain sound its vales. A beautiful picture the gardens made, and the tender green by which they were covered contrasted well with the gay apparel of the many revelers, and the bright ottomans on which many half reclined gave to the scene an oriental appearance that was very striking. If there were sad hearts present no one was made aware of the fact, while rivers of gladness seemed bearing to every heart some gem from the sea of life.

Thus passed the days of that long-ago marriage feast until the last day dawned, which was to be the crowning day of the festivities, during which all hearts had been glad because of the great good it brought to a daughter of their nation, whom they loved, and also because of the added strength it would as a nation bestow upon us through the lasting bond of friendship thus formed. There was indeed great reason for the gladness that was everywhere expressed, in which my heart, despite the shadow that lingered therein, also joined. We could not see from the hill-top of prosperity to which we had climbed what the valleys of the future might hold for us; we had ever been at peace with all nations, and only desired thus to be; but that was an age of uncertainties, and powers there were that might turn towards us jealous eyes and seek to turn our interests and wealth into their channels, to thereby broaden and deepen the tide of their prosperity. Therefore did I feel an added security in this uniting of nations, and rejoiced with a gladness from which the fullness was taken. The great room of the temple was early decorated with long festoons of trailing vines and freshly gathered flowers: a platform had been erected for the occasion, which was also strewn with blooms, as though a carpet had been placed thereon. On the platform and nearest the wall were the twelve maidens in purest white. These were placed so as to resemble a crescent. Zara, with her hand clasped in that of her father, entered the room and ascended the platform on one side, while at the same time the king, walking by the side of Azier, who was chosen as a priest for the occasion, ascended at the opposite side. Meeting in the center of the platform, Eleon placed the hand of Zara in that of the king, who led her before Azier to listen to the words of the sacred marriage service written by him and approved of by all the people, as were all our laws and ordinances; as you will understand our nation had not become so large that the direct voice of the people could not be heard and understood. Then the voice of the many was not embodied in one to give utterance thereto, which is never done except at the sacrifice of what advantage a free people possesses.

The service ended and the twelve maidens chanted in softest strains the marriage song, when they scattered over the two-in-one the baskets of fragrant blooms with which they were provided, in the midst of which Eleon placed on the arms of Zara bands of pure gold, in which were set some of the gems from the crown his father had worn while yet he reigned in peace over a prosperous kingdom. My heart shrank from offering the greetings due the happy twain, for the fountain of sad tears even then cast a spray through which my eyes could scarce peer, and as I would cast no shadows in the light that love had made, I spoke no words, but pressed the hands I had clasped in infancy, and smiled the dearest wishes of my heart for their united happiness and prosperity. Thus it was my beautiful daughter was tied, and thus it was the first link in the home chain was unclasped and slid away, thereby leaving more room for others to unclasp and follow. The festivities ceased not till long after the sun had gathered from the sky all its glory. Songs filled the air till the birds forgot their hour of sleep, and half-warbled replies echoed here and there from the swaying branches. Harps vibrated till it seemed as though the harpers of a fairer shore were touching the strings for joy. All hours must pass, and hours of gladness linger not longest. So at last the gardens that had been thronged with the happy-hearted guests were deserted, and quiet reigned where gladness had been breathed by many lips. The moon was at its full, when it touches all things beneath its sheen with a silvery glow, making the land wherein tarry the children of our father look akin to the land wherein dwell those who have gone home from their pilgrimage. In this quiet for which I had so longed, I wandered alone to the deserted gardens where the shadows made from the silvery light that crept through the many-leaved vines seemed to chase me. Through arbor after arbor I wandered, thinking over the strange and eventful life that had been mine, even from childhood, when I watched the father I loved as he tended his flocks and herds, and I wondered what more life could hold of joy or sorrow that could exceed what I had already tasted.

At last I reached the arbor that had been sacred to the bridal group, and seating myself in the flower-twined rest Zara had occupied, rested both soul and body, feeling grateful for every cool breath that creeping through the leaves touched my weary form. There was a dreaminess in the moonlight and in the shadows it wove, with which as I rested I came into harmony, until at last queer visions of a land I was sure I never had seen, because it seemed bathed in a light that in its radiance became a glory, flitted before my vision, which I afterwards found was my soul vision. Long I watched the beautiful picture, till at last a hand rested on my head and smoothed in a caressing way my hair, even touching my brow, where had gathered some lines that told of battles fought. So in harmony was I with nature and its higher expression wherein perfection seemed to have found an abiding place, that I thought not strangely of the gentle hand, the touch of which seemed to reveal still more of the heavenly glory with which my soul was gladdened beyond the power to express. At last my whole soul thrilled with a love that I felt must be heaven-born: then I became conscious of the presence of one whose robes seemed to emit a light far exceeding the light of the full moon, and the one word, "Eoná," fell on the air, filling my soul with a new joy, the fountains of which cast no longer a mist before me, while I felt that I could sing the glad songs of the holy harpers. I closed my eyes for very joy when the holy lips of the radiant one touched mine, and when I again opened my eyes he had gone. I knew not who he was, but was conscious he came from the home of my father, El Haban the prophet: since then I have called him Eon, as I had done before, but remembered it not among the mists of the valley. The last shadow had been driven from my heart, and with a deeper peace than I had heretofore known resting like a baptism on my soul, I left the arbor of vines and sought our peaceful dwelling, where I found the maids much alarmed at my absence, which had been detected. The hours of the night were nearly told, which greatly surprised me, as I thought not that I had been gone long from our dwelling. I charged them that

they make no mention of the occurrence, saying I had been weary and sought rest in the bridal arbor, and had tarried much longer than I was aware. The great joy of my heart I told to none, feeling it too sacred even for the ears of my husband, who could in nowise have understood the meaning thereof.

The peace that was born in my soul faded not away, and when the days passed that brought near the hour of departure of one whose love-light had been as a halo in heart and home, I felt the sustaining power that had come to abide bearing me over this billow as safely as rides the master ship over the ocean. Like a bird of summer songs she passed from my home to sing her strains of love to other hearts in another land, and it was well, for her life-tide could not forever flow in quiet ripples, evenly with mine, and she at the same time fulfill the mission that was hers. I knew the tide would be united again on a fairer shore, where sorrow touches not the soul that has come up through many battles and many victories. So with words of love and hope we parted with Zara, sending with the party messengers from our own land to journey to the king's country and then return, bringing us tidings of the arrival of the dear one in a strange land; and when the messengers returned they gladdened our hearts with their words, in which they told us how a great crowd came forth to meet the king and his bride. The air, they said, was filled with waving banners, and the melody of many harps, and when the party arrived at the gates of the city, a chariot-formed seat borne on the shoulders of many men awaited them. This was covered with the richest of silk, with loopings of lace bordered with trimmings of gold, and in this the king and Zara were borne in triumph to the palace. Was it strange that a feeling of tender pride touched our hearts at the words of the messengers? The daughter I so loved, and in whose prosperity I so rejoiced, comes with me at this interview, to add another link to the chain that is shining in the mists of earth life.

To Eon, my spirit father of the long ago. I send greeting, wherein the love of Zara's heart is blended, because of the relation then sustained, that dated farther back even than that incarnation. In the ancient city Séré, of which no tidings have been handed down to the present. I sat at your feet beneath the shade of bending boughs, fruit-laden, and listened to your words as you recounted your perils in other lands wherein you were imprisoned. Then, too, you read to me strange tales of the world's formation, which another people who had lived before we inhabited the land had handed down; and in that long ago you called me daughter, and I called you father, and Zair, of faithful heart and tender memories, was the mother in whose arms I was cradled; and now, after the passing of all these ages, wherein many kingdoms of earth have been reared and have likewise fallen, I come earthward with the word father, made sacred by the past, trembling on my lips. I come not to weave in historical lines, but lines of love, that have faded not during the long stretch of time that lies between the now and the then that has been the world's battle-field and burying-ground. I will now walk before you, one more ray of light and love, as you in an unforgotten past walked before me and my mother, who is the star Eoná of your soul, the light of whose love will illuminate the two eternities, the eternity of the past and the eternity of the future. Peaceful indeed shall be the songs of the brooks that make glad the valley of twilight, and they will so blend their tender echoes with the brook songs of the mountains that border the valley that you will listen in wonder, not seeing where the one ends or the other begins. But you stand not yet in this beautiful valley; the path reaches on still farther, over which your daughter of the long ago will walk with you, nor cease to be glad that she can thus return to you the same guiding love with which you blessed and brought peace to her. Be of good cheer for the day dawns. ZARA.

Frequent tidings came to us from the king, and we were satisfied, though we felt that many changes were in wait for us. Years were being added to us all, and we felt the

weight thereof, though old age yet stood aloof. The inhabitants of the distant and opposite coast came often into our midst, and in turn our people many times sought their land, until at last there were marriages between the two lands, which I confess I did not approve of though I gave utterance to no words that conveyed my ideas. I felt that by such steps our inner power as a nation was weakened, which was the case in some points, though I have seen that it gained as much in other directions. We had become a people of strong thought; like oaks we seemed crowned by a forest of saplings. I say this not in boastfulness, and I was conscious, at the time, that our position mentally was due to the great influx of spiritual light that had come to us from the higher life, through the prophets that were born in our midst. For this reason I shrank from mingling with the dwellers of the other coast, in whose midst rugged thought was not born, but who were given greatly to a love of the beautiful, insomuch they made of it a specialty. I saw not then why that was right and best, because my interests were home-centered, but all principles must have centers formed by a unity of many hearts, and all principles have their use, consequently there is no justice in a personal opposition to the same. At the earnest request of the rulers of the land in question, Azier, Zara, Eleon, and myself agreed to visit them, which we did and were met at a considerable distance from their land by the rulers in chariots of more than kingly grandeur. The wonders of beauty we met in this land I cannot take the time to tell, but my heart was so softened towards them through the harmonious effort of all things being made thus beautiful that I no longer felt a displeasure for the marriages that occurred, and furthermore we took patterns of many things, that we might thereby increase the beauty of our own homes and temples. We tarried many days, during which time feasts were prepared in honor of our presence, at which many were present, and when we prepared to return to our own land, many beautiful gifts were bestowed on us, among which were rare paintings, some of which we hung in the Temple of Wisdom. Among our treasures were also instru-

ments of music that in construction and tone were far beyond anything we had ever seen or known; indeed these happy-hearted people were in many ways a constant wonder to us. There was child-like innocence in their eyes, that were seldom without smiles in their sunny depths. We regretted not that we had met them and had thereby become imbued to a certain extent with the spirit of beauty that seemed to breathe in their very thoughts. On our return we were accompanied by the rulers as far as the two towers, into which we all went, and marking our names on parchment attached them to the inner walls of the same. This we did that our names in the land might not be soon forgotten after we had ceased to dwell among the children of men. The parchment whereon we wrote was of a material that would stand the test of ages, and not crumble to dust.

CHAPTER XLII.

AFTER making the inscriptions mentioned, we bade adieu to our new-found friends and turned our faces once more toward the land of our love. We were a joyous company, and gladdened the hours of our journey with songs. We were but a day's travel from our homes, and the morning dawned in splendors such as tropical mornings wear, as though no noon of heat could ever come. The air, freshened by the night hours, made each heart feel strengthened, and as we breathed the scented breezes we felt the inspiration of nature; even the horses we drove seemed longing to dash away at their greatest speed in expression of their appreciation. Both Eleon and Azier preferred not to ride in the low chariot occupied by Zara and myself until the noon hour made it more agreeable. Therefore they mounted the horses they had taken with them for that purpose. In this way were they riding on the morning mentioned, the horses seeming to take to themselves the fleetness of the wind, when the horse Eleon rode, striking a stone that in his haste

had been unobserved, fell and threw Eleon at a great distance against a tree. We hastened to him, thinking not that he was much injured, but when we reached the spot, we found only the form he had worn—Eleon had gone. I was dazed by the suddenness and the strangeness of it all, so that I seemed turned to stone, and, without thinking what I did, I sat upon the ground, taking the dear head in my lap, and smoothed the locks that were slowly gathering their harvest of silver. I was unconscious to all else and only felt that he must unclothe the kind eyes that had never looked into mine with reproach. Long I must have sat there, my tearless eyes resting on his face, before I could be made to understand that he had gone from my presence; and when I at last comprehended it all there came with the knowledge a consciousness of the presence of my father who was then a dweller in the better land. I saw him not, neither did the radiance of the robes he wore shine about me, but my soul sensed his presence, and through the power of his great love was I comforted and stayed. Bearing him tenderly in our arms we placed him in the chariot and continued our journey homeward. Sorrow I could not express was filling the cup of my life to the brim, but I made no signs thereof, knowing I, too, should follow him I loved when the links of my life chain were all complete. There was yet work for me to do, and I was conscious that the father whose presence was my greatest stay would not leave me un comforted. Reaching our home, a sad-hearted company, preparations were made for putting forever away the form of him who had many years walked by my side. There was mourning in many households, for Eleon was loved and had been one of the most zealous workers in the early days of our pilgrimage in the land we had learned to call home. His body was embalmed and placed for a time in the king's tower, while there was erected another, wherein the members of our family and those of the family of Azier and Zara could be placed, if they died in the land wherein we dwelt, and which we had vowed never to leave, as there could be no land like unto it to us. A shadow had fallen in my life path and walked ever by my side, though I spoke not of its

presence, for I would weave no dark lines in the hearts of others.

After a long stretch of sunny days there always comes a rainy season; one cloud after another gathers in the blue that has long bent over us, until a dull leaden hue takes the place thereof, and in vain do we look for the arch of many tints to span the horizon that grows denser till the rain drops that bespeak the certain arrival of a long season of rain begin to fall. Our nation was thrown into dismay by tidings that came to us from the king's country, saying that a nation in great force had made war against them and they greatly feared an overthrow. This touched us as it did them, for were we not bound to them in bonds most sacred? and if they were overthrown could we escape? There was an immediate gathering in the temple, of the strong and true hearts of the land. In wisdom there is power, which comforted us not a little. During the years of prosperity with which we had been blessed, we had been taught to be discreet, and were in many things, and among many emergencies for which we had prepared was numbered that of war. The young men, and many maidens, of our nation had been taught both the strategy of war and the manner of detecting it. After thought and consultation, it was decided that a number of our bravest and best prepared should journey to the king's country, bearing thus the testimony of our friendship. My heart yearned towards the daughter in a strange land, and I therefore proposed to journey with the company, my own sons being in their midst, thinking to return soon to the daughters and the land I left. The events of life are too uncertain to allow of accurate calculations concerning time or results, and many months were counted before I again looked upon the loved I had left. The king's heart was gladdened by our coming and greatly did the brave hearts sustain him, while their strategy proved an overcoming power to the enemies, insomuch that after repeated attacks they left the land in fear of the God whom the king worshiped. Their hosts who fought fell sick and died in great numbers, which only seemed to increase their fear, until they sent to the king a parchment wherein was

inscribed an agreement to ever after dwell in peace with them if the king would beseech of his god to withdraw his wrath from among them. The king in reply bade them go in peace, and again the nation was at rest, and again I returned to the land I loved, to the home wherein my days had been spent. The shadow of sorrow and weariness thereby caused, left me not, and my gladness was incomplete, though I breathed it not. The busy fingers of time that are ever weaving mesh after mesh were not idle in my household, and the hearts of my daughters turned with tenderness toward the noble sons of the land, and in time left the home shelter to build a shelter of their own, wherein to rear in turn their own children, who were to light the valleys of the yet unborn future; and it was well, though cord after cord loosened and broke not. I surely could ask no one to defer their joy for me. Then, as time still counted its days and months, the sons who had been given me also met souls wherein was found a response to theirs, and they, too, wedded in our own land, and built for themselves such homes as they desired, and this too was well, for they ceased not to care for the mother whose love had lighted their paths with an unwavering gleam. They were men of holy thoughts and holy lives, their inner selves being radiant with the light of prophecy, the power of which left never the earth wherein it was felt. Thus was I left in my own home with but the maids of my household, and thus it seemed best to dwell.

Dim and distant lies the pathway,
Where I dreamed I walked alone;
Seeing not the hand that guided
Through the shadows darker grown;
Tear drops glistened 'mong life's blossoms,
That grace not less fair or sweet,
Because one grown weary hearted
Hastened on with tireless feet.

Ah, Eon, there was weariness of sorrow woven in my life that must be changeless to the end; I missed the companion of many years. It is true he felt not the inner light in his

soul that fell at times around me, though it was the guiding power of his life; and I look back now on the years that seem but hours in which we walked side by side with a feeling of peace, for in our union there was strength, and through it also there came good to the world, the echoes of which have never left the valleys wherein they were born. My hours of mourning were unknown to my household, that consisted of men and maid servants that were still needed and for whom my heart held both sympathy and love. The tower was at last completed, and Eleon placed therein, in the presence of many from the other coast, besides our own people; Zara, our daughter, and the king also were present, unto whom had been given a son who bore the name Eleon. I still chose when we were through with the bodies we inhabited to have them placed in the ground in marble forms, each mound to be guarded, as we had before chosen, by a lion carved from the whitest marble.

Eon, I cannot give you an idea of the long strides we had made in many ways. Beauty reigned everywhere, and the city we had builded was like unto a rare garden. The buildings of happy families were often seen united by arches of wonderful workmanship, while on the river that wound half-way around the city on its way to the ocean were pleasure boats ever to be seen, many of which were borne over the ever quiet tide by silken sails. The beauty that reigned supreme on the farther coast had crept into our midst to a great extent, though we worshiped not the goddess of beauty, as did the people who were both our friends and neighbors, nor like them did we erect a temple to the same. In the laws made and accepted by the people, and recorded by Azier, was one passage that excluded all gods from our midst, save the Spirit of good, whose words of love and wisdom were recorded on rock and river, on mountain and in valley, and to this we adhered with unwavering tenacity, though many times were we urged by god-worshipers to build temples. In the midst of all this beauty and prosperity I continued to labor, and many times after Eleon's departure did the light of prophecy fall over

me, and among the words recorded, were these: "There will come a time when the land wherein this people dwell, with all its beauty, will be swallowed up by many waters; for when the law-makers of the present have been gathered to their fathers, false gods will be worshiped in the gardens that are now given to restful arbors and pleasant walks. There will be priests in the land and wine in the cups when the fulfillment will be at your very doors." These were the words recorded in the book set apart for prophetic utterances, by the scribe of the temple, and these words have been fulfilled, for beneath the ocean waves now lies the land we then inhabited, known at present as Atlantis. The passing years beckoned us all valleyward, silvery hair turned still whiter, forms that had once been straight as the forest trees bent beneath the weight of many years and one by one laid down their burdens and went home; in their places others stood, but to my ears there was a lack of power, a lack of wisdom, in their utterances. Perhaps this was because my face turned toward the sunset, and I caught the far-away sounds from the better land; surely I listened not with the interest of old, and my quiet home knew my presence more than ever before.

The weariness of my life was increased when at one morning dawn there came to me the tidings that Zara, my sister, was sick unto death. With rapid steps I followed the messenger, and reached her home, that was near to mine, in time to receive her last blessing, and when the light from the heavenly shores fell over the peaceful face, lighting the closing eyes, I too prayed to go, nor tarry longer. There was sorrow in the household, deep sorrow in the hearts of her children, for they loved and revered the mother whose hands and heart were ever busy for their good. Many, very many, followed the form to its last earthly rest; it was laid away as she requested and the lion guarded the mound, and I requested that another lion at the same time be placed near for the other mound I felt would soon appear. This was done and the mound and lions were so placed that they faced sunset, and the lions

seemed to be guarding the tower. Azier spoke not when Zara closed her eyes in the sweet sleep that hides the mists of the valley. In silence he followed the form, in silence he returned, and, laying his head on the very pillow where had rested the head of her he had loved, he closed his eyes, and with never a word from his lips he too was gone. His heart was broken with grief, for he had loved her when the sunshine of youth fell around her, he had followed her over hill and valley in their wanderings, and through it all the lamp of love had shed its light in his soul; and now that she had gone he, too weary for earth, tarried only to see the dear face hid by moss and marble, and then, with no good-bye, he followed her, as if fearful she might distance him on the fair mountains beyond. Another burial there was, when tears fell like a summer rain; for the wisdom of Azier was better than gold, and, regardless of his age, neither old nor young felt that he could be spared. He was some years older than Zara, consequently grief had greater hold on his heart, that was one of unusual tenderness. We felt that no one in all the land could fill the vacancy left by the departure of our friend, brother, and guide, for he had been a central power in our midst, drawing unto himself through his love of right the wisdom and guidance of the heavens beyond, through which we had been baptized again and again. I knew it not then, but I afterwards learned that he too had drank of the wine of consecration in the higher realms, and came earthward on his special mission, that having been fulfilled left him free to go home where a great welcome awaited him, as await welcomes for all who are ready to wear the victor's crown, having fought the battles that in the unseen futures were awaiting them.

Much thought and discussion then followed as to whom should be given the position now left vacant, and my heart beat with gladness in which there was no selfishness when to my youngest son was assigned the place of great responsibility, for I knew that in his soul shone the clearest prophetic light, and I had ever felt since I first looked into the eyes filled with child-wonder that he was in some way set apart for holy deeds. In this I rejoiced exceedingly, for I

knew I could tarry but a little longer in the land I had loved because of its principles and powers that were felt far and near, and I longed to know, through true and unselfish guidance, that the evil day that had been prophesied through my lips, and which I felt must sometime come, would thereby be put off. Only one month was allowed to pass before the proper installment took place, when there followed a season of gladness, but not of feasting, for in all hearts there was the shadow of sadness because of the departure of Azier and Zara. How strange and alone I felt, though the children I loved were yet in the land of mortals. The oak that had stood by my side had bowed to the blast and gone, and I felt my heart turning from earth and its joys, its pomps and its powers, to the land whose brook songs sometimes fell on my ears, grown unresponsive to earth songs and sounds wherein must some discordant notes be heard.

Thus I waited in the valley,
For the summons to go home;
In the misty, peaceful valley,
Whence we wander all alone,
Till among the scented blossoms,
Angel feet are heard to tread,
And we know that in this valley
Are the living, not the dead.
Know the hills that in the distance,
Border all the land of rest,
The inheritance bequeathed us,
Where will be no stranger guest.
Thus I waited in the valley,
As a child sits in the sun
Counting o'er the shining pebbles
It has gathered one by one.

CHAPTER XLIII.

VALLEYS bordered on one side by hills and mountains are apt to be very peaceful if the heart thereof turns towards the west from whence it is lighted by the softened tints of the setting sun. There is a dreaminess in the very air, and an inner sense of nearness to another dawn, where hopes are embodied in actual form. Thus to me the breath of the valley wherein my feet yet lingered was very sweet, for it seemed freshened by the breath of unseen mountains that bordered another land where dwelt the strong, true hearts that had helped to gladden my pilgrimage. I had grown very peaceful and patient and only waited the summons to go home. The children of my pilgrimage were strong in the noble principles, and were radiating the light of their souls in the land I loved. I felt that my work was all done, consequently I mingled not with the outer world. There came an early twilight of unusual beauty, to which my whole soul responded, and drawing the large and restful chair, in which I half reclined when weary, to the open window, I watched the shadows as they wove themselves into queer shapes. Now and then a boat with silken sails glided over the portion of the river that was observable from the window by which I sat; now and then the notes of some musical instrument reached my ear, and blended with them the words of happy songs, whereby I knew that in some garden not distant happy hearts were thus making known their joy. I watched and listened thus in a dreamy way as though but half conscious of the life I was living on the land I inhabited. The twilight deepened for a time and then seemed to grow brighter; the music was sweeter, while the words of the songs to which I had listened were not the same. I wondered much at the increased light and music that grew sweeter, and each moment sounded nearer, and thinking I would walk in the garden, I arose to go, and in turning to reach a little mantle that lay on the back of the chair, I was startled, for I saw myself still sitting in the chair, with my head turned toward the open window. I

called the maidens, but no one heard me, and, thinking I would hasten away, I stepped towards the door, when some one touched my shoulder, and turning, thinking the maids had at last heard me, I found myself face to face with Eleon, who before I could make inquiry said, "Let us walk in the garden," and taking my hand in his, led me away as I thought from myself. Entering an arbor, he sat by me, and, without speaking, smiled into my eyes the same smile that in other days told of a glad heart. Thinking it a vision akin to the one that lighted my soul with gladness years before in the bridal arbor, I sat in silence, thinking each moment it would fade, as did that, but it still lingered. Finally Eleon brushed back my hair and smoothed my hands as though striving to waken in my soul an independent memory. At this moment I heard some one in the garden near us, say, "She is dead!" Then there were low sobs, as though grief had come to some heart, and wondering, I said, "I must go, for surely it is the voice of some of my maidens, and sorrow has come to her," and rising regardless of what I had deemed a vision, I went toward the house I had left, and was surprised that Eleon followed. Entering the room I had left, I beheld the maids of my household with many others standing around the chair in which I had rested. Eleon taking me by the hand led me toward the group, and bidding me look at the face in the chair, I saw again what had at first so disturbed me, and which, through the occurrence of the vision, I had for the time forgotten. I could endure no more, and I said, as I supposed in a loud voice that even the mourners would hear, "Eleon, tell me what it all means, or I shall die." He then for the first time spoke, and said, "Is it possible you do not understand the meaning of what your eyes see?" and I answered him that I did not. Then he said, "Poor child, she sees not that she has left the old form and is fair and young, and wears even now the robes of youth;" and leading me to a reflector wherein one's form becomes visible to their own eyes, I saw myself as I had been when he first saw me in his father's palace, only my robes were whiter and less fitting to the form. Turning to him I said, "Is this death?"

and how did these white robes that almost glisten come on me? Surely I am robed as for a bridal, and I did it not myself." "Ah," he said, "there are tender, loving hearts not far away, who knew you were coming home this very hour, and they came with the robes you now wear. There was a little time of unconsciousness when you deemed the twilight deepened. It was then you were separated from the old form and robed as you now find yourself, even to the flowers that are in your hair, though in this you were mistaken; memory had to begin just where it left off, for there can be no missing links. Your last remembrance was of sitting in your chair, consequently memory, on returning from the mist of seeming unconsciousness began where it left off. See," he said, "they have borne the form to another apartment, and have gone to call your children; we will go in for a moment and see if we are needed." Then putting his arm around me as if to more fully assure me, we entered the apartment wherein the form was placed. I felt a pity in my heart as I touched the wrinkled cheek, as though it was another being. There was a look of weariness on the face, and Eleon noticing this began making passes over it, when it suddenly assumed a different look. The wrinkles disappeared and a smile rested on the lips, as though they were giving utterance to happy thoughts when they ceased to move. This pleased me, and I could not forbear smoothing the hands tenderly as though there was consciousness in them.

Hearing the coming of many feet, Eleon took my hand, saying, "We will go now." I was not loath to leave the place, though, as I turned away, I laid my young, fair cheek on the cheek of the sleeping form, and whispered a long good-bye. Then leaving the house, I felt returning to me the strength of my youth, the sense of weariness that had been transmitted to my spirit through the worn physical form had ceased to burthen me, and I rejoiced in the liberty that was mine. I could not refrain from singing, and as my voice sounded on the clear air, I heard the notes of harps playing an accompaniment. Seeing no one, I thought the music came from the neighboring gardens.

where in the twilight glad-hearted groups convened. I wandered towards the garden, Eleon still walking by my side, still holding my hand in his, and so glad was my heart with the great flood of peace that washed away even the remembrance of weariness, that my thoughts went not for the time beyond that present hour; and as usual when comparative youth was mine, I went on planning for the good of the nation, proposing many improvements in different places, that I had heretofore felt too weary to even speak of, and it came not to my mind for the time that planning for the material surroundings I had left was to be left to those who inhabited more material forms. I had not thought but my form was as tangible as the old one that was then waiting the embalmer's art; and when recalled more fully to myself by Eleon's remark that disembodied spirits had no voice in the affairs of a nation, except as they made known their desires through the prophetic avenues, I was completely overwhelmed, and not till then did I realize to the fullest extent the fact that I was in the future to dwell apart from the land wherein I had so long dwelt. I said, "Let me rest awhile, and gather from the certainties by which I am surrounded, the light I need." Leading me to an arbor that was farthest from the home wherein the old form lay, he led me to a seat, and leaving me to myself sat by himself in the door. Then it was I looked over the past and saw how every cup had been filled to the brim, and my heart said, "It is well; I have sowed and reaped, and yet it is spring-time, the glad spring-time, of eternal youth." Then there came to my soul a full satisfaction. I was willing to leave the land of my pilgrimage, wherein many prayers of my heart had been answered, to which I breathed one more fervent Amen.

Returning from this restful view of the past over which I had traveled, I raised my eyes and beheld Eleon still sitting in the door-way, and I observed too, he was conversing with some stranger, who upon seeing me conscious of his presence moved away. Then I said to Eleon, "Is this the land of souls?" and he answered me, "Not the real land of our fathers, though many who are disembodied tarry here,

sometimes from choice, and sometimes from necessity." Then I said, "Let us go hence, for I am no more of earth, and would find the land of my father. I would look in his eyes, and I would greet my sister whom I loved, and who also must be young as I am. How strange it is," I said, "this one point where old age and eternal youth meet, the one conscious and the other unconscious." Standing by Eleon's side in the door-way of the arbor, I looked over the grounds made beautiful in many ways, watched for a moment the boats on the river, heard the happy songs of those who in the gardens near by were glad in the morning of youth. Several passed us and saw us not; when I realized that I was standing on a land the inhabitants whereof saw me not and heard me not. This I had not before sensed, and turning to Eleon said, "Where is the land of our fathers? How do we journey thither? I would tarry here no longer, for my heart yearns with an unutterable longing to stand by the side of those who have been dear to me in the days of my pilgrimage." I felt that I could fly, in my great desire to stand face to face with them. Suddenly I felt myself growing lighter and lighter, and without knowing it my feet were parted from the old-time paths, and I was steadily rising; all of which was in direct response to the great longings of my soul, although I then failed to realize it. I was conscious that I was ascending, yet felt no fear of falling to earth; there was a sense of conscious power in my soul, and never once did my inner self lose its harmonious bearings through anxiety. Eleon was ever by my side. I cared not to look earthward, neither did I fear to do so, but I was separated from the land in which I had unselfishly labored, and it had become to me a thing of the past. Therefore I looked forward, not back.

In the distance we at last caught a glimpse of beautiful mountains whereon rested the tints of a morning sun, and my heart grew ever stronger and my movements more rapid, until we at last stood on the very heights of the same mountains that in ages and ages past I climbed with the Eon of my soul, and to which we had been led by the messenger spirits. I sensed as we rested there for a little

time a feeling of homelike welcome, as though the very mountains on which I rested gave greeting. Below and beyond lay a beautiful city, surrounded by a country of groves and rivers, near which houses were builded. Lakes with silvery waters looked in the light of this beautiful morning like lakes of crystal. So beautiful was all the country wherever my eyes rested that for a time I forgot my longings to be with those I loved, that were somewhere in this beautiful land. I had often felt that our own earth-land and earth-homes were as fair to look upon as the land where my father waited me, but now they were entirely forgotten for a time in the new beauty that as yet I remembered not as having known in other days. Suddenly remembering the object of my journey thither, I turned to Eleon and said, "Where are they,—my father and sister Zara?" He answered, "We will find them," and, taking my hand in his, led me cityward. The paths were beautiful and soft to my feet, and I wearied not in walking. I noticed then for the first time that on my feet were sandals and they emitted a light. Then, too, I noticed a shining girdle about my waist, and unclasping it, the name Eoná shone in letters of light before my eyes. "Eoná," I said, "Eoná; somewhere before I have heard that name, perhaps it is the name of the one who sent to me the girdle," and I reclasped it, thinking I should understand all after a time. In our walk towards where I expected to find those I loved, we reached a bridge in the form of an arch, and so beautiful was it that I could not forbear stopping for a little time. Eleon standing by me watched me with a pleasant light in his eyes. The river in its windings was beautiful, and the ripples thereof seemed to waken in my heart a half-memory of something. Finally turning to Eleon I said, "I have seen this same river before, stood on this same bridge, and some one stood beside me—though it was not you. It was a dream, you know, a beautiful dream; I cannot recall the time I had the dream, but I know it was an exact counterpart of this. Even the path over which we have thus far come. But," I said, "we will go, for my father and sister must be very near." Then hand in hand we again took up

our pleasant walk. At last we neared a nestlike cottage; I called it nestlike then, because it was covered with vines that were in bloom so that only a portion of the cottage was visible. Eleon said, "We will rest here a little, for the people of this land are ever ready to welcome strangers." Like one who had been there before, and therefore felt assured, he walked up the shady path still holding my hand. Crossing the balcony, we entered a dainty parlor, and there with arms outstretched stood my sweet sister Zara. I looked many times in the dear eyes, fearing I might be mistaken, she was so radiantly beautiful. There were no wrinkles, no silvery hair, no weary look in the eyes. It was some time before I could ask her a question, my heart was so full of a new-born gladness, and when I did my first words were, "Where is my father—our father El Haban?" and she answered, "He is in another city, though he is aware of your presence in this land. We will go to him after a time," she added. "You need first to rest, and we will tarry in this cottage, as we are the only inhabitants in it at present." Then putting her arm around my waist she led me from room to room, then to the balcony where Eleon awaited us, and where we rested and talked over the events of the past. I asked for Azier, whom I had loved as a brother, and was told he, too, had gone to another city. At length for the first time, I hungered, and Zara brought me fruit and wine, or what I called wine, it being amber-colored liquid, and sweet to the taste. I was much refreshed thereby, and felt a desire to journey on to the city where my father dwelt. As we yet sat on the balcony, there came to my soul the half-remembrance of another dream, in which there was a cottage like unto the one at which we then tarried, and with this dream-like vision of the past, there came also to my soul the consciousness of some one I had not yet found, whom I could not tell, but my heart felt unsatisfied as though there was something missed. Even the beautiful scenery that lay far and near was dimmed by this absence. I spoke not of it, for I knew no words whereby to express what I could as yet but half understand myself.

I noted not the time of our tarrying here, I only knew there came no night and no unpleasant sight or sound, and at length Zara said we would go to the city of which she spoke at our first coming. Accordingly we left the little cottage and journeyed on, the path and country at each step growing more beautiful. Some of the time we moved through the air of endless summer, and again we walked over paths of blooms, until we rested again at Zara's request, at the foot of a hill she called Brier Hill. She said friends she knew and loved had dwelt there in a cottage far up the hill-side. The sweet breath of the brier blooms that grew as far up as we could see in hedge rows, swept over us. There was something in the tell-tale sweetness thereof that touched my soul as nothing heretofore had done, and tears gathered in my eyes and fell like rain, in this beautiful heaven. There was something yet besides father and sister that my heart called for, and I could not even name it myself—only the great hunger of my heart seemed overpowering me. This Eleon saw but spoke not, and tenderly touched my head with his hands, thereby telling his sympathy, of which my heart was always fully assured. Eon, do you think it strange that memory recalled not its own more readily? Ah! I had carried so much of myself into the earth-life that I gathered not easily the lines by which memory could retrace the past. I had given heart and soul to the work that had been mine, and could not easily withdraw my magnetic forces to myself from the battle-grounds of the past.

CHAPTER XLIV.

WE tarried not long at the foot of the hill, Zara saying we would go to the cottage that we saw not from where we were sitting, but which Zara assured me overlooked the city and river. Accordingly we began the ascent and felt no weariness tugging at our feet as in those last days of the earth pilgrimage. I felt as one in a dream, and wished

to waken to something, though I could not tell what. At every step over the flower-dotted moss I felt as though somewhere and at some time I had passed over just such a path, had climbed just such a hill, only it was even more beautiful than this, because of a something I missed. The tears still lingered in my eyes, and as I gathered a cluster of the sweet-breathed blooms I wondered why it was I felt as though I had done the same many times before; but I spoke not of the dreamlike shadow that rested on all I saw, even on my own soul. I knew it was heaven, and thought in time the shadows would be gone. We reached the cottage and entered it, and as I passed under the arches of vines, from which hung long sprays of white blooms, I heard a whisper, "Eoná, Eoná." I looked but saw no one, and passed on saying to myself, "Eoná, Eoná." There was a familiar sound to the name, and that was all I could understand, and I soon ceased to think even of that, for standing before me was the dear father I had loved, and by his side the mother of my far-away childhood. Great was my rejoicing and great my gladness. My father was radiant, and seemed to walk and exist in a halo that radiated from his inner being, as though on the inner and hidden altar was a lamp that burned with an unwavering light. Pleasant were the hours we passed here, Azier coming to meet us and welcome home the pilgrim. I know not the time of our tarrying here, I only know there was a season of settled peace; but at last the old restlessness came slowly back, and I wondered if there was nothing to do in this land. I had found my father, my mother, and sister, and the joy that was expectant had been given to my soul, and could be hourly repeated. Then it was I went to my father and asked him if there was no employment for hands and hearts that had ever been busy? and in reply he said, "Do you weary, my child, in this beautiful land?" I said, "No, I weary not; but there is something even the silvery light of this land needs to make it fill my soul. I know not what it is, but a nameless something that my heart tells me exists somewhere and should be mine." He smiled, and laying his hand on my head said, "We will

journey on." I was surprised at this and said, "Journey where, my father; is not this heaven?" "Yes," he said, "it is heaven; yet there are higher heavens, and perhaps there you will find the deep peace your soul craves." Then we all left the cottage on Brier Hill, and together journeyed, as my father said, to higher heavens.

As before, we sometimes walked and sometimes moved through the air by the power of will, the country ever and ever growing more beautiful, more radiant. We wearied not, nor did we rest until we had reached what seemed to me another land, as indeed it was. In the distance my father pointed out what he called the Emerald Hills. He looked down into my very soul as he spoke of them, and I felt, though I spoke not, that sometime I had heard the same name, but when, memory as yet told not. Oh, those dreary, earth-born shadows, how long they hung over the dome of memory's temple, keeping me from my own! At the foot of another hill we rested, toward the summit of which my father cast frequent glances. I asked him if he had ever been to this land before, and smiling into my very soul he said, "Yes, and far beyond. This," he said, "is Rose Garden, and half-way up the hill is a beautiful dwelling, at which for a time we will tarry." The wondrous beauty of this higher heaven surprised me not as I expected it would; besides I saw a likeness on the hill before us to Brier Hill, we had but recently left. After resting and feasting my eyes on the world of beauty that was everywhere to be seen, we began the ascent of the hill; memory again wandered in dream-land. There was a half-familiarity in the landmarks, and the breath of roses seemed to have touched my cheek but yester-morn. We reached the dwelling which was radiant, and from which music seemed coming in waves. On the balcony some one was waiting, as if to make us welcome. My father led us in and greeted a beautiful woman, calling her Zair. I felt, as the dark, lovelit eyes looked into mine, as though I had seen her in some long ago, and my soul went out to her in love that I understood not. Oh how beautiful was everything about us; the very air was as the breath of heaven! I had no

words, my soul was too full; there was something in the magnetic presence of the beautiful Zair that seemed to bring me nearer the heaven my soul craved than aught else had done. For a time I scarce sensed any one but her, but at length Zair brought to me a dear friend of hers, she said, whom she had known some time. He held to me his hand, and when I placed mine therein he called me sister. I looked from him to Zair, and was surprised to see how brilliant she had grown; besides there was a mingling of the auræ that encircled their separate forms when they stood side by side, so that they seemed to be the center of a sunlike radiation. Surely she had never been so beautiful before, never so radiant; never was such heavenly beauty enthroned in her very soul, that spoke in every look and smile the deep joy and peace that was hers. But dimly did I understand the cause of all I saw; there were yet other pages for me to read that would explain.

In this beautiful home we tarried for a time, my soul gathering therefrom all the peace it held that could be of use to me. At last Zair said she must go to another land, another city, as she had there a mission. A dear friend was expected there, and she much desired to be present to receive her and give her welcome. So, saying she would see me again before many flowers had bloomed and faded to give place to still more, she kissed me a tender good-bye and was gone, bearing with her, as I thought, much of the brightness by which we had been surrounded, and it was not long before the old weariness crept back to my heart. I spoke not thereof for a time, for I grieved that the peace that came to me as we made the changes of home could not be abiding. My songs of gladness ceased, and my father said to me, as we stood on an upper balcony looking at the beautiful city below us, the many spires of which were reflected in the River of Palms, "My child's heart wearies again; we must seek a still higher heaven, for surely there is somewhere a peace that will be lasting, and fade not away. There must be one star to rise above the horizon of the soul that will shine on and on into the eternities." I made no answer, for my heart had been read, and, as my

father had said, we prepared to journey again, whither I knew not, only that it was to a higher heaven. I wondered much if there could be anywhere greater beauty than existed there, but I asked no questions. Our party had increased in this home, there being yet with us the dear friend of whom Zair had made mention, and who called me sister. He would go with us, and of this I was glad, because I had grown to look upon him as brother. We were a happy-seeming group that left the shores of this heavenly land for another, towards which I felt I must fly; indeed we did seem to fly as we passed up rapidly hills and valleys, mountains and rivers, nor rested by the way; for as we neared the other land the spicy breath from its groves and fadeless blooms seemed to give us greater strength. At last we stood on the borders of a beautiful city, and it seemed to me the music of wedding bells filled all the spicy air. Surely the mists were passing, for my heart had already taken on a peace deeper than I yet had known.

A lovely path attracted me, and without noticing where my companions were I followed it. Arch after arch of tender green greeted me. Seeing at last long banners of blue floating therefrom, I reached them and read the names thereon. Among them was one bearing the name of Zair. For one moment I held my breath, and then my soul grasped the links in memory's chain, and all my hungry heart told itself in one great cry of "Eon." I moved not, but waited, for surely that cry must reach the one I loved and at last remembered. The long, drooping vines parted, and there, with the old-time smile in his eyes, was the Eon from whom long years before I had parted. He came to me, but there were no words. The joy that welled up in my soul could not thus be told. Taking my hand in his, as he always did, we moved slowly adown the beautiful path, memory busily unwinding and rewinding, till I stood again beneath the branches in full possession of myself. Surely for Eon and Eoná the wedding bells did ring.

The path adown which we slowly walked was the same path that years before led to the cottage that in part formed the outer boundary to the crescent of green. The arches of

spring-time green beneath which we passed were the same arches that years before filled our hearts with the gladness born of beauty as we sought another home in this sphere. So great was my joy that I thought of no one else in all the universe, and for the time cared but to linger under these dear home arches, whose swaying branches seemed whispering on the heaven-born breezes benedictions of love; cared but to look in your eyes, Eon, and read there the record of a love that had neither beginning nor end, but was the actual result of our individual existence. There were so many questions I desired to ask, and they crowded the doors of the soul till I could form no words, and you, feeling the much there was to say on both sides, and the time the future held wherein to make all things plain, said, "Eoná, there are those who await us; let us not tarry here now." Then, without farther words, we passed on, the breath of this heaven, that held a sweetness my soul knew to be eternal, bringing to me more and more of the peace for which, in the homes at which we had rested, I had yearned; and I knew now, with you by my side, I could go on and on through uncounted eternities with no more of the weariness that had there haunted me, and knew, too, that all the way it would be summer and heaven. Could the children of earth-land be made to understand the peace that comes from a uniting of soul mates, even in the land of incarnations, they would seek first this kingdom of heaven, knowing thereby all the future path would be made easier, and the valley of twilight, through which all must pass on their way homeward, would be lighted as are the hills of the coming morning. It is for this, Eon, that with you I would labor in the future that as yet lies undawned; I would bring to the hearts that weary the mates unto whom they belong, that, walking side by side with them in the more material life, they may gain that much more to lighten the loads here and brighten the paths that lie between the valley of twilight and the sunrise hills that border all the land of endless day. Think not that I would crowd those mates into the conditions born from a wedding of mind and matter, and ask them to labor in and reap from the thorn-

crowned fields of earth life; but I would, were it in my power, bring them so near unto their own that they could weave into their thoughts, motives, and deeds the sheen of purity that is contained in their own souls. I am aware that I speak in too general terms. I would not be understood to make the assertion that all guardians are pure, or that all have reached the sun center, which would be but an untruthful conclusion, born of ignorance; for soul mates are found in all the spheres, as the children of earth are found in all conditions of moral and spiritual unfoldment, and were I to say all the soul mates were at home at the sun center it would be equivalent to saying all the corresponding mates on earth side had reached perfection, or something akin thereto. This may occur sometime; but, if it does, I assure you there are too many hills and valleys between the now and then for Eoná to see when, and give the dates thereof. You understand, Eon, I make no pretensions to infinite wisdom like all the dwellers of the land of souls; I, too, am a gleaner from the heavenly fields, and I speak only of what I know. Paths yet untrod are reaching on and on; but I go not yet, for I wait at the stile that is built in the valley of twilight for my soul mate, for it is there he promised to meet me, and I know he will keep his word.

I had not forgotten the arched pathway over which we were walking, hand in hand, as had been our custom in other days, the banners therefrom telling of glad hearts and loving ones. We had passed under all the arches save the last, and I almost shrank from parting the low, drooping branches and vines that separated me from the home I had left years before, and waiting a moment I listened to the voices of the loved ones who there waited to welcome us. I heard the music of harps, through which the heaven-born breezes swept and mingled with all these sounds of home and loving, happy hearts. I heard the low, musical wash of the waves of Morning Lake, and for the first time thought of the "Silver Shell" I left at its moorings. Thus like returning echoes from far-away hills did the remembrance of one object after another touch my soul as with a gleam of light

that until then had been hidden. My hands lingered no longer on the leafy curtain, but parting the down-sweeping vines we stood beneath this last arch face to face with a throng of radiant ones who were waiting to give us greetings, and no sooner did we appear than there was a glad song of welcome, to which the harps breathed an accompaniment. Singing they approached us, the first to lay a hand in mine being Zair, whom I now remembered, and unto whom on memory's chart I could give the proper place. "This," she said, "is the dear friend I came to greet, and for this I left you, knowing you would soon follow us." Then came Hebron, my brother in my Jupiter life and home, leading the fair-faced Mistletoe, whose putting on the garb of materiality we watched while at Saturn. Then two others were El Haban and Zara, and the dear friend with whom she seemed so happy, and whom I then recognized. He is now with you, and many others from that heaven wait on the shores of earth life to keep the camp-fires burning. Say to him, Eon, that Zara now watches him as he in the years that made up her earth pilgrimage watched her, and for him she will tame the lions of the present until they become his helpers if he but ever stand where he can see the sheen of her shining robes. With the radiant company stood the wisdom fathers and mothers I had known before my earthward journey. My father, El Haban, placed his hand tenderly on my head, and looking through my eyes into my very soul said, "It is well; in this higher heaven you have found your own, and there will come no more weariness. You have done well in the earth fields wherein you sowed and reaped with a steady hand, and are therefore worthy of the crown you have worn." After saying which you led me to the bower that occupied the center of the green, which until then I had not noticed. It was even more beautiful than when with my hands parting the curtains of vines to go earthward, I cast one more glance towards it, half wondering when I should ever see it again. I had gone and returned, and here it was to gladden my heart with an added beauty. We entered the bower with those that then seemed nearest and dearest, because

of our late association with them in earth life, and then my father placed in your hand a band like unto fine gold, only it emitted a light that seemed to hide the color of gold. In this band he said were set the jewels that were mine. This, Eon, you with your own hands placed on my head, and as the light therefrom fell over me there was something born in my soul that never before radiated such depths of peace. I knew not what it meant, knew not then that it was the crown that in its silent language told of earth journeys in the valley of incarnations ended, and well was it that I did not take in the meaning thereof, for my heart on that glad day would have caught and held the shadow cast by a certainty that some future yet held in its grasp, and only waited the silent march of years to reveal. I knew there was no corresponding band on your head, but thought not strange, neither did your heart take the meaning thereof; consequently the shadow that came at last made then no mark on the dial, and we were glad, with a gladness that is born of the soul's fulfillments, and I was conscious that thus far I had done all I could do within the radius of the same conditions, and I knew, too, that no other conditions could come of the silent law that gives to each its own. Do you ask where were Azier and Eleon? They were there in our midst, rejoicing in our joy as well as their own, for they, too, stood side by side with the mates they had known and loved before they went earthward in response to the same call that reached our ears. O Eon, I would that I could waken in your soul a memory of that hour! In my ears even now seem sounding the echoes of the glad songs in which we all joined, and which the waves on the Lake of the Morning bore to those who sailed over the beautiful waters. We were all home at last from our wanderings, with our laurels won. We had borne earthward lines of light that could never fade and that in other days would be woven into the very souls of the children who yet had to go earthward to battle. Yes, we were home, and it was meet that we should sing again the songs of our father-land, which we did, the waves of peace and joy growing deeper and deeper. Great is the rejoicing

over the returned pilgrims: even the light of the higher heavens seems to grow brighter in its radiations of welcome.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE welcoming songs at Crescent Cottage ceased not for a time, for many hearts rejoiced at the home-coming of Eoná, and glad, indeed, was I that the home songs once more sounded in my ears, in the harmony of which, for a time, the unpleasantness of the past from which I had but just come, was forgotten. It was pleasant to gather up, one by one, the threads dropped as I went earthward, and find my old place once more in the hearts of those I had known and loved before my long and eventful pilgrimage. It was much like the returning from a distant earth-land country to the home one had known in earlier years, to find the old landmarks unremoved, the same dear friend at the gate to give greetings that at the same place years before had bade godspeed: only in the home to which I had gone there was not blended the spring, summer, and winter of life. It was only June in all hearts, a June that knew no change. Though time went on and ever on it wove no winter for form or heart. In the home of which I speak, spirit has become superior to matter, and defies its power as an engrosser, consequently there are no hopes unfulfilled, no bitter dregs in the cup of peace; neither is there the forgetfulness that is born of selfishness, for plans for carrying beacon lights earthward are ever under consideration of those who through matter have come home to tarry; and they having traveled the earth paths know where the journey ends. Consequently in their efforts for the children of earth, their knowledge of the conditions they occupy brings them no unceasing sorrow, as would be the case had they not come home over the same road. In the presence of the happy group gathered at Crescent Cottage, I went over the path I had left, touching here and there,

revealing the lights and shades as they intervened. It was not unpleasant for me, for I was at home where peace and love wove their restful spells about my soul, and the cups from which I had drank were left in the land of many shadows. Spirits in the higher realms who have long been home from earth's battle-fields feel great interest in the rehearsals of one who has but just returned. Such, returning, with the dust of earth life just brushed from their robes, bring with them a fresh incentive for increased labors among the higher spirits for the upbuilding of good in the land they have left. Thus both in going and coming is there a fulfillment of good to earth. I say but the truth when I say in all things there is an approach to good, even of actual good, even if not at once reached. In my narration of events, I mentioned the customs and manners of dress of the people with whom I had dwelt. There were those present who had incarnated in the same country, and to them it was especially pleasant to recall their past and review it in the light of mine, noting wherein the difference lay. Does it seem strange that spirits who dwell ever in the light should thus be interested? Ah, their sympathy and interest with the planet that has in other days given them a home, will remain thus, for they as guides, watchers, and helpers know that all the individualized existences incarnated on this planet must be led upward and homeward, and thereby become superior to the power of matter, because redeemed from the bondage of all lesser good, that through the wedding of mind and matter has taken form visible only to the inner consciousness. There dawns a new unfoldment to the planet whereon battles for redemption from these unseen forces have been fought. Let me not startle you, Eon, when I say from this planet will be born a spirit orb, that with the spirit world attached thereto, will find its own place in the higher heavens. Do you ask, will there ever come a time when this building of worlds will cease? I answer, in the very face of all the conclusions of earth's most renowned scientists to the contrary, yes, there most surely will. When? Ah! the ages are not yet numbered when this will occur, but there will come a time when

all of Deity has through individualized existences radiated, purified, and deified all matter. The inanimate must feel the touch and breath of the animate. Then all matter will be redeemed from the possibility of evolving from its unity with mind the unseen forces that now in their results come under the head of lesser good, or, as many are pleased to express themselves, evil.

Be patient, Eon, if historical pages come not rapidly, for I must cast earthward the golden grain gathered from the fields of the Infinite. Much I know will fall on soil from which it can draw no nourishment, consequently for a time will not be felt or acknowledged; but it is a grain that during eternal ages will stand the suns and snows and at last bring forth an abundant harvest of ripened thought and purpose. Therefore will I cast here the grain and wait to see the fruit thereof. Many are the workers in the fields of the present, bringing earthward treasures of wisdom that will make glad the home-bound children when they come under the radius thereof. I will speak here of an especial effort that is now being made by holy helpers from the upper realms. Many there met in council to look over the necessities of the dwellers of the first sphere, which, as I have before said, was the prison-house of the undeveloped, who cling to the lesser good as unto a god. These beings form what I might well call a wall, through which the radiations of the higher spheres find it difficult to reach earth, and here at present are to be directed some of the efforts of the heavenly dwellers. If this realm can be radiated by the holy light of spiritual truth, the record of earth's disasters will mark a decrease of devastating occurrences. These demonlike existences wreak the bitterness of their own souls on the dwellers of earth by unconsciously to mortals weaving into their thoughts and purposes the wrath of the hells they inhabit. They are of all classes, ages, and sex, while their number is legion. They make themselves felt in the political discussions and conclusions, and have done so until rottenness is the result; until money power, and not the power of holy purpose, bolts and unbolts the doors of official notoriety and fame, the results of which

the future awaits to record. Unto this class in the first sphere have come and are coming the pure hosts of the heavenly shores, to release earth from many sorrows by releasing the power unseen that works in the dark. Do you ask how they can approach them? Only by covering their own radiance with the habiliments of earth. These are brought from the third sphere and left in the homes that are ever open to them, where they come as welcome guests, and in these they robe themselves and go forth to their missionary labors. What the result will be the future will explain. If the dwellers of earth could see the long line of curses they deliberately weave into the lives of earth's children, by sending on the strength of man-made laws undeveloped beings into the other life, the selfishness of their yet undeveloped souls would stay their hands; but blindness works blindness, and suffering and sorrow are the result. Yet the march is onward, and sometime, somewhere, all will stand redeemed, and with the hosts that now leave their homes to unfetter them, even to the lowest will join in victors' song, though ages and ages will pass before the hills that border the land of souls will re-echo the sounds thereof. Ah, it is pitiful, and could not the eyes of the pure in heart see where the path bears to the right, there would indeed be sorrow in the highest heavens; for contrary to the orthodox-expressed idea there never ceases to be sympathy in the hearts of the angels for all who are lower in development than they. I am aware that they who accept church and creed and the Christ who has fled from their midst expect to be so happy, so glorified, that the pleadings of those who were nearest and dearest to them in earth life will never be heard by them. Oh, pretending Christians, be you ever so honest and ignorant, there will come an hour when you will see that it is but the poorest quality of cotton you have in your ears that is a non-conductor to the pleadings of humanity. Such deaf joy is born of self and self alone; there is not one wave of humanity in the heights or depths of it, and his satanic majesty (were there such a being) would pity the selfishness of a soul so dead to all but self and selfish joy, and would be the

instigator of a moral reform in society, whereby the glorified might be redeemed. When the church as a body uncenters itself from its present pivot of selfishness and recenters itself in humanity, then will it be a power of good to the world, and no longer a dead letter.

The days of special rejoicing passed, and once more, as in other days before I went earthward, were we the quiet dwellers of Crescent Cottage, while near to our home still remained Hebron and Mistletoe. Again in fulfillment of our own souls' demands did we seek the Temple of Love, there to stand once more beneath the holy arch. Alone we went, for unto us only could the sacredness of the hour be sensed. Our souls seemed baptized with a diviner and holier light than had before rested thereon. The very air of the heaven in which we dwelt seemed laden with the radiations of holy thought that but waited to become deeds. Wrapt were we in the mantle of love that each soul wove from its depth for the other. As we approached the temple, the music therefrom was borne in waves of tenderness to our souls till we seemed unconscious to all else. Beneath the radius of the outer arch stood little children with harps that looked like silver, who with one accord touched the strings thereof, until our souls breathed on them a benediction of love. Entering, these same little ones followed, still touching the harp-strings in harmonious blending. With us they approached the altar where they waited, their harps still in their hands. We waited with hands clasped and heads bowed, not because of fear or from stated forms, but because of the holiness of the place and the sacredness of the hour. Music, such as is nowhere else heard, filled all the air. The radiant arches of the inner temple echoed again and again the love notes, even after the music had for the time ceased. Then there fell over us the silvery spray, until our robes took on an added radiance, the sheen of which was never lost, and which in the eyes of others was a silent language that told of battles fought and victories won. As the sacred baptism ceased the voice of the radiant one at the altar fell on our ears with the tenderness of unuttered love: "Eon and

Eoná, sojourners from the valleys of earth land, thrice welcome art thou, for the sheaves thou bringest bear the radiance of pure gold. Never before have thy offerings been thus sacred, and the record thereof will light the future, wherein I see but one more valley that bears the foot-prints of one who goes forth to battle in response to the call that as yet echoes not therein. Tinted arches span all the present, while deep peace and love crown all the breezes that blow. Go ye forth, therefore, as gleaners in the more heavenly fields of your Father's vineyard, for the path leads ever onward becoming ever more radiant as pass the ages that take nothing from the future yet leave much to the past." The hands of the radiant one rested for a moment on our heads, when we passed from the inner temple and stood at last beneath the outer arch, where the little children surrounded us, touching their harp-strings; this time to notes of gladness instead of welcome, to which our hearts responded; for, as we looked out upon this world of beauty the very sounds of which but spoke the harmony of the spheres, our souls rejoiced and were glad, and in our rejoicing grew strong, until we longed, because of our recent coming from earth's shores, to bear thither the light of our inspiration and the strength of our love. I am aware that I speak as though you, too, had been a wanderer with me on the earth-land shores, and so you had to a certain extent. All soul mates sow and reap from the same fields, else there would be no such thing as justice, and no heart that beats responsive to another through the power of matehood could be glad in the higher heavens while its own soul angel fought the battles of earth life without the incentive that must come from its love. It is true that many on both sides of time's river live in complete ignorance of matehood as understood and accepted in the higher realms, yet spirits of the lower spheres find themselves attached to mortals, and not knowing why they seek their society, sympathize with them in all that goes to make up the extreme of life's joys or sorrows. This goes on sometimes for ages, first one and then the other approaching material shores, while the other is attracted more or less thereto, and after a

time there comes home to their souls through a development of their spiritual natures a knowledge of the truth, which they then accept with gladness of heart that is unfading and unfailing. Those who possess but little spiritual unfoldment have less power over the life tides that flow earthward, and which are in direct response to their unconscious demands, consequently they are more easily and more frequently turned earthward to work out their salvation, for, regardless of crucifixions, all souls must unfasten their own fetters through their spiritual unfoldment; if another were to do this for them where would be their victory? and if the soul is imperishable, if it exists eternally with Deity, then it has inherited from Deity this eternal principle which must inclose positive powers for redemption. Cowardly indeed is the soul that can unblushingly point to a crucified Saviour and say, "Through him am I redeemed." There is innate shiftlessness and license to the most extreme depths of depravity in the very principles that were born in the hearts of those who lacked the moral courage to be honest and truthful. I would ask no redemption from any bondage that I could not myself work out and merit; then would I be victor over my own battles, and the laurels would belong to no one else. Methinks many thinking minds would say, Let me be crucified rather than bubble over with soulless hallelujahs through the endless ages that lie in wait for immortals, that Deity may receive the homage that is due him. Ah, let me bear my own crosses and, if need be, let me be nailed thereto. Then I will chant my songs of gladness wherever I most love to dwell, and most surely no one need look for me in the crowd that expects to surround the throne with their half-crazed hallelujahs, for I shall not be there; engagements of more importance will lead me elsewhere. Eon, think not that I am sacrilegious, or that my whole soul accepts not the Father; yet I look with pity on these idle myths until pity becomes nearly allied to sarcasm. I would that I could set in a grand array these senseless and soulless isms that seem robbing mankind of their spirituality—yet the little ones need food and it is as yet impossible for them to partake of aught but

very weak milk; though there are those who are their leaders that do know better, and they, rather than to accept the truth that does beat at the doors of their souls, would turn their own cups upside down and thereby screen from sight the actual truths they have received, and through which they should seek to lead those under their immediate care. Here lies all the trouble, and if my chapters of sarcasm fall in such citadels I shall send with them no apologies. They who deliberately sacrifice heaven-born principles for the loaves and fishes, will find before the end of the line is reached a scarcity of these valuables for which they have offered a sacrifice at the altar which was unworthy.

Yes, Eon, you with me fought the battles of my last incarnation, and without your assistance, through which your love was breathed to my soul, I should have crossed the river long before I did, and should thereby have left undone the work for which I left the spice groves of the better land. There will arise in the hearts of many wise objections to the fact that both must drink from the same cup—but objections have no power to change actual truths, they exist unchanged, and the objections that are born from selfishness sink under the tide of truth that ripples on regardless of all occurrences. It is true you were not always by my side; had you been, you could not have brought me the strength you did, both spiritual and physical, that tided me over the mountains and through the valleys that were mine to pass before home was reached; but never did my soul feel a need beyond its own power that you were not conscious of the same, and being conscious you never failed to bring to me the supply my soul demanded; and it mattered not in the actual that I was not conscious of your immediate presence, you were conscious of me and my necessities, and comforted your soul by bringing peace to mine, being willing to wait till the shadows in the valley lifted to be recognized. True and faithful were you to me in all things, and it is with a glad heart that I here record the same.

CHAPTER XLVI.

IN the gladness of our souls and the strength born therefrom, our first thoughts were for the land we had left, and thither were our first efforts borne, and our united voices and powers were again heard and felt in the land from which we seemed to the eyes of mortals to be separated. There were yet the children of my pilgrimage, and the love I had known for them diminished not. They were incarnations from the better heavens, and needed the strength therefrom, and no one could be the bearer thereof more fully than could we who were the avenues through which for a purpose they sought the battle-fields of life, to take up the colors where we were obliged to leave them. In our labors we sought to be a power for good through inspiration, and breathed through the life of others gentle rebukes and encouraging words. In this way, though unseen, were we still a positive power in the land wherein we had lived, loved, and labored. Our immediate labors were not withdrawn from the field mentioned until the children through the open doors we formed were liberated from the bondage of materiality and were in turn prepared to become sentinels for the children of their own households. I would not be understood to say that we were continually dwellers among the children of earth, for we spent much time in our own home at Crescent Cottage, but we had stated times for our earthward journey, and in that way we kept *en rapport* with the inner workings and the growing principles. Our interest for the home I had left was much increased because of the prophetic utterances that many years before had been given through my lips, while yet I dwelt on its shores, and even after the children of my more especial care and guidance had come up from the shadows of earth-land did we at times together visit the old battle-field; for we chose to be near at the time of the fulfillment of prophecies, the remembrance of which had passed from many hearts, and strange as it may seem to you, Eon, we were there to witness the scene that proved the closing chapter to the

land, and to the earth life of its inhabitants. All the length and breadth of the land had become as one tropical garden, and the children thereof were lovers of the beautiful until vast temples adorned the entire land, which was indeed the birthplace of beauty and of song. The temples in design and execution surpassed all other similar workmanship known or heard of ; indeed they looked as though they had been under the direct supervision of an architect from the spirit world of some planet whose leading points were design and execution, and I doubt not that such conclusion would be correct, or that there was a purpose in it that would redound for good, sometime and somewhere, to the children of earth, and which I might now bring to the surface, were it important enough to exchange the time I would consume for the explanation. It is the nature of unstinted prosperity, when there is not the balance power of our active brain that reasons from cause to effect, to create an ease that is akin to idleness, and this in turn begets selfishness, and the twain bar the doors to the more heavenly graces until they neither seek nor find admittance.

Thus was it in time with the prospered land, the entire shore of which was wave-washed kindly by ocean's waters and freshened by the breezes thereof. There were songs of gladness ever to be heard, the echoes of which entered the very hearts of the spice groves, that gave unstintingly of their rare fragrance to the summer-time air. In these groves were the gods, that came to be worshiped as time went on, enshrined. There were priests in the land, and in the wine cups was there wine, and the very air breathed of idolators, luxury, and ease. Then, when the highest round in the ladder seemed reached, when self seemed superior to the needs of the soul, there came a time when all of beauty, born and perfected in that wondrous garden of the world, must lie beneath the waters that for ages had chanted its lullaby, and the ocean waves flow on with the same wave music as though peace had joined there its eternal throne. We who had for years watched both prophecy and fulfillment, hoping that in some way the fearful ending of so much beauty might be avoided, knew when the final hour

would come, when the songs of gladness that trembled on youthful lips would be hushed in the heart of the great deep, from which would come no echoes. Like pathless, songless forest must lie the land of beauty, of song, and of love; fair maidens and tender-voiced lovers, brave fathers and proud mothers, all, all must be gathered together in the unfathomed burial ground of the ocean. Not alone did we watch the coming of the hour of peril, but above the immediate atmosphere of the fated land, could the eye of mortal have been unveiled, would have been seen a four-fold band of spirits formed in a complete and unbroken circle. Each face of these silent watchers showed both pity and sympathy. The immediate atmosphere surrounding the land was laden with a prophetic stillness, that ever forebodes the certain approach of a wave of destruction. The inhabitants of the land, we learned afterward, felt the approach of the unseen, and many sought their soulless gods in the groves of spice and there mumbled their incantations for preservation from evil, and were there overtaken. There is a language in nature that the soul, when it senses the power thereof, understands, and it was this language that spoke in the stillness that made itself felt in the hearts that had long been given to gladness. There was a sudden trembling of earth. Temples fell; idols were broken. The electric forces above and the wild wave-surges beneath played the funeral march of souls as the land of beauty, with unwhispered farewells to sky and ocean, sank slowly from the records of earth's seen formations. Ah! it was a pitiful sight, such an one as only those who have traversed the shores of earth again and again could witness without reflections of horror on cheeks and lips; but none save the strong, the self-centered and self-poised were there; others would have been in the way of the silent watchers and workers, for there came a time when they who had watched, worked with fullness of purpose told in every look and movement; for not long after the waves had closed over, the beautiful spirits, unfettered from the forms that had held them, were seen above the limits of the vanished shores, seeking those they had loved and lost. With steady,

unwavering will did the band of spirit-helpers draw to their center and there sustain, through their magnetic forces, the panic-stricken spirits. In many cases they had to be borne in strong arms to hospitals of rest, which was done by the line of workers that waited beyond the circle formed for the signal that called for help. Thus were all gathered together and borne beyond the sight of the waves that had claimed all of earth and earthly possessions that had been theirs. This sudden snatching of those who are glad in the fullness of earthly gold and joy, from all they have looked upon as their own, is a fearful thing to one who has no inner sense of the life beyond, and it is often the case that they cherish their sorrow as one cherishes the sorrows of earth before they have felt the breath of the Infinite quickening the soul's better powers. It is not my province to tell how or when these land-wrecked souls found peace, or in what sphere they found an abiding home. I only give this not minute description to show how spirits of the higher heavens shrink not from bearing the sorrows of earth's children; indeed in such hours those alone who are superior to the power of matter can render the assistance needed.

Days after the occurrence noted, boats from distant voyages returned, and seeking their harbors found them not, neither land nor home; nor was there any record of their loved ones' wanderings; nothing but the solemn song of the ocean to greet them. They had encountered a great wave on their ocean voyage, but understood not until their return the meaning of the same, for there was no record of like occurrence from which to draw inferences. Each age has its record told in the formation and change of the earth's outlines; each nation its record told in political and religious contests; and yet there is no stand-still of worlds for the purpose of making comments, which must be left for the hour of summing up.

CHAPTER XLVII.

WITH the destruction of Atlantis our immediate presence near earth shores became less a necessity, and our labors for earth were not direct, but transmitted from sphere to sphere. There is always work for earnest souls, and no one, even on the summer side of life's tide, is quite happy in the idleness that folds its hands and comforts itself with selfish pleasures and surroundings. Such never inherit the more heavenly mansions. We still tarried in Crescent Cottage, as the beautiful land of souls held no place to us so sacred. It was the one dear landmark that I left behind me when I left for earth the peace of heaven, and to that on my return I clung. It was long before there ever came to our hearts a thought that we could wander, even for a little time, from this sweet heaven. Our old place in the Temple of Wisdom we found, and the Halls of Light knew our presence, but that was the extent of our absence from the home nest we loved. Morning Lake mirrored the smiles of the Infinite, while the sloping banks and afar-off hills breathed of a harmonious blending of all animate and inanimate expressions of Deity. The "Silver Shell" rocked on the tide below us, and our hearts were glad with the gladness of heaven. How could we ask more? We were watching the beautiful waters of the lake, as we often did, noting how one tint of the ever-changing tide becomes immersed in another until all the tints of the morning, as told on land and sea, on sky and hill, were repeated again and again on the ever-moving tide. As we thus watched, we saw in the distance what seemed but a tiny boat, with one shining sail. It came from beyond the slope of the high hills, and moved over the waters towards us, as though there was a purpose in the direction taken. We often saw boats on the lake, often glided over its waters in our "Silver Shell"; but there was in the appearance of the boat we then saw approaching that which bore little resemblance to other boats that skimmed over the waters. There was something in the glimmer of the sail we had seen nowhere else. Surely

this was a stranger, and the boat was in a direct line with us, and we instinctively knew would land on the beach by which we stood. I confess we felt a shrinking in our hearts, not from the occupant especially, but we loved the sacred quiet of the crescent, and almost shrank from having it broken. You understand by this that my heart had not grown fully rested from the weariness of the earth journey, though years, as you count time, had passed.

As the boat neared we heard the notes of a glad song borne by the breeze shoreward. There was a sweetness in the voice that touched our souls, and when, as we conjectured, the boat rested by the side of the "Silver Shell," and the occupant stood beside us on the beach, we were ready to say, "Welcome to Crescent Cottage." The stranger was a man. He wore robes of white that seemed to hold in the brilliancy thereof the sparkle of crystal when the sun touches it. There was this same crystal-like radiance to all he wore; likewise to his face, that at times lighted up in a way to make it impossible to see just how he did look. We knew he was beautiful, and indescribably so; and I knew, too, there was an inner fountain of loveliness that radiated to the surface the crystal look. We turned our steps towards the cottage, and solicited the company of the stranger, who hesitated not to accept our hospitality, which was ungrudgingly offered. He gave no name, neither did he ask of us ours; but that mattered not, for all children of the better land stand not on the formalities or ceremonies, that often we never possessed and which in your land form high walls over which it is sometimes difficult to climb. We made the stranger welcome in our home, remembering how we had once before entertained an angel and knew it not until he had gone, when his absence made a dearth in our home, and we were obliged to recall him. The lovely and lovelit home in the center of the crescent attracted the angel (for such our hearts felt to call him), and he looked upon it as though too sacred for even his touch. We told him how it came there, and entering we bade him be seated, when we gave him a little history of ourselves, for we felt that his soul asked it, though his lips were silent. For days,

as you measure time, did this radiant being tarry with us, though as yet he had told us nothing of the land from whence he had journeyed, nor did we ask. Finally there came a time when he said he must leave the cottage and return to his own home, and when we bade him tarry yet awhile with us he said duty called him, and he must go. We felt a shadow at the thought of his departure, for though we knew neither his name nor country his presence had in some way grown dear to us. As we walked with him to where his boat with ours rocked to the music of the waves, he asked us to unfasten our little shell and with him sail towards the hills in the distance. This, though we had not thought of it, was a pleasant reminder, and we embarked, sailing side by side over the tide of many tints, and so filled was the air with the harmony of scenes and sounds that we thought not of the distance we were sailing, or of the shore we had left. There was music in the breezes of the lake, music in the songs of the waves, and music in our hearts; consequently we took no thought of the distance, and when we looked back to see how far we were from home moorings we saw neither cottage nor shore, but high hills. We had passed the hills that from our home shore were visible, and in gazing back saw the farther side of them, around which wound a shining stream that seemed to come from another line of hills, or rather mountains, for in the distance towered a long line of mountains that reminded us of the snow-capped peaks we had seen in the earth-land as we neared it as messengers of love, only what there was snow here seemed as the glimmer of crystal without the icy touch and chill. We were surprised to find ourselves so far from home, and our first thought was to bid the fair-faced stranger good-bye, and turn our shell toward the home waters and home shores; but the country beyond was too inviting in its beauty, and there was nothing in all the land to bind us to any one place, so we said to ourselves, we will follow this shining river yet a little way that we may see where it broadens to become a lake, if such is its mission.

Is it strange, Eon, that never before we had thought to

go beyond the distant hills? Well, strange as it may seem, we never had felt sufficient interest to ask of others what lay beyond them. Had there been a dearth of beauty in our own land we should have sought it elsewhere, but there was not; consequently it was heaven to remain in our own home, our own land, and the journeys we made were journeys that bore us to other planets in search of experience we could not obtain elsewhere. The winding river grew but little broader, nor did we feel in haste to turn our boat homeward, which seemed to please the stranger friend, whose face grew even more radiant. We reached at last a fall over which the shining tide fell in sheets of tinted light, making music that echoed and re-echoed near and far. We were surprised that we saw no way from this except to retrace our steps, and supposed our stranger companion journeyed no farther by water. We therefore turned our boat, saying we would again seek our home, and bade the stranger tarry in the future if he could find pleasure in our land. There was a shade of sadness in his eyes, and he begged us to journey with him a little farther, when he would show us the borders of his own country. We were still retracing the path of shining waters over which we had come, and, nearing an arch formed by drooping boughs and vines he pointed to it, and said, "This is the homeward tide." We felt that we could not resist the pleading look in his eyes, and with him passed under the swaying arch, from which we were able to trace the windings of another river, narrower than the first, the banks of which were bordered with trees so low that the country beyond was not obscured from sight. These trees were of the most delicate green, and covered with a growth that resembled the softest down from the wing of a bird. We had seen nothing like this in any land, and were filled with admiration. A sudden bend in the river brought us in full view of the mountains, and we sorrowed not that we had come, for the beauty that was before our eyes was never woven in rhyme or sung by poet. These mountains, the stranger said, were called the May Mountains, and bordered a portion of the country between the sixth and seventh

spheres. We were almost spell-bound by the world of wonder and beauty that was everywhere visible. Bidding our friend not tarry with us, because we chose, instead of returning then, to remain where we were, and breathe the air of this beautiful country, we bade him good-bye; but he said, "Nay, you are so near my home, journey thither with me, and your hearts shall be glad." Not expecting such solicitation, we responded to it, and gladly continued our journey.

The winding river grew not less beautiful, the banks thereof not less fair, and our hearts not less glad. Our thoughts of an immediate return to our home had vanished, and we gave ourselves up to the joy that a heaven of beauty always brings to hearts in harmony with the same. We hastened not over the waters that flowed mountainward, but drifted with the tide, which in soul-land one can do and entertain no fears of the consequences. The tide in its onward flow bore at last to the base of the mountain, where but one winding path that led up the heights was visible. The entrance to this path was guarded, or rather marked, by an arch of great height and width. This seemed formed of tinted cloud, lighted as by stars; not that I would be understood to mean that real stars had been gathered and recentered in the arch that was before us. Here by the soul-sent request we disembarked and fastened our "Silver Shell," and with our companion passed under the arch, the light from which fell over us in welcoming waves. We wondered at the heaven-born beauty that greeted us, and wondered too that we had never before heard of the especial glory that lay beyond the gemmed arch beneath which we had but just passed; but since our advent to the sixth sphere we had been much away from its boundaries, both to other planets and to earth, so we could scarcely be said to be inhabitants of that land. We had always been roamers, and a little of that peculiar characteristic you brought with you to your present incarnation, as do all who leave the land of realities for the land of shadows, where the real is supposed to exist because of the contact of matter, which we of the better land know gives but dull echoes to facts and princi-

ples as they are in the fullness of their perfection in our father-land. Ignorance, puffed up with conceit, is the bubble that too often bursts in the midst of truth; yet it is well that it does burst, as thereby just so much more gas is carried away, leaving room for something more substantial, on which one can gain footing.

The path that wound up the mountain side, as we gazed at it from the base where we stood, seemed one of light like unto the gleam of burnished silver. The path was broad and bordered by shells, tinted stones, and flowers that were ever changing, so that monotony was nowhere visible in all the country. This is true of all the higher spheres. There is ever a change in the surface occurring, so the face of the country is not the same one day or hour that it is another. This is one reason for so many different descriptions of the better land, from the dwellers, or from the lips of clairvoyants, who have been led, as they often are, through the different spheres. The walk that lay before us seemed to us at the very commencement like a beautiful poem, over which we felt it would be sweet to linger that we might sense the entire harmony, perfectness, and beauty of the same, as one lingers over a poem told in perfect rhythm till the soul seems attuned to holy thoughts and purposes. We conversed not with each other, neither did we address ourselves to the companion who walked beside us, but in silence passed on and over the shining path towards we knew not what or whom. An alcove of green and blooming loveliness attracted our attention, and, feeling drawn thereto, we entered. In one corner a fountain, minute yet exquisite, gave birth to the sound as of many tiny silver bells. In this alcove were rests formed from mounds of clinging vine, bud, and bloom. No earth-born artist ever approached in design the beauty there told. The leaves were not of solid green, but a combination of the deep and delicate tints, something akin to the tints that the autumn months weave over the summer's fading beauty. In this alcove we could but rest, if one would call a vision of the glory of beauty rest. From the mounds whereon we reclined we could see far, far away, to where other hills in silent, silvery

grandeur were bathed in the same heaven-born light. Below us lay a city that we learned was called the City of the Morning. It was not immense in the length or breadth thereof, but the halo of glory and beauty that encircled it was an index to the souls of the dwellers who there found a home. Again we wondered that we had known so little of the beauty of our own spirit-land, and rejoiced that we had been recalled from our peaceful dreams of love and rest at Crescent Cottage by the shining sail that sped over the Lake of the Morning, to which the river that wound around the city of the same name flowed and gave to the lake the name of the city. We felt then that at some future time we must seek the city below, and the mountains that were yet in the distance.

Again we wandered along the shining path, and in doing so found that the alcove in which we had tarried was not the only one that cheered and charmed us, for one after another became visible, and no two were alike, though all were restful in appearance and beautiful beyond all we had heretofore seen in the land of souls; aye, more beautiful even than Crescent Cottage or its surrounding. Through some of the alcoves tiny shining brooklets wound like a thread of silver woven by the hand of the Infinite through the leaves and moss of many tints. At last there was visible to our eyes that wearied not with the beauty of the land, what in the distance seemed like walls of whitest marble. These walls were not high, and seemed formed of blocks smoothly and firmly matched. Over these, vines of wondrous beauty were twining and hanging in festoons, as though Nature, purified and perfected, was revealing the extent of her beauty for the gladness of hearts that could appreciate the same. Loveliness responded to loveliness, and all the world of which we were conscious rejoiced in the halo thereof. With our eyes fixed on the walls in the distance we continued our journey, and yet asked no questions of the radiant friend who walked with us. At last we neared the walls, and looking back over the path we had traversed, we for the time forgot all else in the pictures that lay before us. Arbors, brooklets, fountains, a shining

path, and the city below! Oh! Eon, my heart fills with the joy we then felt at the remembrance of the same, in contrast with which the land wherein your pilgrim feet now weary seem but the depths of despair. How long we might thus have remained in forgetfulness of all else I know not, for our souls were drinking from rare fountains, and we noted not even the presence of our companion, until he lightly laid his hand on our heads as though to recall us, saying, "Let us not tarry here longer; they wait for us." "Who wait for us?" we said, for surely, we thought, no one knew of our coming. "They," he said, "who have long loved you;" saying which he led us beneath the arch that formed the gateway to the beautiful grounds beyond. The gate that swung back was of semblance of gold, and in form like unto a great bird with wings spread as if for flight; the beak of the bird formed the fastening, and the eyes had the appearance of diamonds. Nothing like it had ever before met our gaze, and it was no wonder that we could retain in our souls but one thought with the many undreamed-of beauties constantly revealed to us, and that thought could find no expression in words. Once within the grounds the gate closed, and, led by our companion, we soon stood in the presence of a multitude, whose smiles greeted us more than did their words. As we waited, knowing not what yet would occur to surprise us, the multitude parted, and there stood before us Pearl and Wisdom. Our surprise and gladness were blended until we knew not which was the stronger. We had no words for all this, the grandest surprise of all, and we bowed our heads for very joy, while the multitude sang a sweet soul welcome that we think must at times echo in earth-land, sounding even in your ears, long accustomed to earth sounds. Eon, the past has held much of joy, much peace and gladness that cannot be woven into the web of the present, neither would I care to bring earthward a record thereof, for the record would go far beyond the comprehension of mortals, and consequently beyond their power to believe, and would therefore do no good. This meeting with Pearl and Wisdom had, we afterward learned, been designed, and

well was it carried out by the messenger sent; for he so completely won our hearts that we were content to follow him over the winding river and up the mountain path where we were met with many and true welcomes.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

IN the midst of surprise and wonderment it was not strange that we neither thought of nor looked for the dwellings of the many who surrounded us, not only by their numbers but by an atmosphere of peace and purity. The very air around us held to our eyes a sparkle as of crystal, which we also noticed in the dwellers of the mountains and in their robes. Pearl and Wisdom had for a time taken up their abode with this people of great love, and in fact they held a closer relation to them than we at first conceived, belonging, as we were afterward told, to the same constellation, of which I shall have something to say explanatory. Our attention was at last called more especially to the country we had reached and the dwellings of the people. We found that these consisted entirely of temples of great dimensions and wonderful workmanship. Of the temples there were five in number, and these five seemed like unto a city. There were main arches denoting main entrances, and minor arches that led, some to smaller apartments and others to balconies that running in all directions united all parts of each temple as one dominion. The temples were all alike and of the same dimensions, and to look at them one without cause for farther thought would say they were all of the purest crystal. A view of those temples, that you would call a bird's-eye view, would show them to represent a five-pointed star, the center of which was a fountain, the waters of which were thrown to such a height that the spray therefrom fell on the swaying vines of the upper balconies, and they seemed, like all else, of a crystal glory. We thought we had many times before

witnessed a beauty and harmony of tints and formation that was inexpressible, and so we had, but this city of temples surpassed all else. The name of this crystal-like star on the mountains was the City of Love, and truly no other name could have been so appropriate or full of significance.

For a time we were left to ourselves, and we sought the beauties of the land that spoke to our souls in tones of harmony to which we responded. We found in our peace-giving rambles that the entire city was inclosed by a wall of the same material and form as the portion that at first attracted our attention. Over the entire extent of this wall, vines of fine leaves and many colors twined, transforming what would otherwise have been monotonous to a picture of rare and continuous beauty. In many places the vines ran over the outer edge to the very ground and brightened the mossy beds on which they rested. It is a discouraging task to give even our poorest description of these heaven-born and heaven-protected beauties, for words come not at the command of the soul; thus much that is beyond the reach of language receives no attention in words. We at last sought the interior of one of the many vine arbors that faced the sloping lands of the mountains. Here it was that Wisdom and Pearl found us and gave us a history of the people by whom we were welcomed. The history, of necessity, extended back to the time of their existence in dual form, as deific sparks or children, and they were all of one constellation or family. The constellation to which they belonged, like all others, received a name by which it was ever to be known. This name, like the names of all the others, had in it a significance of its own, and told not in the language of the soul, but in the language of the earth, and the land whereon you dwell, was called the Virgin Constellation. I am aware this has to you a seeming of the impossible, but you are too much endowed with common sense to thrust from you any idea with the exclamation of false or impossible until you have gone over the grounds, back and forth and far and near. This slamming of doors in the face of a new idea is what too often occurs, and the

result is, that, while the soul, had it waited for an unfolding of thought and principles, would have been fed and clothed with the food and raiment of the higher heaven, it must now in some future time unbar the closed doors and go out for the truth it turned from its doors as though it were a criminal fleeing from justice, and this truth must be invited in as an especial guest. 'Tis ever best to listen and wait, for the souls that above all else desire truth will be baptized therewith, as surely and as naturally as the summers and winters come and go; and the very desire of these souls, expressed alone to their inner selves, forms an attractive center toward which truth is drawn as by the power of a magnet. Furthermore let me say that desire is in itself a magnet of the greatest power, and sends out its lines far and near, to thereby draw to the center whatever the soul most desires.

The constellation of which I was speaking we were told had representatives in the spirit-lands of other planets, or, as I perhaps should have said, brothers and sisters of this constellation had homes in which they dwelt in the spirit-land of other planets. There was a purpose in this, which was unfolded to us, and we were also told that in time to come the constellation, with no brother or sister missing, would inhabit a spirit orb in the upper firmament. Eon, do you weary with what seems to have so little bearing on the needs of the present hour? Be patient, Eon, for I feel that it is needful in this last benediction of Eoná to the land she loves and for which unseen she will long labor, that all points that have reached earth, and have given coloring to either web or woof, should be lighted by the unwavering lamp of soul truth, for you know that it is truth, regardless of the garb it wears, that stands at the soul's doors as the only redeemer the world has ever known or can ever know. No mortal enshrined in a halo born from the imaginary brains of mankind can redeem a single soul. Such vagaries, for vagaries they are, but fasten the shackles still closer. This centering of deific principles and power in man shows the weak idea the world has of Deity as the creator and sustainer of all things, but children reason with childish

brains and reach but childish conclusions, and the green cheese of which the moon was made is still being passed around, and the slices thereof are well nibbled, showing only that the smaller truths have yet the power to do service.

It is not needful that I should explain the meaning of the word virgin. What it means to one it signifies to all, and each heart is capable of forming in language of its own the term best suited to its own comprehension. The number of dual souls in this constellation I know not, but this information which until then came not to our knowledge we gleaned: they came and went as did all others, fought the battles of life to the end, and ever remained the same as when from the heart of the Infinite they were called the Virgin Constellation. They never wedded, neither were they ever avenues for the incarnation of others, and yet served the purpose for which they were constellated from Deity. I am aware that there are those who, through their short-sighted conclusions born from so close relation to matter, can see no beauty nor possibility of a purpose in what they would undoubtedly call a perversion of nature's holy laws. From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, is only too true, and hearts that are overflowing with the lowest expressions of their souls, that they call love, are willing to attach thereto the quality of holiness. Unto the pure all things are pure, is also true; but to have experience of one's inner self pure, the fountain must be cleansed of much of the grossness of matter. All things I know will come right in time, after much suffering and sorrow; yet I cannot avoid at times pointing to certain stepping-stones by the way, by which some may get a little nearer the open doorway of truth, and by doing so not be obliged to offer so many sacrifices on the ever-demanding altars of ignorance, and misdirected thought—the record of the past, as taken from the mythological tables, read in connection with man's own earth-born proclivities. The children of the land have come to think no nature perfect unless it has passed under the parental arch. This is undoubtedly true in all constellations except the one mentioned, and in this exception is shown infinite wisdom,

regardless of the opinions of the millions to the contrary. No mother's heart ever filled with deeper or more unselfish love for her own children than has been shown by these holy messengers in all the ages of the past; and in the history of the long ago, that is but too imperfect, there is occasional mention made of these unselfish beings, the labor of whose lives were given to the land wherein they dwelt. For this purpose they came, and this purpose they fulfilled and went home. There has been no era of special burthens where the call was for the strong, the true, the unselfish, but what these angels of mercy have responded to the call, and coming earthward stood in the hottest of the battle, nor moved till the smoke of battle cleared away. I would not be understood to state that all who in the present are unwedded are of the Virgin Constellation; such is not the case. They of the holy order may be known not by unwed repinings but by their holy efforts for humanity.

CHAPTER XLIX.

FOR the purpose mentioned were we chosen, and we felt our hearts beat a full response, that left no need for explanatory solicitations. We thought not regretfully of Crescent Cottage, or the beautiful Lake of the Morning, for we already felt the baptismal fires fall over us preparatory to the responsibilities that awaited us. We were not the only ones chosen as guards, but I speak not of the others, for I write only of the incarnations and spirit life of Eon and Eoná, making a specialty only of those whose lives were so inwoven with ours that we could with difficulty draw a dividing line. I will only say, there were many chosen, but most of them were from their own ranks. The ceremonies preparatory to the final event were such as one would remember, because of the tender, soul-felt blessings each heart seemed breathing. The field of earth's battles and triumphs had been selected and prepared by Wisdom and Pearl,

and all were in readiness. The beautiful one who willingly offered herself for the earthward journey received the final baptism and consecration, and, with a look in her eyes as though she saw far into the mists and shadows that the future held, turned with head half bowed from the great multitude of loving hearts to the silent band that awaited her. There were no words that told of farewells, the only sign visible that they were conscious of the departure of one they loved was the tender strains that crept into the music that everywhere vibrated on the air of this heaven. In this music there were the soul's tears, and the soul's sadness, but nowhere else. The light of this heaven grew no less, and the changing beauty of blooms ceased not. The band of silent ones who waited for the presence in their midst of the one they were to bear earthward parted at her approach, and as she entered the circle closed and she was no more seen in the City of Love, for the great bird with the widespread wings swung back, and beneath the arch that formed the gateway passed the messengers on their mission to earth. The music reached our ears, wave after wave, long after we had left the mountain, and we fancied there was one note missing, which would ever be missed until the beautiful being whom we were guarding and guiding returned again. We felt a shudder as we passed beyond the air of our unending summer, for we were not sufficiently in harmony with earth as yet to overcome its unseen forces at once, or as soon as realized.

Dark and drear looked the earth, as we approached it. Although it was summer time of the land, there was no radiance from the objects visible, and this we missed, coming as we had from a land of undimmed glory. The morning had fully dawned as we came in sight of the great battle-field of human hearts, some glad with hopes realized, others weary of soul because of hopes faded unto death. We hastened not to come in close contact with the densely material portion, but chose rather to watch from a distance for a little time the tide of humanity. I cannot tell you how drear to us seemed even the morning in this land of opposing powers, where truth, like a brooklet, was

running side by side with the great sea of error, as though it must in time overcome it, and forever silence the sullen roar of its tide. We could but note the effect of the sunlight on the rested bodies; hope was bright, desires were stronger, and motives purer; but as the hours crept by the atmosphere became laden with the shadows of hope still unfulfilled, desire with its object not yet in sight, and motives shrunk and cramped by the circumstances born with the day. Still we watched, and as the sun brightened the west as though mocking at earth, the atmosphere had recorded yet more, some joyful consummations told, but they held the glimmer of uncertainty in their very hearts. One who has given no thought to this one point, obscure because not in sight of the eyes of the children of earth, cannot form the least idea how rapidly the atmosphere around earth changes from morning until night, becoming, as the twilight deepens, crowded with the specter-like expressions of the souls that have rejoiced or sorrowed. Never before had we given it the attention we then gave it, and we saw why there was half fear and shrinking from something unseen and unknown among the dwellers of earth when darkness came. What becomes of these shadows, do you ask? They fall to the earth through the law of attraction, when the brains from which they have been born are in the chambers of sleep. Do these unseen atmospheric shadows have a positive form of their own? They do, and it corresponds exactly in intensity to the power of the brain, from whence these shadows are born, and they in silence work for good or ill, and they form the language from which sensitives read page after page in the life of earth's children. The clear seer is never mistaken, and these shadows account largely for the success that has attended many who pretend to read the stars; it is only the star beams from the earth-bound they reach, not the stars that light the heavens.

All the changes of the earth days that came and went were noted by the one who sought the land of sorrows, yet she was unmoved, nor desired to turn away from the altar whereon she would offer sacrifices. When the hours of the

day were recorded, we entered the home chosen by the spirit father and mother. There was in it an atmosphere of peace, that told much for the future. Our presence was felt, yet neither the father nor the mother of the household were aware of what brought to them the wave of holy peace that so comforted their souls. So deeply did the magnetic power of our presence become felt by them that they seemed almost overcome, as by a nameless joy, and thinking, as was natural at that time, that Deity had come very near to them, they with one accord fell on their knees and offered holy and fervent prayer to the Most High. They sang hymn after hymn, and became so wrapt in the holy peace and joy of the hour that they noted not the passing of time, and were startled when there was heard on an outer door a heavy rap, followed by the command to become quiet. They dared not disobey, accordingly their songs of soul-gladness were hushed. When another day had come and gone the one sweet face with its tender eyes was not visible in our midst, and we with strong, true hearts, were the unseen guests of the household. A barrier we made through which the unseen powers of earth and air penetrated not, and from the midst of the watching, waiting guard but one dual pair was at any one time absent, which made the chances for a break in the magnetic chain impossible. None but duals were chosen, for none other have so great power as they, and at the time of which I now write there was a purpose to be fulfilled, of which earth's children knew not, neither could they understand. I am aware there will be many conjectures when it is understood that I mention not the earth name given to the one whose incarnation we watched, and whose path in the life that followed we often brightened. Have I a purpose in this? Most certainly. I am not unconscious of the fact that since incarnation as a subject for discussion has been borne earthward on the heaven-born breezes, many have taken to themselves through the ignorance that is born of conceit, a legacy that the records of the past bequeath not unto them, and vainly they endeavor thus to spread their borrowed plumage in the very face and eyes of sensible hu-

manity. This is no less disgusting to the dwellers of the better land than to children of earth; and let me say here that no individualized spirit taking on the robes of incarnation, whether it has the power to make its own selection of home or not, is ever attracted to conditions where the intellectual and spiritual powers in their expressions are lessened. The reverse of this is utterly averse to a common sense idea of progression, and the common sense grounds are always found to be the safest. It is true that much that is gained in spirit-land seems left behind us because not here expressed; but the same spiritual and common sense platform will be found or attached to that it had attained before journeying to the land of souls. If, as we hold, matter in power, as an avenue of expression, has taken higher ground, would not the spirit returning do as much as to hold its own? Most certainly. Therefore when Napoleons and Demostheneses, Ciceros and Alexanders, air their robes in the sunshine of earth, you can easily detect whether they are counterfeit or not; besides were they to come, they undoubtedly would not be attracted to the exact pursuits that marked their earthly career, because the purposes for which they were on earth were fulfilled in many cases. They would undoubtedly be found as well balanced, as far seeing, as powerful in comprehension, and leaders in avenues of thought and principle, though not the exact counterparts of what they were when they left earth, if they have taken advance steps themselves.

It is far from sensible to conclude that any noted personages of the past would in the present, were they again to become dwellers of earth, be enshrined with the sacred halo that is thrown about their memory and is treasured as are treasured the ashes of the dead who were much loved. The last shadow cast by man in the sunset valley of earth life is cast by his departure to the land of souls, and, in exceptional cases alone, there is nothing remembered of him but the gold that was acknowledged to exist. Were the exalted persons of the past who were considered of sufficient importance to be remembered in the records of the same, to exist among man now as they did in another age, with no

other marks of progress or unfoldment than then gave them position and fame, and with the same capacities that then characterized them, I much fear the homage the world unstintingly offers them would be suddenly withheld. They may have been wonders in the past, yet many who tread the shores of the present, were they placed in the far-away ages of which I speak, would seem perhaps even more so. Each age has its leading minds and its own record to make, and each age enshrines its own heroes in the halo of a sacred remembrance, and all this is right and well.

The time of waiting for the fulfillment toward which we looked passed pleasantly by, and during that period we noted the progress made in the hearts of humanity, and saw yet priestly power hand in hand with the demon of war; saw how the powerful crushed the weak, how the rich trampled on the poor, how crowned heads marked hearts of iniquity and cruelty. The air was ever laden with prophetic symbols, that told of barbarity and inhumanity, and the seers of the day read in the same, death and destruction. All this we noted, and felt that the breath of peace yet tarried in the far-off valleys of the future; felt that the earth must drink yet again and again of the crimson tide from the very hearts of her children. In the home where we had erected an altar of love and harmony, peace dwelt, and it was one of the few centers of harmony the land at that day knew. The heart of the father and mother were gladdened in time by the presence in their household of a heaven-sent blessing; a little one, with eyes that seemed ever looking for something the future held, dwelt with them, radiating in their midst a love brought from a holier clime. Rapidly matured the child of angel love, as there was ever about her the strong band who with her had left the land of peace to which they were heirs through the fulfillments recorded in their own souls. She was ever conscious of the unseen, and with this consciousness a look of far-seeing came to be apparent in the eyes that spoke of a fountain of love and tenderness beneath the calm surface. I shall tarry not by the way to weave into the record I am giving, the life-line of the one

we watched and guarded ; it is sufficient to say she fulfilled her mission. The land of her incarnation felt the presence of her power, whether it was acknowledged or not.

Link by link in the mystic chain
That unites the vanished years,
Where cross and crown stand side by side,
Where shadows in valleys hide,
'Neath a mist of unshed tears,—

Link by link that time has brightened,
Yet the chain is not complete ;
There are other streams that gliding,
That in mountain passes hiding,
Tempt not now your pilgrim feet.

Link by link and in the valley
Where you wander till I call,
Will I drop the chain I've carried
From the low vale where we tarried,
From whence loomed the mountains tall.

Link by link and I will lead you
Where will wait the wondrous chain,
Until other links united
Where our deathless vows were plighte'd,
Lead us earthward not again.

But beyond in the forevers,
Where the path leads to the light,
Will we work and wait in gladness
For the souls yet bound in sadness,
Till the morning hides the night.

Joyous then will be the anthems,
For redeemed we twain will stand
From the powers that have bound us,
That with joy and sorrow crowned us
In the valleys of earth-land.

Shout in triumph while you tarry
Songs that once your lips have sung,
And I'll catch the echoes gliding
When the mists no more are hiding,
All the hills and vales among ;

And I'll weave them into music,
While my harp with shining strings
Whispers to the breezes laden
By sweet songs from lips of maiden
In the land of fadeless springs.

Patience! for the path winds onward
Only toward the setting sun,
Where the blooms lose not their sweetness
And life none of its completeness,
Though its victories are won.

'Neath the arch that spans the pathway
Leading to life's better day,
There will some one wait to meet you,
Wait with words of love to greet you,
And your lips will whisper, Eoná.

Eon, can you wait in patience for the dawning of that better day, when these troublesome valley mists are blown from the horizon by the breezes of the heaven that never ceases to be heaven to the hungry heart? I sorrow for you at times, yet not with a sorrow that would tempt me to lead you home by a shorter or more direct path, because there would then be a lack of fulfillment, and you might not feel glad or even willing to return. The peace of the better land to one who has fought the battles of life is wondrously sweet; every hour seems an eternity of gladness. Taking it for granted that you are willing to wait and work while I work with you, I will continue the line I was following and add to the chain the links that are yet wanting to make it complete. We tarried not long within the gates of this beautiful land, nor did Pearl and Wisdom. We longed for other scenes. There are times when spirits, even though redeemed from the power of matter, seek change; monotony is not the law of our heaven. It belongs only to the Saints' Rest, and if you ask me to locate it, I shall refer you to the church creeds of the day, as in all my comings and goings in the land of souls I have seen no magnificent arch, no banner bearing that name. The saints with whom I have labored have not been idlers, but willing workers for

humanity, where monotony was unknown. The sickening, soulless doctrines of the age and ages past have made the believers therein willing to stand around a throne and sing, whether they have any adaptation in that direction or not. The Tower of Babel would be a heaven to such a place, when one takes in the complete grounds. Who among such believers even for one moment imagines countless millions crowding around one throne, and each one singing just what comes first to mind, with no reference to time, tune, or meter?—Where would be the harmony?—and all this, and I may say just this and nothing more, to be saved from hell. O Consistency, how few have found thee! Eon, do you imagine the Jewish Jehovah would feel flattered by such a serenade? And the most disagreeable part of it all is, there will be no end to it; an eternal singing, or an attempt thereto, and a separate tune for each one to chant! If the saints hold out, what think you will become of their God? Eon, I did not plan to fly off from the main line in this manner, but I find it wonderfully easy to do so when there looms before me the soul-binding powers that have long held sway. The hour has come when all on Time's side of the tide should stand by the banner that floats over and above them, guarding their holiest interests; there should be no half acceptance, no clinging to church and through that to position, but a grand coming out on the platform the angels are building for their liberation; for through this movement a power will be born by which the walls of the city of the gods will be overthrown, and the inhabitants thereof will go free.

I turn my back on these pictures once more, and go in pursuit of Pearl and Wisdom, who with us desired not to remain within the walls, even of a heavenly city, longer than there was rest in so doing. They had returned to their own and their own accepted them, and great joy and peace to all was the result, and now they felt, as did we, a longing for a glimpse of the material shores of the land wherein they first incarnated. Our hearts had ever held for Saturn the tenderest remembrance, and strange as it may seem to many who read of heavenly rest that we had

attained to and lost not, we were glad to speak our farewells for a time, and journey to the material plane of the planet. As we passed the spheres that lay between us and the land we sought, we came to the sphere where in another age you and I with many others had met. I could not resist passing over the same paths towards the landing where the two silvery shells rocked side by side. There was an added beauty and glory in all that met our gaze, which told of the improvement of the planet toward which we journeyed. We visited the temple where we had stood, but sought not then to be known by the dwellers of the land, for we were landward bound and cared not to be retarded. As we neared the material plane we were struck by the luminous atmosphere that surrounded the planet, the tints of amber being in the ascendancy. It seemed a world of light and of peace, and such we found it. As we entered this atmosphere we felt in it a harmonious blending that told our souls of great advancement. I am aware, Eon, I am treading on the toes of some who declare without ever having visited the planet that it is not and never was inhabited. Nevertheless, and with due respect to the toes, I assert, without uncovering my head, that Saturn is the dwelling-place of advanced minds, and has long been.

CHAPTER L.

THE old feeling of earnest effort for others had come back to our hearts during the time of watching over the maiden of the May Mountains. We no longer demanded in the fulfillment of joy to dwell at the peaceful cottage. Our cup of rest was full, and now it was far sweeter to lift with our spirit hands the burthens of others than to watch the tinted waves on the Lake of the Morning. All spirits, when they come home from earth's battle-fields, feel in their souls a clinging to an eternal rest, and they find it, and carry in their souls the fulfillment of the same, though they in time

find that eternal rest means not a rest through the endless forever, but a peace gained that nothing breaks or destroys in all the time to come; another drop in the soul's cup that has fallen therein because the soul's capacities have increased and call for it. We were casting about in our minds for some way in which to work good to others—looking for some battle-field where we might lend our powers to the weak who were struggling against the opposing power of lesser good. In the midst of our united thought, Wisdom and Pearl besought us to journey with them to Saturn. Our hearts responded, for we had been very happy while there. There was in the eyes of Wisdom and Pearl a wistful look, as though in the depths of their souls there was a deeper meaning to the result of their journey than they were at that moment willing to make plain; consequently we questioned not, but gladly consented to be their companions, for we remembered the gleam of the magnetic tides, the exhilarating breeze that ever blew sufficiently to destroy the dead calm that is always distasteful to voyagers over the seas of earth, or over the upper tides, to which mortals give no thought, dreaming the seen to be the only real, the unseen, mythical and far from tangible. With the dwellers of the spheres, to will is to do, as there are no almost endless preparations to be made to meet the demands of season and circumstance, no closing and fastening of doors, no putting money in the safekeeping of others, nothing to do but to go when and where the heart most craves. Therefore we announced our intended departure, received the blessings of the dwellers of the May Mountains, and passed once more from their midst, beneath the arch that never ceased to be an arch of light; a group of these brothers and sisters accompanied us, and our souls were conscious of the love of theirs, unselfish and pure. As we stood on the mountain's height we looked longingly toward the city that lay in the valley below; there seemed something there we craved; we knew not what, but a nameless something seemed calling to our souls from this City of the Morning, and we had more than once promised ourselves to journey thither; yet the time seemed not yet. So, with only longing glances

toward the beautiful valley, we pressed again with feet that gladly wandered the shining sands of the mountain path. At the foot of the mountain, beneath the arch that spanned the entrance to the pathway over which we had come, we spoke farewells to the pure dwellers of the mountains, and, unfastening our boats that waited on the tide, floated away from the land we knew and loved. There was a purpose in this journey. This was whispered to our souls, though we were unconscious as to the conclusion thereof. Following a branch of the River of the Morning, it led us to what I will call a coast, to be more perfectly understood, where the magnetic tide that fulfilled its mission to that sphere could be reached. As our boats touched this tide we felt the magnetic thrill therefrom vibrate again and again until we were in harmony with the new conditions we had entered. We remembered with pleasure our first journey over the magnetic tides, and a home feeling crept into our hearts as we sped away at will, either fast or slow. Entering a main tide which is much broader than the tributaries, consequently more powerful, we could sail more rapidly. We noticed, as we passed the mouth's tributaries that led to undeveloped worlds or planets, a strange coldness touch us, as though a breath had reached us from a world of death. In this way could we easily detect in part the condition of the planets we passed, without entering the tributaries, which we cared not to do, as this was not our mission. I shall not attempt to give a description in detail of this journey, as I have heretofore done, as repetitions are too much like stones thrown in to fill up. The journey in itself was to us what others of a similar character had been, with the exception of incidents. We were content to follow where Pearl and Wisdom led, feeling there was something they wished to communicate. Therefore we made no suggestions, but with joyous peace in our hearts, and songs on our lips, we continued the journey we had undertaken. We knew not whether we were to touch the material shores of Saturn or the spiritual shores, and cared not; consequently we were in no way surprised when we saw the glittering spires and domes casting their silvery radiance in the land of souls.

We were yet afar off, as you calculate distance, yet the glory of the land we were approaching was plainly discernible. As the view I have spoken of greeted us, we noticed that the boat of Wisdom and Pearl slackened its speed visibly, and we, desiring not to be in advance, slackened the speed of our boat likewise. There was on each face expressed a look of tender longing, of pitiful regret, that we instinctively felt was born from some incident of the past. We knew that at one time selfishness had cast them from great heights to corresponding depths, yet they had after a long time retraced the path and become no longer selfish or grasping in their nature, but willing workers in all fields wherein good was to be the harvest gleaned, and we conjectured that the shadow resting over them was gathered from the one digression from the true path; and let me say here, there is no one attribute to which the soul can respond that tears down the walls to the soul castles as does the enemy selfishness. It comes to the castle's door in the garb of a treasured friend; it whispers in the ear, aye, to the very soul, of possessions from which great peace will be born, and no sooner does the door close, and thereby make this knight of darkness an abiding guest, than it becomes a tyrant and deadly foe. This Wisdom and Pearl found long before we knew them, and had been, through the acceptance of selfishness into their hearts, wanderers in darkness, from which they had returned with the great longing in their hearts for home, and the place they had once occupied, and which was yet waiting them. They were, as I have before said, children of Saturn, by virtue of their first incarnation. As we reached the tributary that led direct to the higher heavens of the spirit realm of Saturn, Wisdom and Pearl motioned that our boats rest on the tide for a little time. Accordingly we waited, and in waiting, silently watched. They sat with bowed heads, and we knew from the flickering radiance that surrounded them they were sending to the city in view a soul telegram. There was a sacredness in this I can in no wise express; it seemed like great heart pleadings of mighty souls, and we felt awed thereby; suddenly there fell around them a light

in which the rose and amber were blended; this contained to their hearts the response to the telegram they had sent to their home of the long ago; we heard not the worded reply, neither did we desire it, for we were conscious from the tints we saw what the reply signified, for both love and wisdom were thereby made manifest. Each color has a language of its own that spirits acquainted therewith read as you read your earth-printed language, and this to us conveyed all we wished to know of the acknowledged reconciliation between these spirits we loved and their own loved ones of their own land.

There was a joy in their souls that could not be expressed, and through it they grew even more radiant. The triune crown of wisdom they each wore took on an added light, and we felt their souls recorded there and then the greatest joy they had ever known; and in view of their long ago home, they chanted the songs of other days, that for ages had not trembled on their lips. Again our boat moved on, in obedience to the movement of their own, and with songs that ceased not we glided over the waters of the tributary towards the shores of the heaven from which Wisdom had long been absent. The realm to which we were journeying was a more exalted one than the realm where the convention of many worlds recorded the progressive steps of the same, consequently it was new to us. From a distance we caught a glimpse of the landing, and it resembled, except in shape, a cloud of white, from which was emitted a silvery radiance and through which also seemed to be extending a rainbow. The rainbow was the base of the landing, and held a chain of silvery radiance that extended the whole length of it, being fastened or attached to the rainbow at certain intervals. Our hearts grew glad at the sight that greeted us, and we almost flew over the sparkling tide, for we longed to stand on the cloudlike landing of light, that we might witness more fully the consummation of long delayed hopes, that when fulfilled must bring peace and rest to the hearts whose past record told only of wanderings and the incidents born therefrom. As we approached still nearer, we saw—what had not before been

apparent to us, because of the silvery sheen of the atmosphere—many tiny boats, some holding one, some two, arranged in two distinct lines, leaving between more than sufficient room for our boats to pass side by side to the landing. This not only surprised us but also Wisdom and Pearl, who had anticipated no such demonstrations of joy from the dwellers of their own land. As our boats entered the space made sacred by this avowal of love and gladdest welcome, from each boat came a wave of music, the uniting of which made one grand anthem, that must have been heard in the very heart of the city beyond. Wave after wave filled the air of this heaven and awoke in our hearts many pleasant remembrances of the planet and its children. Wisdom and Pearl appeared almost overpowered by the welcome that was told in heaven-born music. As we reached the landing we saw that there too were gathered together an accompanying group. This group consisted entirely of maidens, fair as the mornings of June, and like them bloom-crowned. They each held in their hands an instrument akin to harps, from which they caused vibrations, tender as a mother's lullaby. I noticed here what were nowhere seen in the realm I had previously visited—beds of tinted moss, resplendent with the dews and silvery light, that bathed all objects in a glory unspeakable. There were also trees and sweet-breathed flowers, yet not in the abundance known in the land from which we had journeyed. I knew by this silent language of the land that much progression had been recorded. It is undoubtedly supposed by many that heaven remains ever the same; ever unchangeable in its glory and its gladness. This is a mistake, and a land filled with the fairest blooms the soul can imagine, were it to remain unchangeable, would in time come to be as a desert from the very monotony there expressed. The realms of the unseen are just as much subject to changes as is the land of your incarnation—not that it is marked by the same results. There change means not a fading of the beautiful—a dearth of all things lovely. If they who have entertained the idea of the changelessness of the better land could be transferred momentarily

to its borders, they would find no power of expression sufficient to make known their wonder, and they would watch in silent awe the loveliness of the land that never remains the same, but is ever changing and growing none the less beautiful. Accompanied by the fair-faced harpers of Saturn (highest heaven) we were led cityward; arch after arch of blooms were before us, and as we passed beneath them the tinted leaves fell over us, a sweet and silent voice of love and welcome. They clung to our clothing and rested on our heads as though crowning us with their own sweetness. In our joy we noted not where the path over which we were passing led, until the last arch was passed and we stood by a fountain that cast its silvery waters far up, and they fell in an unfelt spray. Like a dream all this seemed to us because all unexpected. Had one scene after another dawned to bring from our hearts expressions of joy there would have been no surprise. By this fountain we stood wondering what could follow, when Pearl and Wisdom, with hands clasped, knelt beneath the spray, and with bowed heads communed with their own hearts, and when they arose there was born in their souls a new light that faded not, and so lighted did they appear that we felt in our hearts a silent awe. Surely they were bathed in the pure fountain of their own land, and the last shadow of the past was banished. They looked as though forever freed from the curse that had followed them, to be entirely liberated from which they were obliged to retrace their steps to the land from whence long before they had departed.

Again the music sounded in our ears, and again we followed the leading group until we reached the temple, beneath the grand arch of which we passed to the inner chambers, where the spirit fathers and mothers waited to welcome to their midst the ones who had wandered from them. At our entrance all arose and greetings of the souls touched the soul of the twain. No words were spoken, for none were needed. They were led to their own places in the sacred circle of wisdom spirits. Their long vacant rests were waiting, which, when they were once more occupied, made complete the number. To each face came a greater

light, as though a peace or joy had heretofore been missing. We rejoiced in all we saw, yet had we known what the result of the journey was to be, we should have hesitated, for it seemed almost sad that we should witness the humility of one who had so great wisdom, and had occupied so exalted a position in the land of souls. The time of greeting passed, when Wisdom and Pearl arose and in words of patient humility expressed the wrongs they had been guilty of and the burthens they had borne in consequence of the same. All hearts seemed bathed in the spirit of tenderness that was born in their souls, and the sacredness of peace and unity was once more restored to be never again broken, for by what had occurred all had gained a lesson, and all had in a measure suffered. We were then introduced to the assembled fathers and mothers as long tried friends of the twain by whom we had been brought into their presence. Pleasant were the greetings we received, after which, with Wisdom and Pearl, we passed from the temple, accompanied by its inmates, and sought with them the home they had called theirs before they had yielded to wrong motives. All the pathway there was of a loveliness difficult to express; fountains cast their spray into the hearts of opening flowers, making music indescribable, yet full of harmony; birds in flocks flitted through the spray of the many fountains we saw until they seemed bathed in liquid light; we could not tell from whence came the melody that awakened and responded to all the purer inner self, but everywhere was beauty, everywhere was harmony, and in the fullness of our hearts we rejoiced. Again, after passing over path after path of beauty such as was never told, we reached the entrance to the home of Wisdom and Pearl, and were surprised to see above us a broad and high arch of light; before us was a gate like unto a bird with wings, of fine spun gold, spread. Then we recalled what had been crowded from our thoughts by the many occurrences that had called aloud to our very souls. This was the City of Love, the dwelling place of still other members of the Virgin Constellation, and here was the home of Wisdom and Pearl. The bird seemed to fly as we approached, and lo! we stood in

the beautiful City of Love, the radiance of which was like unto what we had known in the city of that name in our own land. Was there music? Was there gladness? The records tell, but not now can I refer to them. All that was beautiful in the far-away I bring not to the present; all that was sorrowful I tell not; only here and there, I glean just enough to make the chain seem complete; the remainder you will find where it was left, when you come up from the valley of the present.

CHAPTER LI.

OUR guide was wise in many things and proved a source of light to us that we could fully appreciate. Our journey, in the interchange of thoughts with one who had touched many shores, passed quickly and pleasantly, and before we had given thought to time or distance we felt ourselves entering an atmosphere that, to express it as it came to our senses, was light—there seeming to be no body and no resistance. This was not pleasant, and we rested for a time to become possessors of the premises, before continuing our journey. We found there was a lack of strength or force to the positive and negative principles that bore to this planet its proper stimulant, and as we sensed all this we saw how it was that the spirits therefrom seemed as children in many ways. It seemed to us strange that animal life had been evolved until intelligence was the result. He informed us that in some past of which the planet gave no record, consequently by some cause not known, it was forced into the groove it then occupied in the universe from which it drew not the supplies that would have belonged to it. This condition, he informed us, it would in time either overcome, or through its own central force, re-instate itself in the position it had at one time held.

Becoming somewhat accustomed to the peculiarity of the atmosphere by which we were surrounded, we continued

our journey to the material plane of the planet in question, which was small when seen by the side of others. The atmosphere surrounding this planet seemed weighty, yet much less deep than the atmosphere surrounding all other planets we had visited. We were not pleasantly impressed with what we saw and sensed; not that there existed great evils, but the limited development in some points gave to us the feeling that the planet and its children were in a disjointed condition. We found them developed in some directions to an extent that was to be desired, while in others they were but children. This unequal development was caused by the condition the planet had been forced to take on, and proves how closely worlds and their children are connected. Coming in contact with the inhabitants of the world we had sought, we took note of their peculiar modes and customs. We were surprised to find them destitute of homes akin to such as we had found on all planets previously visited. Not that they were without abiding places, but of real houses, their homes consisting of what you would call bowers. This was new and strange to us, and, having become accustomed to the most intricate architecture, was hardly agreeable, although their structures were very beautiful, and in connection with architecture would have been very impressive. These bowers were formed by the luxurious vines that seemed born into the vegetable world for the purpose of making a shelter for the children who knew not of other homes. They were formed by setting in the ground small trees from which the branches had been removed. These were many feet in height, and all of a length; four of these branchless trees made foundations for one room, and other rooms were added by an addition of trees. The size of these bower homes depended on the size of the family. When once the foundation for a new home was finally established, vines were set in the earth at each corner, and the rapid growth of the same, guided by the taste of the builder, soon made the home desired. This was building on the planet we had sought, and you can readily understand how strange all this seemed to us. Approaching one of these homes as we sought to mingle with

the children of the land, we entered it, being of course unobserved, as we chose to be. This home consisted of four rooms, and its construction would have done credit to the shores of the spirit realms, though much of its beauty was lost to us by the feeling that other homes were actually needed. The door-ways leading from room to room were but arches of leaf and bloom, and as such were very beautiful. These vines from which the homes were formed were very hardy and endured a great amount of trimming without decreasing the growth thereof.

We were surprised to note the order in the home of which I speak. The ceiling, like the sides, was only of vines. This being high, the blooms of the vines were allowed to manifest their utmost proportions, consequently it was ornamented by sprays, long, drooping, and fragrant, while over the inner sides of the bower only small clusters of blooms were allowed to remain. The door-ways were also bloom-hung and the outer wall or side was allowed to give birth to blooms in great profusion, though as soon as those within reach showed signs of fading they were removed. In this home as well as in all others we visited we found the most exquisite neatness. No withered or faded blooms were allowed to remain on the leafy floor, where from the ceiling they would at times fall. Light was obtained in the separate rooms by openings left for that purpose, the vines being guided in their growth to meet this demand. The floors of the separate rooms were made from dry leaves placed evenly and at no great depth. These when much broken were replaced by others. There was but little in these rooms and but little was needed, for society made no demands; felt and recognized were those, the fulfillment of which brought the physical comfort needed. We saw they had no stated times of eating, and partook of refreshments whenever they felt the demand to do so. Another thing surprised us much; we learned that fire was not and never had been known among them, consequently their food was all eaten in its natural state. They partook of no animal food, in fact they would have deemed it barbarous, never having conceived of anything so inhu-

man. Their food was found on the boughs of trees, both large and small; the earth also yielded its bounties, though not cultivated. It was no unusual sight to see the inmates of one of these leafy bowers standing beneath the laden boughs of some tree and there begin and end their repast. Stomachs were in no danger of being overfilled, or the blood of giving birth to disease in the system. The more we knew of these children the better pleased were we with them, and looked forward to the time when there should be an unfoldment in all points by which rounding out they would become masterful; yet so simple their modes of living, so childlike in purity their thoughts and aspirations, that we at times almost dreaded to see them reaching out as we knew they must if they reached the summits that towered in the distance. As a result of the simple and natural manner of living, the children of this planet had never known sickness or the least approach to disease, and lived to advanced age without the extreme change of face and form that is so marked on the planet of your present incarnation. In our mingling with these people we found they were always conscious of their approach to the other life, and looked towards the event without fear or dread, but rather with the feeling that an honor was to be conferred upon them. There was no link between them and Deity, by and through which they were to inherit eternal life. They, being natural in all else, were natural in their ideas of Deity and of the change that in your land is called death, and made preparations for the same as one might to journey to a happy country of endless summers. They were not clairvoyant, but had a keen inner sense by which they were conscious of the presence of the unseen when they of the better land desired them so to be.

Imagine a land of such homes as I have described, without the jar of inharmonious elements, without contentions born therefrom, and you will have some idea of this planet with its holiday appearance, as though all the inhabitants thereof were enjoying a May-day of festivities and rural pleasures. Much pleased were we to note the

entire absence of the little disagreeables that in your land come and go unbidden as the birds of the air. This to us seemed as unexpected as all other points that with our previous understanding of worlds and their children seemed to exist through necessity. In this there seemed a heaven-born perfection, and we questioned in our own hearts if a development in other directions would bring a decrease of this much-desired condition, where censure breathes not and the discord of contending opinions was never known. Yet we knew not whether or no a change would come. They must take long strides towards the hill-tops the future held. Loving and tender were the fair ones of the land, while lover-like and thoughtful were their companions. Strange indeed we felt, who had traversed many lands and many tides, and like innocent babes seemed the children with whom for a little time and for a purpose we chose to tarry, though we found it necessary to frequently journey from them over the magnetic tides; the necessity of this you will understand.

I have told you nothing as yet concerning the employment of those people, and in fact they had but little to take them from the May-day lives they lived and that little was in no way irksome. There was with them the necessity of clothing; not that the climate demanded it, but their own tastes called for a certain amount of drapery for their forms, which was one positive proof of the absence of barbarity among them and the crudeness born therefrom, which one might expect to see manifest where such unequal development existed. The employment to which I refer was the gathering of a material from which they manufactured in their way the cloth with which they clothed themselves. This material was the bountiful product of trees, that grew not high but had immense bodies, along the entire length of which grew no limbs; these all coming from near the top and arching broad and far, bent earthward. These trees produced long pods that when ripe for gathering gave notice thereof by the outer husk cracking the entire length of the pod. The noise made by these signals could be heard quite a distance, and was always the call to the gleaners, who

responded. They went in companies, singing and joyous as they ever were, and seemed to rejoice in the little employment that came to them. When the pods were gathered the outer and dark husk was removed; of this they made no use. The pods were then spread in the sunlight and frequently turned until dry, when the inner husk was removed, which was of a light gray color and used for making what from similarity thereto you would call ropes. The inner portion of the pod was of the purest white and had an appearance akin to that of fine, soft wool. This they picked apart until it was light as down, when it was ready for use. As an expression of their highest ideas in mechanism there was constructed something that answered the purpose of a wheel, by which the contents of the pods was converted into wearable material. This wheel-like construction called for two or three to manage it, on account of its detached parts, that they knew not how to harmoniously arrange. In this manner they converted the downy substance into what you would call yarn, and much finer did they succeed in getting it than one could expect after seeing the implements with which they labored. In connection with their spinning machine they had a rudely constructed affair by which they converted the yarn produced into narrow strips of soft, white cloth. There was never but the one pattern thought of or aspired to; that met their demands and they needed nothing beyond, consequently their cloth was always the same in texture and color, both men and women wearing white, and there was a striking similarity in the construction of the clothing of the sexes. Of the making there is but little to say, as they knew nothing of the thread-and-needle system that comes as a blessing to meet your demands. Their drapery was arranged by attaching, where it was necessary for increased width, strips of cloth by means of fine cord made for that purpose from the white inner portion of the pod. With a smooth stiletto made from wood they made holes in the cloth, and lapping the edges of the pieces to be united, tied them fast with the cord. Primitive, indeed, seemed their manner of meeting the demands they felt, yet there

was a gracefulness about their attire and their movements that was pleasant to notice. The lower portions of their garments were finished by the forming of fringe from the warp, which was the only way they saw to avoid the disuniting of the fabric. This was in fact all the employment that made positive demands on their time and exertions. No children lived freer lives of peace and contentment than did these; they were great lovers of music and constructed rude instruments of the same by which they gladdened their homes at morning, noon, and night.

There came to this planet no winter, therefore there was no necessity for taking thought for seasons that came not. Food from the hand of the Father was ever waiting for their sustenance. Truly, we thought, the snake with his wily windings in the confiding, trusting heart of woman had been left out of the programme of the planet in question. Perhaps there were not snakes enough to go around and find a recording niche in all the planets. The heart of man naturally erects its own deific structure, which is in exact harmony with the humanity or inhumanity developed, and as man increases in unselfishness and spirituality, he gives to his heart-enshrined Deity more godlike attributes. Then is the time his God is a saving power, while previous to that he is a condemnatory being or principle. On the planet of Peace, regarding which I now make earth record, there fell no rain, though the dews were abundant; the nights were short, with but very little deep darkness crowded into them. These strange children took their rest as they did their food, that is, whenever they felt thus inclined, and went not through the process of disrobing, as is the custom in your land, because there was so little to be removed. Their clothing, which I gave you to understand was white, was not easily soiled, because of the little labor performed, and the absence of dust in their homes. The cleanly habits of these innocent beings were such as would be commendable elsewhere. They had a certain reverence for water, and the swiftly running brooks of the land were never approached without signals of a worshipful nature. These brooks were easily crossed without boats or any structure

that would take their place; large bodies of water they seldom approached, unless for a worshipful purpose, the purifying nature of water appealing to their souls as something deific.

Such were the possibilities of this planet in question, when it was first found by us, such the children thereof, who knew not of the steps taken for their future unfoldment, or for the children yet unborn. It may be surprising to many that they could exist with such primitive conditions and surroundings, and undoubtedly it would have been as impossible for them to have made use of the surroundings that add to the care and comfort of the children of earth. Their necessities were but few, and the supply for the same was never in the distance. It may be judged by some a waste of time to give a record of such a world or inhabitants, on the ground that some have decided without going from planet to planet that but two or three worlds are inhabited. If that were true, I should wonder exceedingly what Deity had for countless ages been about. Surely there are many, very many, older worlds than the one whereon you dwell, and not too old to support animal life. But for these points and ideas born from suppositions and conclusions of the same nature, I care not, as I deal alone in facts, which cannot now be proved on account of distance, as no way of navigating space while yet in the form can be sought for; but when the more material form is laid aside for the morning robe of the better day and better land towards which the majority are flocking without knowing the way, many will be both surprised and disappointed when they touch the other shore; surprised at the natural conditions they find themselves in, and disappointed that they find not God or the Christ whom they thought they worshiped, because they dared not do otherwise, fearing lest they should be forever wanderers in the border land of despair, within the hearing of the harps of the blessed, yet unable to approach the radiant throngs. Piti- less, indeed, are the soulless creeds of the age, yet in advance of what has been, and the angel world will never lower their banner till the last slave is set free.

CHAPTER LII.

FROM the planet of which I now write we journeyed elsewhere and returned to Saturn, as we could not by our presence be of material benefit to the planet or its inhabitants. Still we kept watch of the spirits who had taken on materiality on Saturn, for we were desirous of noticing the change that must of necessity occur when the power they gained was transmitted to their own planet. Years must pass before there could be a decided mark of improvement, but a point would in time be gained from which they would date their advancement. During the time that followed we were not idlers, but sought and found, for we sought with earnest hearts for wisdom that maketh glad. The spirit of wandering seemed yet to abide with us, and we longed to know more of the worlds that deific law had called from the chambers of the unseen. There are many who, seeking their home on the summer-land shores, are content there to dwell, and revel in the joys attainable for ages; and this is well, for if all possessed a love for new scenes, there would be no one left at home to receive the earth-worn pilgrims when they too come up from the valley with the dust of earth life clinging to their robes. For those who choose home, there is paid one waiting; for those who choose to journey there are found winding paths, and rippling tides that both bear away and return those who desire thus to pass their time. Our choice was to journey; therefore with the soul mates, Wisdom and Pearl, we again turned our barks from the shores of Saturn, a land we much loved, and to which we expected many times to return, as our interest there was increased by the incarnations we had been requested to remain and witness, the result of which was watched by many more who were deeply interested.

Our line of travel lay in an entirely different direction to any before taken, and we were more exhilarant with the hope of finding some land of which we had never heard minute details. The journey was one of constant pleasure, for we rejoiced in the inspiration that is ever felt in advance

of successful termination. On and on we sped, meeting in our journey no other voyagers, till at length nearing a tributary that led direct to a planet of which we knew nothing, we felt a sudden impulse to journey thither and come in contact with the material planet and the inhabitants, for we knew from the appearance of the tributary that the planet had arrived at that point of development where animal life had reached its greatest height. In our conclusions we were not mistaken, and we had many reasons to rejoice over the result of our journey. As the magnetic tide bore us to the material surface, we disembarked, and began our planetary travel. It seems pleasanter and far more natural first to get in harmony with a planet, and afterwards with the inhabitants. This we did, and a joyous company we were in this, to us, new land. Like a book of many illustrations this seemed to us, and, touching the title page, we were ready to go on leaf after leaf. We found the surface warm, and found also a great magnetic power therein. This we readily discovered in the heat, which was not of the overcoming or overpowering nature that is the result of solar heat, but contained in it a sense of comfort, and thrilled with life-giving and life-sustaining forces. I know not as this planet has come under the observation of the world seekers of your land, or, if it has, by what name they mention it, and it matters not, for what mortals believe and immortals know differ so widely that there is no safety to the truth in trying to unite the two. The surface of the planet was covered with a moss, the leaves of which were strongly defined and of a light green. Perhaps you would not call this growth moss, but I can in no other way or by no other name bring it to your comprehension. It was of less depth than the covering of your planet, where it grows untouched, and presented a very pretty appearance. The trees were not to the extreme height of some of the trees of your land, yet were thrifty, and the leaves were of the same tender green as was seen in the moss. One class of trees attracted our attention especially. They were large bodied, and over the entire outer covering, or bark, there was a rich growth of leaves to the extent that nothing else was

visible of the tree until the branches were reached. These were covered just as completely with a tender, delicate moss, so that nowhere on the entire tree was there visible what you call bark. They were the most comfortable looking trees we had ever found in our planetary journeys, besides being a thing of beauty which is well worth describing. The next point of attraction and interest was found in the brooks, or streams that I call brooks, because they were narrow but very rapid, and held a sparkle that reminded us much of the magnetic tides, and which we knew was due to the magnetic conditions of the planet. Birds were not in very great abundance, but if there was a lack in numbers, this was more than made up by beauty of plumage and sweetness of song. The most beautiful we saw were very large and of rich scarlet plumage, with the exception of the head and neck, which looked at from one point were black, while seen from another point they were a dark green. Very peculiar indeed did they appear, and we, to designate them from others, gave them the name of Bishops, their dark cowl and band about the neck making this name appropriate. We found but forest lands, and beautiful plains, with only now and then trees to break what might otherwise have seemed monotonous. These plains were watered by the brooks spoken of, and all the land seemed to breathe of an Eden where Adams and Eves might eat of the tree of knowledge and suffer not from the wrath of an inhuman ruler. There was a joy in coming in contact with this planet we had never felt on any other, and we realized that it came from the magnetic conditions of the same.

We hastened not from our communings with nature, as there expressed, to seek the children of the land, though for that purpose we had come; and when at last we did turn our attention toward the inhabitants, we found no less joy awaited us. Here, too, awaited for us surprises. We entered what we will call a city, not because it in the least resembled any city of your earth-land, or any we had ever before been acquainted with, but because there is no other name by which I can appeal to the understanding. This

city was inclosed with what you would call a thornless hedge, which seemed to serve no other purpose than to designate the boundaries of the same, as it was low and showed many openings, for passage-ways, to the people. We noticed this hedge gave birth to small, white blossoms, which were very fragrant, and awakened in our hearts a tender memory of Brier Hill, a dear home of a long, long ago, and which yet in our journey home will breathe over us twain its benedictory blessings. Through these openings we noticed now and then some persons pass, and feeling at home we followed after a time, but found in the inclosure no paths, no roads, only the same moss covering we had already noticed. This was new to us, when it related to the material instead of spiritual. Had it been in spirit-land we should have understood it, but not there, though we knew it must be in harmony with the planet's development and the needs of the children, all of which we felt it would be pleasant for us to understand before we again embarked for our home journey.

Over the pathless moss we went cityward, feeling ever and ever in our hearts a joy born from the harmony that existed between us and the planet we were exploring. We had seen many watchful spirits, but as yet we had approached none to ask questions; we chose rather for a time to wander where we liked, because there was a pleasure in the ever new surroundings and conditions that were constantly appealing to our love of the wonderful. The city we found not as large as one expects to find such places, and the rural look never faded no matter where we went. The dwellings were not large, neither did they express the other extreme; they consisted of but one division or story, and the material from which they were constructed had a polished surface that gave to them at a little distance the appearance of having been made of crystal. This on approach proved to be due entirely to the action of light on the pure white and polished surface. These dwellings in contrast with the green covering made a picture that even spirits could look on with pleasure. There was great regularity in these glistening homes, and the moss spaces between them

that showed the heaven-born law of order. So widely different was this planet from the one previously visited that we were fully prepared to both appreciate and enjoy the perfection of nature that everywhere greeted us. The harmony of the elements was so complete that a sound akin to a lullaby seemed born in the air, and ceased not. This seemed to us restful and must have seemed the same to the inhabitants, for on no face was there a look of weariness or perplexity; but a look of harmony as though it were at peace with nature and itself. In the center of this little city we found the only extensive structure among them; this was several stories in height and of the same white and polished appearance. This we entered first, as we saw many doors open that led into the interior and saw also many passing in and out. We found on examination that there were as many outer doorways and passages to the interior of this temple-like edifice as there were families represented by the homes that had so attracted us. This seemed to us most peculiar, and we found it impossible to divine the meaning of the same, and for the first time approached a spirit, whose benign face beamed with love and wisdom. He greeted us with welcome words and a meaning clasp of the hand. We then told him of our wanderings in search of the wonders of the universe, also told him from whence we came and what planet claimed us as its children. With this introduction, to which he listened with a look of pleasure, we opened the way for the many questions we felt crowding to the surface, and which he seemed glad to answer. Each city he told us had as many families and houses as was agreeable to all, and each family was represented by and in the temple. In this way each family took upon itself the responsibilities and labor of completing one equal division of the temple. To this division there was an outer door and passage, used and cared for only by the members of the family. This we had already noticed in the temple we were trying to understand, but knew not the meaning thereof.

The spirit we addressed offered to conduct us through the temple, saying with a smile that we would cause no

trouble, as we would not be noticed. He led the way and we were more than pleased to follow, for we felt that we had found something so new and wonderful that we longed to fully solve it. The doors we observed were not closed and the passages not long, resembling quite extensive alcoves, the walls and arched ceiling of which were one complete picture of great beauty. We entered one of the special divisions and found there the family or owners of that division. They were busy with their peculiar branch of industry, which we found to be that of making a fabric akin to what you call lace, only there was a background to it, by which I mean it was made over, and in some way attached to, a body of heavier material that had the shining appearance of silk. This was of pure white, and we were told by the spirit that acted as guide that this material formed the drapings to the inner walls of all the dwellings, there being no distinction made; in fact the thought of such a condition had been born in no heart, which told much for the dwellers of the land. Adjoining this division and connected with it was another family group who labored in the same channel, and these two divisions we were told supplied the families of the entire city with the draperies for their walls, which you can imagine gave to them a look of spiritual beauty. When we questioned of the guide as to remuneration for the labor performed, he at first looked puzzled, then, comprehending our meaning, smiled and assured us such conditions existed not in their midst. They were, he said, one common family, working for a common or general good, and all were interested; all labored, and all shared equally in whatever was produced, and he informed us that they made great improvements in many ways. The fabric made in the division spoken of was made on or by what I must, for the want of a more comprehensive word, call a loom; not that the word is an approach to a full explanation, but must answer. This mechanical invention was constructed entirely from what had the appearance of bright, polished steel, while all parts of it were light and easily moved. Nothing akin to wood entered into the construction of this, and almost noiseless was the working of

it. Passing from this twin division, we entered the outer passage of another, and took in the picture that lay before us with a feeling that a system as nearly allied to perfection as matter would allow of had been born, and we sincerely prayed that radiations from this planet might be felt elsewhere. One would naturally conjecture that where such perfection exists the inhabitants would be so harmonious that they would feel no desire for heaven; but we found their ideas, both of Deity and heaven, were correspondingly in advance, and they were looking forward to realizations that would be unthought of on many planets. All hearts naturally turn towards their father-land, towards the unseen home that awaits them. In the division to which we had gone for still more knowledge we found the fruits of the family labor to be the production of another fabric, that entered into the clothing of the dwellers of the land. This was of a bright scarlet, and contrasted most beautifully with the prevailing colors, which were white and green. You can imagine, Eon, the picture-like appearance of a group, dressed in scarlet, seated on the moss-covered ground; also the pretty contrast there would be between these bright robes and the white drapery of the walls of the cheery homes. This harmony of colors was wonderful, and had an unthought-of effect on the inhabitants. The material that entered into this fabric was unknown to us, as we had seen nothing akin to it in any of the lands we had at any time visited. We were told it was a production of the land, and as such was abundant. The fabric when completed was exceedingly soft, and fell in graceful folds. We found that in the manufacture of this two divisions bore the entire responsibility, and all the inhabitants were clothed thereby. All these productions when completed were placed in a portion of the temple set apart for that purpose, and used by the families as needed; consequently there were no selfish graspings, for all could have what they needed and at the same time feel that it was theirs, in return for their unstinted exertions.

This temple, which you might with propriety call Industrial Temple, continued to reveal to us its wonders, which

were as continuously explained by the intelligent and benevolent guide, who left us not, and seemed to be the recipient of as much pleasure in imparting to us desired information as we were in receiving it. In this manner did we visit each room, a description of which would require too much time and space; but we found that this immense and magnificent structure, which was the general resort, during certain hours of the day, was visited by the entire business of the city. One department we noticed was devoted to the making of furniture, that supplied each home. There is an inexplorable pleasure in taking note of the customs of different planetary beings. No two planets are alike, though in many there is in some points a striking similarity; but in the one in question we grew to be wonderfully interested, as there seemed a great amount of intelligence manifested in the inhabitants. They had outgrown the superfluous and unnecessary, which had left them a desirable simplicity in all things, and an approach to planetary perfection in their system that is far more rare than one would imagine. While we were yet visiting the lower story or divisions of this temple, in which we had become so deeply interested that we took no thought of what might exist in the division above, we questioned the guide concerning the food of the inhabitants, about which we had been greatly puzzled on account of seeing no place where the soil was broken to take in seed for coming harvests. The entire surface as far as we had journeyed was one bed of moss, and we naturally concluded there must be some place set apart for the purpose mentioned, and were surprised when answered in the negative. This guide informed us that nowhere on the planet was the surface broken except in the districts where mining was carried on to furnish the inhabitants with the supplies needed. He told us their food all grew and ripened on trees, and was of all varieties needed for the sustenance of all the dwellers of the land. These trees required a certain amount of attention at special times, and a failure was never known in the harvest thus gathered. The trees were removed and others were placed in their stead after serving a certain length of time.

After completing the round in the lower division, the guide asked us if we would like to take observation in the divisions above, to which we gladly assented, feeling that another world of wonder lay before us, towards which we turned with gladness of heart. In the center of the temple was a grand alcove with high arched ceiling and lighted from all ways. In this was a spiral stairway, that had the appearance as of being of steel. This entire alcove, or the walls and ceilings thereof, was one grand picture that our guide informed us was executed by three sisters, who had gone on to the spirit realm of that planet, and whose home there was one of the most beautiful in the sphere wherein they dwelt. Reaching the landing, after passing up the entire length of the stairs as we chose to do, that we might get the same view that those clad in materiality had, we waited we knew not for what, as our guide spoke not for a moment, nor made attempt to proceed. As we thus waited, we were suddenly conscious of an electric thrill that told us more than the guide could have explained, and for which he was waiting. Then as we passed on we comprehended that the division to which we had ascended was the one set apart for the sciences, and we were informed that all who desired had full access to this department, and but few, the guide assured us, ever passed through all the years of life without feeling a demand to become master of the truths there taught and explained by actual demonstrations. By the time we had finished this round, our confidence in and respect for the inhabitants of this planet was greatly deepened, for nowhere had we seen a more complete system of labor and instruction combined, with the results thereof equally distributed among all. There were no drones in this wondrous hive; it was seemingly an impossibility for one to live in the atmosphere of that planet and be the recipient of its unseen forces in nerve, muscle, blood, and brain, and yet be inactive.

Above us there was still another division without seeing which we would in no way depart; accordingly we ascended another stairway of the same form and material. This was much longer than the first, and left us in one large room,

instead of a division. This room was devoted entirely to astronomical researches, and wonderful indeed were the appointments thereof. Standing there surrounded by such visible power to read the heavens as though they were an open book, our hearts turned involuntarily towards the planet of our first incarnation, and we longed in the great earnestness of our souls to see some channel opened whereby such wondrous power could be there ingrafted. It is true since then great improvements have been made in the land of your present incarnation, but as yet there is but little approach to the mental position there attained to. Do you ask why spirits do not come here and through medial channels seek to implant a knowledge that there exists? Ah, where are the brains of corresponding power, and if they could be found, who would listen to and believe the utterances therefrom? Not one; and they who gave truth to the ideas would be denominated fanatics, fit inmates for asylums. Ignorance has ever stood in the door-way of progression, hurling its missiles at the approaching banner of heaven's truth, and advanced thought. The car of progression has thus far ploughed through the desert of thorns, and it tarries not, though it may move slowly.

Leaving at last the temple for the homes of these happy children, we found them to be the homes of beauty and exquisite arrangements. The most perfect cleanliness was everywhere visible, and this in itself was an attractive power both to mortals and advanced spirits, for it is a truth that no spirit of purity seeks for pleasure haunts wherein impurity in the surroundings exists. Spirits are at times even repelled by personal uncleanness from those to whom they would gladly bring peace and magnetic power. This is a point that it is well to remember. The homes of which I am writing were the most perfect centers of restfulness, the very air within the shimmering walls laden with the breathings of peace and peace blessings. O Eon, if such homes could fill the land wherein you dwell, the unwearied watchers, the hopeful spirit fathers and mothers of this planet, would feel that the planet they love and must guide was tided over the last deep ditch wherein the wheels of

progression's car could in any way be held; but such record will in time be made, and the children of the age, in harmony with earth's more perfected forces, are making as rapid strides as is possible. This all who have a keen inner sense are conscious of, and all know of the advancement in directions aside from a more liberal pulpit and a less rabid press. The workers of the unseen shores number at present many times more than ever before in the history of the last inflowing wave of existence, by which you understand to mean the last peopling of the planet; for many times has it been peopled, as I have before explained. All planets are the battle-ground of the spirits attracted to them, and there they must win all the laurels the land holds for them to wear as the well-earned trophies in the soul's home, in the undreamed-of forevers.

CHAPTER LIII.

IN leaving the city temple, our guide went not with us, but selected one from the spirits of the household, to be both guide and interpreter to the interior of homes and home customs. This was pleasant and satisfactory, inasmuch as we were desirous of mingling with the people quite extensively, for we felt that in many ways they were superior. Entering an enclosure that consisted of a very low hedge that seemed to be almost overloaded with blossoms of scarlet and gold color, we approached the home of one of the families of the city; but before describing it I will just say, by way of explanation, that the hedges that served simply to mark the limits of home and lands were not like the one that enclosed the city, the leaf being dark, rich green, quite thick, and the entire edge encircled by a lighter green in the form of a fluffy growth, that will be better understood if called feathery. Never had we found through any planet that we had visited that which made such a rare picture. In fact, color in the beautiful planet

had reached its fullness in depth and harmonious blendings, and that in itself was fraught with an indescribable restfulness to spirits and mortals. Those who have felt a deep peace fall over them, wave after wave, while looking at a beautiful picture on canvas, can form some idea of the gentle peace whisperings that came to us in the land of which I gladly write. Approaching the home toward which we had directed our steps, we observed what proved to be the entire family on the broad landing at the outer door. This landing (which undoubtedly is not the exact word to use) was covered at the top, but not at the sides, the cover being supported by pillars of the same material that entered into the construction of the house. These pillars were wound with vines, that clambered over the entire covering, and were of the brightest green we had yet seen, and bore blossoms in clusters that in color were of the faintest shade of rose and white. These were very fragrant, and at the same time hardy. It was very pleasant to watch this family, and we hastened not to mingle with them, for we felt that we might be observed, as there was a peculiar shine to the brain radius that always betokens clairvoyant development, and we desired to be unknown for a little time. The family had completed their labors for the day, and were greeting the early twilight with songs of peace, that told of the unmeasurable contentment that was theirs. We noticed also a change of dress; the robes of scarlet, that seemed to have caught their crowning tint from a ruddy force, were laid aside, while robes of white took their place. These were really robes, as they were long and loose, and were held at the waist by a heavy cord to which were attached tassels of a corresponding richness. There was no display of ornaments, though their robes were of the most beautiful fabric. Their hair hung loose about their shoulders, and among all the inhabitants we saw, it was dark and wavy, though not worn in curls. As the twilight deepened, the family as with one accord entered the pleasant family room, into which we followed, feeling in the air a welcome as though expected. This room was large, the center of the ceiling being much the highest, and, in con-

nection with the walls, was draped with the beautiful fabric spoken of as manufactured in the wondrous temple. The windows extended from near the ceiling to the floor, and were also draped with the same material. But little furniture was needed or seen in this room, as it was not a room of labor, only of the most delicious rest, which is a rest crowned with hope that finds no break and gives birth to holy thoughts and purposes. Two couches and ottomans, with one table, small and of rare workmanship, comprised the contents of the room. We could not fail to note the central power that told itself in their home and in the arrangement, as well as in the construction of the city. Around and from this one large room opened others, that we were told were the separate rooms of the separate members, there being but one other, not so large as the first one we entered, that was used by the entire family. Strange, indeed this seemed, even to us who were dwellers of the unseen, for never before had we visited earth homes that in all their appointments signified rest, but nowhere in all the rooms were there signs of labor, such as is known to earth homes. This was all done at the temple, it being furnished and arranged for that purpose; consequently the dust of labor with the confusion of home that arises daily from the supplies that must follow natural demands, were not there to mar the restfulness and sacredness of the surroundings.

The family consisted of but five, one son and two daughters, grown to manhood and womanhood, besides the father and mother, who looked not much older than did their children, only there was a look of maturity, that is born of wisdom, and is sometimes noticeable even here in your own land. Noticing a couch unoccupied we treated ourselves most hospitably, and rested thereon to take farther note of the strange home customs of this people. The couches I will not omit to say were of the same rich scarlet as the robes that were worn, except after the day's labors were completed. These contrasted beautifully with the white drapery of the walls. We had been but a little time occupants of the pleasant room before our presence was observed, and the father proposed that they retire to the room

which until then we had not entered. So they all consented by rising, and feeling that the remark was made as much for us as for the more seen members of the family, we, too, followed, and soon the white silken curtain that made beautiful the arch, and that formed the only doors in the entire abode, fell and we were in a room where no color was visible. All was beautiful, white, and pure, and emblematical of the use to which the room was sacred. The appointments of this room were not far different from the one we had left, there being the same restful couches and draperies. Here the entire family seated themselves, and all but the mother sang in slow tones a tender melody, that could but waken in the hearts of both spirits and mortals thoughts the most holy. As the singing continued, we felt the power of the magnet the room contained; the mother's brain, around which we had observed an unusual light, being the attractive power. Involuntarily we approached her, and when within her pure atmosphere I seated myself on the couch of silken covering, for there was a pleasure in being thus near her. Other spirits whose presence was agreeable to us gathered about us, and the singing continued. Seeing the position gained and what must yet be attained, I remained by her side, while Wisdom and Pearl, who were superior to matter, or its more material laws, assisted, and I surprised them and you, too, Eon, by reclothing myself in materiality dense enough to be distinctly seen and handled by the family present. This is the first time I attended a materializing *séance*, and the first time I availed myself of the conditions that there prevailed. I felt strangely, as I felt myself merging from material unseen, to material plainly visible. I seemed to myself becoming larger, heavy and almost rigid, though the last condition wore away with a few passes from my own hand, and my will-power brought to bear directly on the body I had drawn from the elements. It was some little time before I could be independent of the attraction of her brain sufficiently to be able to utter my own thoughts and control the organs of speech which seemed illy fitted to my needs. This condition is apt to come to all

spirits at their first materialization, and the majority are not at first able to overcome it to the extent that they can feel or appear natural, and the result is sometimes not recognized, and they are seldom able to give great tests of their identity. They need warm welcomes to sustain or assist them to overcome the bondage which they realize they are in, and which is more apparent to them than aught else. When I had sufficiently overcome the power of the brain to which I had been drawn, I spoke to the family by whom we were surrounded and found they were in the habit of receiving such visitations, and were in no way surprised to see the form that had been evolved from the elements, but expressed great pleasure when they found I had come from another planet. I cannot say that I was proud to give a description of my native planet or its inhabitants, neither did I shrink from so doing, for there had been a time when, according to their records of the past, they had been no farther advanced than were the children of our earth-land, and knew no greater improvements. Pleasant, indeed, was the interchange of thought with these people, and so engaged did I become that I nearly forgot the form I was using, but was suddenly recalled by the feeling that I was falling.

We were kindly requested by the family and the spirits of the household to remain with them for a time. To this request we consented, and at each evening family gathering we, too, seated ourselves on one of the restful couches to await the centering of forces that would form an avenue through which we could make ourselves definitely known. We were informed by the family with whom we were tarrying that a wonderful history was to be given on their planet consisting of statements made by spirits from other worlds, or planets, and many planetary spirits had visited them and had left their records. The father of the household informed us that until we made our appearance no spirits from the planet we represented had found their way thither; consequently they were anxious to entertain us and be the recipients of the tidings we could give. It was therefore arranged that at evening sittings I should take on condi-

tions through which I could converse in an audible voice, and thus give them the most important points in the history of our world. This I did, and at the same time made some personal references that were pleasantly received. After I had completed my historical points, Pearl was requested to become relator to the family, which she did, and besides surprising herself she awakened great interest in the hearts of the listeners, for she not only spoke of her Saturn home, from which planet spirits had visited them, but she related to them the finding of the planet Harmona and all that followed. The deepest interest was manifested, in which the spirits of the household were not lacking, and many were the questions asked and answered to the satisfaction of all. The statements received were considered by the listeners most wonderful, and arrangements were made, through the consent of our little company, to invite into the sacred room at an appointed time, a few members of other households, with their especial guiding spirits, at which gathering we consented to take on forms separately until each member of our little group had stood face to face with them.

The time came, and we waited for conditions. There were no preparations, save sitting quietly and singing their sweet soul melodies. From the center of the room, suspended by a shining chain, was what, for the sake of giving only a poor idea, I will call a small lamp, the light from which filled the room with a silvery moonlight glimmer, that one often notices when the moon is at the full. There were no curtains or other foreign appointments; the spirit that sought to take on conditions of materiality merely seated himself or herself by the side of the mother, who was the household magnet, and in view of all changed their robes unseen for the seen robes that were apparent to both eyes and hands of all present. It is not now on this planet possible for materializations to take place as readily or as perfectly as on the planet where I first sustained such conditions. Neither is it possible for spirits to retain seen materiality for so long a time; but through the development of the elements this will in time take place in your present

land, when skeptics will be obliged to accept the truth or acknowledge themselves idiots, which would be far from satisfactory to those who entertain for themselves a highly respectable opinion, based on something wonderfully akin to self-conceit. Truth must and will triumph, though it seems to tarry long by the way. During the evening in question, the assembled members were greeted by one after another of our band until all had stood face to face with them, and had laid their spirit hands in theirs, in token of friendship and good-will. Wisdom was the last to step from the unseen to the seen, and his triune crown created quite a sensation of astonishment, in which we rejoiced, as was but natural. Most perfectly did he draw unto himself the seen robes, and godlike did he look. His great power over matter made him king over the elements, and in their presence he drew from the unseen blossom after blossom, leaf after leaf, all of which he united in a wreath of wondrous beauty, and placed it with an air of becoming reverence on the head of the much-loved mother. This was something that was never before witnessed there, and was an incentive to still greater wonderment. Then to make complete his triumph, and with his also ours, he stood directly before each member present, and drew from the elements a most perfect flower, which he fastened in their hair. All were mute with unexpressed and inexpressible wonder, and when they found power to speak, they besought us to remain with them for a time, that they might again witness the power of spirit over matter, to which request we gave consent.

Evening after evening we met with these progressive children of an advanced planet, until there sprang up between us the most sacred and lasting friendship, that proves even now, and ever will, a source of sustaining peace and power. In these meetings we gave them the wealth of wisdom that had come to us through successive incarnations and journeys to other planets, and in return we gleaned from their harvest fields of ripened grain the wealth we much desired, until the good we received was of as much account to us as was an actual incarnation under the most favorable circumstances. Our stay with them was much

lengthened on account of the mutual benefit we saw would result therefrom. We became abiding inmates of no other home during our stay, for there we had deposited our unseen forces, and there for a time was home. In fact they came to seem unto us like brothers and sisters. It can be easily seen how superior manifestations could occur in the home of which I write. Even in your earth-land, with its yet positive lack of development in the seen and unseen, there would be far better and more satisfactory results if the homes wherein spirits are requested to appear and manifest the power to which they have attained were simply the restful abodes of harmonious families; but instead of this there is performed all the wearisome labor of each day until the very air is filled with weary sighs and echoes of disappointments, and plans for one day after another are cast into the home atmosphere, making an actual army for the messengers from the better land to overcome and put to flight, before they can rear their fortresses preparatory to an expression of their power, which must necessarily suffer in the exact proportion that they are obliged to use their strength or ammunition in clearing the household field of the shadows that are their enemies because they create uncertain responses that bring unsatisfactory results. There is the greatest need of surroundings through the harmony of which spirits can properly relate themselves to the magnet through whose heaven-born power they must make themselves visible to the eager-hearted searchers for truth, and I know of no way in which this result can be reached so satisfactorily as was done on the planet where I first felt myself merging from the unseen to the seen, in harmony with the laws that met no array of hostile inharmonies. I am also fully aware that such conditions cannot at present exist, and that the truth must suffer the result of the delay, through the power of which the fullness thereof is not manifest. The land of your incarnation is too full of unnecessary labor for selfish ends, too full of speculation for gold and honor that is the result thereof, too full of principles that are averse to the great good and happiness of all, to allow of conditions such as existed on the beautiful planet of

which I write; though I rejoice to say that the shadows cast on the dial of time show to eyes well versed in the language thereof, that there will come a time when the selfishness that is now the commander on nearly all of life's battle-fields will be slain, and in his stead there will guide and guard the interests of home and country the angels of love, mercy, and justice; and when that time shall come, as come it must, though it lies far, far away, selfish and special good will develop to a general good, wherein all will realize an equal share. Spirits from advanced planets have taken on form on the planet where you now find a home, and they have brought with them the ideas and principles to which they had grown, and have sought to engraft the same in the systems that here exist, and that are too lifeless to nourish properly the scions they have brought. The result is but half a harvest, where a full harvest was hoped for by those who were instrumental in the attempt for good. I refer more especially to colonies and communities where labor was equal and the results thereof were also equal, and where mental and spiritual culture was looked upon as the highest attainable point. Though the result that was hoped and looked for was not realized, the fullness of the truth that was brought earthward is yet within the possibilities of the future, and because once brought into the atmosphere of earth it must there remain until it has fully served its mission. Consequently there is great hope, though many shadows and uncertainties lie between the present and the age of fulfillment. Rapid strides are the order of the day, and they who attempt to hold back the car are the ones who will be crushed.

During our tarrying on the planet of advanced thought we sought to fully understand all their leading principles; consequently, as we had done when visiting other planets, we looked for their temple of worship and the day set apart for special communings with the Infinite. This we found not, and learned that such conditions had existed in the early history of the planet, but at a later day had been outgrown, and myths had been supplanted by truths that were unchangeable, and were food for the inner self. The only

worship known on the planet at the time of our first appearance there was the peaceful communings at the hour of twilight, which was continued as long as the hearts that communed desired, and we were informed that every home to be found has the sacred room, with its drapings and appointments of pure white, which in size was according to the taste or necessities of the family, and in fact the entire homes were built according to the demands of the ones who were to occupy them. We found in the midst of these harmonious people nothing like the beverage that in your land sends the children, who should be children of love, into the streets destitute, to beg of hearts that the circumstances of life and their own inborn selfishness make hard and unresponsive to the pleadings of aught save the self that rules; neither did we find in any point excess, nor anything that could lead thereto. There were no law officers, nor necessity for them, which closed one avenue for the waste of goods and gold that formed the general treasury, and from thence passed to the children of the land. Among other points of information gained was one that I will not fail to mention, and that I am well aware will not meet the sweetest smile of some, nor the approving nod of others; but I seek neither, and the truth is never bettered in any way by them. The point referred to is marriage, that in the land of which I am writing did not occur as it occurs here, there being no feast brightened with silver and gold from purses that can illy afford the same; but the pair who felt assured in their own hearts of future years of harmony in each other's society immediately began preparations for home, and when this was completed and furnished from the great abundance that existed for all, they presented themselves at the temple, and in view of all who desired to be present in the private business room thereof, they wrote their names side by side in the book of families kept for that purpose, and this was both ceremony and service; after which their interests were no longer divided. This was the quiet and matter-of-fact manner in which marriage was celebrated, and no one was expected to bear heavy burthens or in any way suffer in consequence of the happiness of others.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE good received and bestowed on the beautiful planet is recorded, both there and in our own souls' possessions, and is one of the pleasantest points to be remembered that make varied the record of two soul mates, who, looking back over mountain and valley, gather therefrom what seems good and of importance to those who are seeking for knowledge of the eternities,—the eternity of the past and the future. In our love for those progressive people we tarried long in their midst, it seeming difficult for us to break the sweet bondage of harmonious oneness that united us to them and their interests; but to all material surroundings and conditions there must be a conclusion, and there came a time when we felt that the good we could there accomplish had been fully done, and we announced to the household of love the fact, with the tidings of our intended departure, which fell upon them as falls a great shadow, eclipsing for a time the sunlight. Then we arranged for them a pleasant surprise, the result of which was to retint the shadows with the morning sunlight. We arranged for a last meeting with them and requested that none save the immediate household should be present. We then requested a screen of lace to be hung midway in the sacred room, thus dividing it. This we did because we desired to do something there that had never been done nor even thought of by the household, and we knew their curiosity would destroy the passive conditions necessary, and result in making undulations in the air that would completely overthrow our chemicals. When all was ready and the great sea of harmony was breaking in rhythmical waves at the inner sanctuary, we, one at time, seated ourselves by the sweet-spirited mother, whose inner self was the center around which we revolved when desirous of accomplishing any object that found expression in materiality. After taking on visible form and conversing for a little time, we passed back of the curtain, and there sat for a spirit artist, who had been brought thither for that purpose, and who, in a very short

time, completed an exact resemblance of face and bust of each member of our band. These were done on heavy white material, in appearance somewhat like paper, but soft and easily bent, without in the least disfiguring it. We obtained the same at the temple, and carried it into the sacred room, by our own concentrated will power, which spirits who have long been dwellers of the spirit land, and have made use of their time there, fully understand. We brought them not out to the dear friends we were about to leave, but requested them after our departure to go behind the screen and see what we had left them as tokens of our sincerest love. We each retained materiality as long as possible, in the sweet interchange of thoughts uttered and unuttered that preceded our unspoken good-bye, and when at last the sacred hours had passed, and we had all slipped back into the unseen, the group, with looks of half hope and half fear expressed on each face, looped back the screen, and peered within to see a fulfillment of our words, that we made no attempt to explain. We gathered around them to see the result that would be told through the windows of the soul, and were more than compensated for making an attempt to accomplish something that had never been done there before. There were expressions of wonder and tears of joy, that told of the gladness of loving hearts. The pictures were placed in the sacred room, and many from their home city and from other cities came to feast their eyes on the wonderful power of spirits therein expressed. It added not to our joy to leave those people, and as we again unfastened our silvery shells, to float over other tides, we whispered to the landward breeze our tenderest blessings to the moss-clad planet and its happy children, unto whom our hearts turned as unto brothers and sisters.

It may be a question to many, why we thus wandered instead of occupying our own home of beauty and peace in the spirit realms of our own planet. I will answer that we were among the actual workers, the gleaners from many fields, and in following out the inclination that bubbled up in our inner beings like a well of living water we but did the work there was for us to do, and most gladly did we

bear to the lands that were in need thereof, the sheaves of fadeless truths we became the possessors of. Little can a world of beings whose perceptions are dulled by earth-land shadows know of the plans and labors of the unseen workers, who are ever either hastening to some new field of labor, or returning with their well-earned trophies. Those who were messengers from the time they could take on such conditions in response to their inborn mission were never idlers, and never will be. They are the helpers of the Infinite, and through their incessant efforts, put forth in keeping with their development, have they borne to the lands they love the blessings that crown them. Outward bound we drifted away, Wisdom and Pearl returning to Saturn in quest of the incarnations we had there watched, and in whom they felt great interest, and to whom we felt that we, too, owed some thought. Once more were we alone, tidal travelers on an unknown tide, over the surface of which wafted a breeze that seemed born in dells of harmony, and laden with the breath of the blooms therefrom. Every breath seemed a baptism of love, so deep, so sacred, there was within our inner beings no power of expression that could tell the depths and breadths thereof. We felt a nearness to the heart of the Infinite that we had never before sensed, and felt ourselves approaching some sacred realm, into which we had never peered.

Drifting on and on we were at last conscious of music, such as we had heard before, though we could not recall where, when suddenly there appeared at our right a sea of yellow light made strangely beautiful by waves of brightest blue. From thence came the harmonious blending of sounds that came to our souls as music, and thither our shell floated, drawn by the attractive power of the harmony there existing. Soon we glided over the sea of light, and found therein homes sacred to the love and peace of dual souls. The isles were not hidden from our view, as the isles of the seas previously visited, in connection with and dependent on our own planet. This was due to the color of the sea. Not wishing to leave the "Silver Shell," we floated wherever the echo-bearing waves would carry us, and felt

through all our inner beings that we were more than blest, and received the blessing as full compensation for the labors of love on stranger planets. We neared the isles but touched them not, floating by, not wishing to presume on the dwellers of such peaceful retreats. Passing one, after nearing so closely that we could get a full view of the home there erected, we noticed many little children. They stood for a little time on the shore watching us, then with one accord entered a tiny boat that swayed with the tide and followed us; which, when we noticed, we wondered at exceedingly, and allowed them to overtake us, and when their little boat floated alongside of ours, they tossed over us a perfect shower of the most lovely flowers, sweet-scented and sparkling with the light of that happy land. So many there were that some fell on the shining tide, and were borne away, which, these beautiful beings seeing, gave to them another idea, and they sailed away, chasing the flowers that were no fairer than they. From this Eden of happy hearts we drifted away, feeling that it was not for us there to tarry; there were other fields in need of our labors of love, and of our magnetic power; therefore we touched again the magnetic tides and tarried not until we had reached the shores of Saturn, well known and much loved.

Wonderful results were recorded in the homes where the fair-faced and gentle-hearted beings had clothed themselves in materiality, and sweet songs, but little dreamed of previously, told to us the story of cause and result. The children of Saturn were not naturally given to song or music; they were far too mechanical to take on such conditions, and knew not what to make of the children of their households, that they looked on as their own and not as adoptions, as they in fact were. Time passed on, and among the number incarnated were some who, though women, showed great mechanical skill, which, united with the love of music they had brought with them from their vine homes, resulted in the construction of musical instruments of rare power and sweetness. This was one of Saturn's wonders, and even the prosiest, most staid, were obliged to acknowledge

the birth of deeper harmony in their midst. Thus were the inhabitants of Saturn blessed, besides making an avenue through which male spirits of the disjointed planet could incarnate, when both male and female spirits, after their Saturn experience, would return to their own planet and again take on form, the result of which would be the birth of mechanism in their midst. We afterwards learned that at the time of the Saturn incarnations, another group sought another planet where architecture was the crowning glory, and still another group found homes on Jupiter, where mathematics held the central niche as the most perfect gem in their arch of progression. Eon, I may weary you with notes copied from the records of the long ago, but I have much desired to waken some idea regarding the children of the Father—our brothers and sisters, whose homes are in the swinging worlds, unreachable except when free from the material robes that are necessary to the children who wander in the earth-land valleys. And I know, too, how opposed to an acceptance of the facts we have been conscious of, and which I have endeavored to relate with exactness, are the deluded teachers of your earth-land. They are undoubtedly honest, yet bigotry, arrayed in the gaudy robes of self-esteem, stands sentinel at the threshold, and advanced ideas are bidden be off, as trespassers are not allowed on the premises. In this way the truth is held at bay, and the teachers of the land go on with their erroneous ideas, that must be accepted for truth, until some other spirit has incarnated, from a higher sphere, with fuller comprehension, and more complete powers of calculation, and reploughs the soil with truth, which is always unpretentious. This will be done before many years are counted, and the teachings of the present will be looked upon only as the landmarks of ignorance. Then will there be a grand triumph for the wisdom spirits of this planet, who are looking forward to the date when on the dial of time is marked the beginning of a cycle fraught with wisdom, humanity, and love, that always includes justice. I will say here that the planet whose inhabitants had developed in one direction, on account of early planetary disturbance, was, in the

fullness of time, relieved from the condition into which it was thrown, and through the help of the children, who by foreign incarnation had developed greater powers, was released from the entire bondage in which it was held, and has since made rapid strides, insomuch that homes like unto those seen in other lands are to be seen there; while mechanism and mathematics are acknowledged powers, though they have not reached their highest points in the progressive arch wherein is made the planetary record. It will be seen that great interest is ever manifested by the wisdom spirits of developed planets in behalf of the sister planets less fortunate than theirs, and their love and sympathy are ever extended to such and made manifest by their making avenues for incarnations on the planets they watch and guide; thus in times much bestowing are then the blessings of their treasured wisdom. This is a part of the love labor of the fathers and mothers of worlds that all may be at last brought into a harmonious oneness, the full significance of which would call for more time than I have at my command to explain, and a better, clearer comprehension in the hearts to which I appeal.

We tarried not long at Saturn, our work there for a time being completed. Wisdom and Pearl had become so accustomed to life in many lands, that they as yet sought not their old places in the Temple of Wisdom to watch and guide the planet of their first incarnation, although it will be remembered they were fully re-instated, and were ever welcomed with deepest love and gladness. Because of their love of wandering, they chose to unite with us in search of yet unsought wonders, the finding of which brings to all hearts the gladness there is ever born of knowledge. Again we floated with the tide, or glided over it, with a rapidity evolved from the power of will, that is ever at the command of spirits who have dwelt much in the higher realms of spirit land and have many times incarnated. Our journey I will not lose time in describing, as I have heretofore endeavored to give a correct idea of the magnetic tides and the way in which they are navigated. While yet we were drifting with the current, we saw, at a great distance from us, a luminous body,

unlike anything we had as yet approached, and there with one accord we hastened. As we neared it, we missed the luminous appearance that at first attracted us, and in its stead we noticed what had the appearance of earth-land snow, but which proved to be but the cloud-land surrounding the planet. We watched this for some time before entering it, which we at last did fearlessly, and had we not been self-centered we might not have reached the planet, but on the contrary might have found our boats cast outside the wondrous cloud-land. This internal confusion was due to the positiveness of the currents. The cloud-land spoken of was of great depth, but we knew there was a farther side to it, and it was that we were in search of; and it was that we found at last and within it a planet, to the material plane of which we hastened, for we felt that within so luminous a circle there must be something worth seeking to find, and in this we were not mistaken.

When we first touched the planet's surface, we found but a growth of low, brushy green, with a spare covering of leaves. No beings were visible, and we continued our researches with the enthusiasm that is ever evinced by explorers of a new country. Here and there rocks high and bare reared their light gray summits with no crowning green of herb or weed to break the strange monotony. The earth was not covered except in places; the soil was not hard, but full of glittering particles of many colors. Pieces were now and then to be seen, but of such limited size as to hardly warrant calling them by so meaning a name. Birds black as night, with rings either of white or the brightest scarlet about their necks, made inharmonious sounds on the air, that seemed empty of all else. Our inner senses told us that somewhere on this bleak isle of the Infinite, in the measureless sea of space, beings akin to the inhabitants of other planets existed. We noticed as we continued our journey an improvement in the looks of the surface; now and then a clear looking brook gushed from the base of a rock and went on making its own bed and singing as glad songs as the brooks of other lands.

We suddenly approached a part of the country where as

far as the eye could reach was to be seen nothing but the green of a low forest, and above it a sky of summer blue. Strange, indeed, did this look after the long stretch of rock and many-colored sand, with now and then a glimpse of green. We passed above the little world of waving trees which we saw formed a complete belt, and as you measure distance was many miles in width and reached with its farther boundary the very tops of a high mountain or chain of mountains, where it suddenly ceased. Again we touched the surface, and were much pleased with the view that greeted us. Before us was spread a long descent, unmarked by tree or shrub, but sobered by a growth of dark, rich green, much akin to the green of your earth-land; only it grew not tall, but low and thick, and bore blossoms small but white and round like a tiny snow-ball. The contrast was so marked that we continued our journey with a genuine zest, best known to those who have thus wandered. The valley had a grove-like appearance, and approaching it we were greatly surprised to find it inhabited. Our surprise was due to the fact that we from a distance saw no dwellings and accordingly concluded the dwellers of the land, if any there were, must be beyond the valley. Never before had so strange a people been found by us. They were the most minute beings, fit in size for the heroes and heroines of fairy tales, but beautiful beyond description; and, small as they were, they had powers of which we little dreamed, as they were wonderful sculptors, besides excelling in architecture and in design. Their homes were constructed entirely from the most exquisite shells, found on the beach of a large body of water; not like the bungling shells found in your land, but so different one would scarcely think of calling them by the same name. Yet such they were, and of so many tints that in the sunlight each home looked like the castle of a fairy queen. These homes were of a height to correspond with the size of the inhabitants and were erected beneath the protecting branches of the trees of the valley. These little beings sought and found the food required in nature's productive department, and knew not of the existence of fire. In their natures they

were warlike, and battles in their midst were not unfrequent occurrences. Their weapons were formed from shells, and did good service without seriously injuring their opponents. Their language, like all else, was peculiar, and was largely mixed with gestures, that seemed far more comprehensive than did their words, that sounded much like measured syllables. So far away in all things did these children of the Infinite seem, so unlike the inhabitants of other worlds, that we almost wondered if they would know another life—a spiritual existence, though of this we were assured by a wisdom spirit who approached us, and of whom we asked the question. This spirit informed us that in the far-off future the strange planet with its still stranger children would occupy a leading position among the sister worlds, and would add an unfading glory to the magnetic belt from which it drew its unfolding power. This sounded strange to us, but we knew time worked wonders with all lands and all people. We found it difficult to look upon these minute specimens of men and women as actual eternal existences, yet sought to know all we could of their peculiarities, which with us took the place of customs which we were unable to see that they possessed. They were the most passionate lovers of flowers, that in the valley grew in great abundance, and chiefly in connection with the trees, and in nearly all cases assumed a viny appearance, clambering over the bodies of the home trees and twining around the branches sent down long sprays of dark red blossoms that swayed over the shell homes, making them still more lovely. The muscular power of these little beings was wonderful when compared with their size. They lifted with the greatest ease blocks of white stone that were nearly half as large as they. This stone was easily carved and with implements made from shells they wrought wonders in the beautiful, making even the foundations of their homes therefrom, which seemed very appropriate in connection with the shells that formed the tinted shelter. They had not reached the point in their progression where clothing had been thought of, as the climate called for no

protection therefrom; consequently their little forms were ever sun-bathed and breeze-fanned, yet became not discolored by contact with the elements, they being of the purest white and of perfect symmetry, which spoke well for the planet that gave them forms, showing beyond doubt the actual existence of powers therein from which would result great perfection in the yet unreached future. I said no clothing was used or thought of, but the principle of grace inherent in drapery showed itself in the exquisite looping of long, bloom-laden vines that were frequently sought for that purpose when not engaged in any employment. These queer children had heads that in shape and bearing would have done credit to any of the gods. Their hair was invariably short, of the lightest amber, and glossy, being ever inclined to lie in half curls over the entire head. But once during the day did they partake of food, which consisted mainly of the shell-fish washed each day on the beach. Their nights were short, consequently they slept much during the portion of day that preceded the twilight, though they slept not profoundly, waking at every unusual rustling of the leaves. We learned that these small children of this one summer-time valley were at that time the only inhabitants known on all the planets, and as such they were but the first lines of the title-page. It is well that there are years, ages, and cycles in abundance in which can be recorded the fulfillments of worlds and the children thereof. I am fully conscious, Eon, just how strange this portion of the record of other days will seem; but when one looks at the swinging worlds in the measureless sea of space, may they not reasonably expect many conditions that are not represented in their own earth-land, and may they not too expect beings different from themselves?

To my work again,
'Mong the haunts of man,
Do I come with a ready hand,
To loop back the clouds,
That in mistlike shrouds,
Are hiding another land.

I have but little more to say of these little people or their peculiar customs. They were touched with no special reverence for Deity, and thought not of departure from the material life in a serious manner; consequently, the loss of home companions was not to them an irreparable loss, and their services at such times were in keeping with their extreme peculiarities. The body from which the spirit had flown was placed in a little boatlike cot, lined with long, beautiful leaves, that fell over the edge of the same, completely hiding it from view. In this cot they were set afloat on the great water that they deemed had no farther shore, but flowed on and on until it reached the home of the soul. Before starting the forms out on so strange a journey they were covered with the longest sprays of the most beautiful blooms that could be found, and such as they robed themselves with when they rested. Strange as this custom was, there was in it something almost touching.

We were glad we had found these strange dwellers, though we saw no way in which we could then be of assistance to them; though we knew by the leading powers they then showed, that some time in a far-away future they would reach a point of development that would mark them as leaders. I am aware that the record of these people comes under the head of strange and unaccountable, but it is well for all to remember that this earth-land is not all there is; the boundless universe is replete with the wonderful, and man shows his weakest points at the greatest disadvantage when he asserts that of other planets only such as he pleases to point out are inhabited. The assertion looks not well when applied to a universe, the borderland of which has never been explored, and of which I would not dare to attempt a complete and accurate history, because there are too many lands therein whereon my feet have never rested. The people in question have received an impetus since our first visiting them; and received it through the one great avenue that is open to all lands or worlds, and that is incarnation; and let me not astonish you when I say that many from the planet whereon we found them, have come to this planet and found here a welcome,

and not only a welcome, but material homes, and the world has talked much over the result, knowing not the cause thereof, and which I tell you now can be traced back to the planet of which I write. Even now, people from that land are occasionally stepping into homes here, and if these little people are sounded, they will all be found to be a little odd or different from the children of this land, which is the trace left and brought with them from their own land. There is an actual truth in all the ideas that, floating in the atmosphere of earth, come in contact or *en rapport* with medial brains. Thus in the ages that are past there was a belief, in the country that lies over the great waters, of a people termed fairies. This very idea was born from the actual existence of these small beings of which I have spoken. The fact of their existence was brought into the earth's atmosphere by some of these existences dwelling near the earth's surface, for the purpose of incarnating. Medial brains took in the fact, and there was an expression of the truth that existed, and with it the shadow that the truth as an actual existence created. This shadow, with the truth, has been wrought into many legends, which at one time were believed, but are now repeated for the benefit of little ones who, hearing, doubt. Thus you see, for every shadow cast, whether it be in what the world is pleased to call the realms of the impossible or possible, there is back of it the substance, over which the light of truth, breaking in regular or irregular lines, gives birth to the shadow, which is correct or incorrect in proportion to the manner in which the light falls on and over the substance. This fact holds good in the seen and unseen, and thus the future will prove it.

Without ceremonious farewells, we left the strangest planet we had yet seen, left it with no thought of the future, with no plans laid regarding other journeys. We loved the glint of the tides over which we traveled, and felt at home on the surface thereof. In fact home was wherever we journeyed, for harmony was in our heart of hearts, which creates home and peace. As we were gliding with the tide, in no haste to reach any specified point, we were surprised to see coming towards us, on the same tide, several small

boats of most exquisite form and workmanship. This looked strange to us, for it was of rare occurrence that we met any one on the tides. The little fleet came towards us with the tide, and we read in the atmosphere of heaven and love by which they were surrounded the fact that the beautiful boat that headed the fleet held dual mates, and we instinctively knew that a bridal tour through the realms of the unseen was in anticipation. Involuntarily we held our boats immovable on the tide, that we might look upon the vision of beauty. As the fleet came opposite us it suddenly rested, and we saw that the dual souls were from the planet of advanced thought, and from the very city in which, as unseen visitants, we so long dwelt. This rejoiced us much, and when after greetings they moved again with the tide, we breathed over them our blessings, for truly they were noble souls. On and on again we sped, glad in the freedom of unfettered souls, whose privilege it was to search the fields of the unseen to which the Infinite places no bars.

CHAPTER LV.

OUR work being done on this planet, we with Wisdom and Pearl again embarked on the shining tides. Side by side floated the "Silver Shell" and the "Beacon Bird." We sought no land, but as idlers on the summer tides of earth-land we glided with the tide, drinking in at every breath the harmony of the Infinite, and wondering over what had occurred. 'Tis both sweet to labor, and sweet to note the result of earnest efforts for the happiness of others. In this the heart is fully compensated, and strengthened to seek new fields of labor; the cup of selfish happiness from which self alone is to partake, holds the most bitter dregs. This is a lesson all must learn before they can be counted among the pure in heart, who fail not to see the Infinite in all things. In our drifting, our boats glided tide-borne into

a beautiful sea, the surface of which was motionless, and was dotted with what seemed in appearance and color like shells, not large, yet shaped somewhat like lily leaves. We were curious to know the occasion of the beautiful yet strange looking surface, and seeing another boat with two occupants on the same tide we sought them and asked what meant the peculiar appearance of the surface of the silent sea, and learned that in time yet to come the sea was to be the home of floating islands, that not being attached could be moved by the will powers of masterful spirits whenever they chose to be borne on the tides. This was a beautiful thought to us, as one could frequent all tides and yet be in one's own cot. Eon, the wonders of the Infinite are beyond the comprehension of both mortals and spirits, and the minds of the masses are no way prepared to accept or even to attempt an understanding of them. It is well that there are eternities in the unseen wherein the children of the Father can be disrobed of their ignorance and reclothed in the garments of wisdom, otherwise there would be no help and no hope for those struggling in the shadow-land of undeveloped thought and conclusions. In the breath of the magnetic tides we reveled, till at last we felt a yearning for the home we had left, and wherein we had been so blessed; aye, we longed for the breath of the blooms that grew near Crescent Cottage, for the restfulness that ever greeted us. Besides, our inner consciousness caught the feeling of necessity in our appearance there. Again we turned our boat homeward, and Wisdom and Pearl accompanied us, for they, too, felt the breath prophetic fanning their souls.

Pleasant indeed was the homeward journey. Every breath that swept over us seemed bearing to us a song of our happy land. We heeded not the rushing noise of the tributaries as they mingled with the main tide; we were going home, and could no more be tempted to wander. Home songs found their way from our glad hearts, and when our ears caught what seemed an echo thereof, we listened wonderingly and saw at last a boat gliding towards us. Shell-shaped it was and rocked like a shell that was at home in its own waters. As it neared us we saw, to our surprise,

Mistletoe and Hebron. They had caught the songs our lips had sung, and sent them back again. Our hearts were gladdened by the presence of these dear ones, who turned their little boat homeward, and again the two shells glided side by side. We asked no questions of home, as is the manner of those who dwell in earth-land, for we knew no one was sick, and no one was dead; neither had those we loved gone so far away we could not find them. Therefore, we simply rejoiced in each other's presence, and glided on over the home-bearing tides, glad after all the strange occurrences to find the eternity of peace that in our own cottage we knew waited us. The songs we were singing died away as we rounded the towering hill that hid from our eyes the much-loved home, toward which, in our moments of labor and exploration, our thoughts were turned. Over the Lake of the Morning the tints glimmered as in other days, and we felt the moment too sacred to commune even in thought with the dear ones who sailed in silence by our side. The tide flowed backward and with it we drifted, hastening not, as the home view was too sweet to dash aside by too sudden an approach to its shores. As we neared the landing we could hear the sweet melody of the waves, that echoed again and again in the crescent beyond. All sounds in the sixth sphere of our spirit-land make music, because all sounds there are born in harmony, and harmony is the very soul of music. Again our feet pressed the shell-strewn beach; again the silver shells rocked on their own home tide, and we sought, with hearts too full of gladness to speak, the home from which we had wandered. The trees that formed the crescent seemed waving us a welcome; the vines that clambered over the cottage were in full bloom. The doors and windows were open as we had left them when we went for a morning sail with the stranger who had tarried at our cottage. Time seemed obliterated as we crossed the threshold of the dear home, and we felt that it was only the happy yesterday when we passed out, because there was no change; all things were as we had left them. Even your half-finished picture of the Lake of the Morning, with the towering hill in the distance,

was as you left it, though many years, as you in earth life count time, had come and gone since our absence, that seemed to us not long. Wisdom and Pearl tarried with us; we had been so long together it was not yet easy to part, and the "Beacon Bird" found pleasant moorings by the side of the two shells. We noticed several long leaves attached to the wall of our pleasant sitting room, and taking them down we found them to contain words inscribed to Eon and Eoná, by the sweet spirit Zair, who had sought us in our home and, finding us not, had left tidings of herself and soul mate.

Peaceful were the hours uncounted, peaceful the time unmeasured, that changed bud to bloom and fruit. In our heart of hearts we became conscious that interiorly we had become more perfectly rounded out, more masterful in all holy purposes; yet all our lessons were not learned, and the very bloom-laden breezes that found lodgment in the home crescent whispered of another page, all new and wonderful, that was waiting us, where we knew not; yet we grew more and more assured that we were nearing the turn in the path that would bear us to new fields of labor and love. The tell-tale breeze assured us we were to go far from the land of our love, and we grew at last anxious to turn the page that would reveal to us the unseen field, nor dreaded to leave the home paths that were dear to us. At last there came from the Temple of Wisdom a call to all who had labored there. This included us, and thither we went to listen to a solution of the summons. The great halls were filled with those who had responded to the call, and there was the holy hush of a heaven-born Sabbath that always precedes expected tidings. The words fell at last from a much loved wisdom father, in whose counsels our hearts ever found strength and comfort. We were told that there were many who were termed wisdom spirits because they had great power over matter. Still there was one lesson they had yet to learn before the title could be worn with honors, and before they could be to their own planet the help it was both their duty and privilege to be. This one lesson, we were informed, was that of watching and assist-

ing by our guiding power a newborn world. In this we would develop and round out the principles of fatherhood and motherhood that really constitute in their fullness the necessary attributes of the fathers and mothers of worlds. This was to be the crowning lesson, fraught with triumphant results; and all who chose could place their names on the shining tablet, thereby announcing their desire and willingness to be counted among the number who would thus seek to a greater unfoldment.

Eon, do you think we tarried long on the threshold of indecision? No, the names Eon and Eoná soon stood side by side as willing workers. So accustomed had we ever been to change that we saw in the long lines cast over the soul's dial but the glimmerings of peace, for surely nothing else could come to us when we were to work together in the new field to which we were to be guided by Wisdom and Pearl. They, laboring in other ages to silence the pain in their own hearts, watched the unfoldment of planets, and thereby had grown masterful. Our hearts rejoiced at the fulfillment of the shadow that fell at the soul's threshold, bearing tidings of change. We listened to the voice of instruction, feeling that the words that fell were as diamonds to be placed in the soul's casket that in future ages would remain undimmed. We sought again the peace of Crescent Cottage, where, until the hour of departure, we would seek to be in communion with the great heart of the Infinite, thus consecrating anew all the powers of our inner selves to the work that lay before us; for in this one grand crowning lesson we would excel, or it would be to us worthless and our time wasted. Mistletoe and Hebron were this time to accompany us, which was pleasant indeed, for 'tis sweet to have those we love climb the same mountain paths that feel the pressure of our feet, and which, when once traversed, leave in our heart of hearts a wealth that can never be told, that casts towards the hills of the future lines foreshadowing greater possibilities that await to be recorded. I know, Eon, I am weaving in many lines that will sound strange to ears unaccustomed to such expressions, though in your heart they will awaken no surprise; for

though memory with you reaches not the landmarks of the long ago in the shadow-land wherein you dwelt, your inner self says it is all true, and for this unquestioning acceptance of what I bring from the fields wherein we have both labored my heart blesses you, as it makes easy the labor of love in which my heart is now engaged. What the world may say matters not; if there is perfect peace, born from a perfect understanding between us, all else will be easy. It is this walking hand in hand with heart beating in rhythmic measure to the heart that is nearest and dearest that gives power and opportunity to weave in the much needed fulfillment that is shadowed among the grandest possibilities. The world needs much, and as I look it over it reminds me of a planet that has been tenderly watched, and in fulfillment has long borne green leaves, that have grown broader and stronger, until at last a bud has put forth that has developed to the point where it is almost ready to burst into full bloom. This earth bud is spirituality, and I with countless hosts breathe over it my tenderest love. As yet I watch and wait for the dawn of the better day, that must come, when the promising bud will become a beautiful flower, breathing its rare perfume over all lands and in all homes.

The days of our tarrying at the dear home cottage were days of peace that are recorded among those fraught with purest aspirations. We felt deeply the grandeur of the lesson that lay before us, and shrank not from the labors it necessitated; and we strove to be in perfect harmony with our inner selves, which is to be self-centered, wherein is power. There was in this leaving the planet of our love at this time a feeling of sadness caused by the consciousness that for a time we were to be separated from all its interests in a way we had never before been, for now our love, sympathies, will power, and hopes must of necessity be centered on the newborn world, or we would be inefficient workers. Yet the dear home would be sacred to our returning feet. We were ignorant of all that lay before us, and knew not even the extent of our absence, which uncertainty with the deep feeling of responsibility that came to us wove in a measure the misty web of sadness that seemed falling

around us. The time of preparations passed and, we again sought the temple in obedience to the decisions and arrangements that had been made. The throng of willing workers assembled, and in all eyes we saw the mistlike shadow caused by uncertainty that we felt in our own hearts; only Pearl and Wisdom seemed unmoved. Their faces were radiant with hope and anticipations, and they moved in our midst as king and queen. Their conscious power was reflected in our inner beings, and gave us strength to hope and be confident. We had stood with them on the fair plains of Harmona when all was quiet save the breathings of nature, and the soft tread of the beasts of the forest, but this was to be a very different experience; we were to weave into a new world our love and sympathies, and watch it as it took on from the elements the material for growth. We were to guard it against inharmonious unfoldments, while the love we bestowed on it was to be recorded in its unfoldments, and would stand as a testimony for or against us, and in this labor we were to learn the love and watchfulness that had been bestowed on the planet that gave us our first forms; and through that love we were to comprehend the anxious watch of the angels for ages unnumbered. Eon, what wonder that the mistlike shadows fell over and around us, as these truths fell on our ears from the lips of the wisdom father, whom we loved, and well was it for us all that Wisdom and Pearl were masterful spirits.

CHAPTER LVI.

THERE were sung no triumphant anthems, no low chants trembled on the lips of the assembled workers; each face was calm beneath the determination that must be in the ascendancy. Each eye looked stern, because of the will power therein expressed. Thus silent we all waited the summons to depart, and when it came there was visible only a shudder among the throng, when all arose and passed from the temple wherein they had many times tarried in search of

wisdom that makes glad the heart. Not one turned to the right or left; there were no whispered good-byes to friends left behind, no words of home, only in silence did we all depart, and so intense were my inner emotions that I felt for a time as though turning to ice. This was not because of the wonderful undertaking that was to prove our power over matter, that was to prove us self-centered or otherwise. Together in silence that seemed centered in iron wills, consequently unbreakable, we sought the tributary leading to the main tides led by Wisdom and Pearl, and there found, not boats as we expected, but an island from one of the many seas of floating islands which in the realms of the Infinite are indispensable. These islands can be floated on any tide of the universe, and are of the greatest service to those who are watching the growth of worlds; in fact, this work could not be successfully accomplished without them. On this island we embarked. There were in all one hundred spirits. We were all to remain for a certain length of time when the company would be divided in two sections, one returning to the Temple of Wisdom in their own land for a certain season, thereby gathering the wisdom needed to make successful the undertaking to which they were giving all their better powers. In this manner were the sections or divisions to alternate, thereby giving to each the same privileges of home and the same opportunity for labor. The island on which we embarked, and which was for years to constitute our only home, was of sufficient size to give unto all the restful room necessary, by which expression you may understand that even in the heaven of heavens it is sometimes sweet to seek seclusion, as we seem to lose sight of the great master power that speaks to the inner self in words that cannot be understood in a throng, even if it consists only of the holy hearted. By the restful room, I mean there were bowers of beauty of sufficient size for the soul mates who were to call them their special homes. These homes were erected around the island and each one faced the rippling tide, while in the center was reared the grand assembly hall for the many, where they would meet to talk over the results of their labors, and lay

plans for future developments. This hall was not an enclosed edifice, stately and tall, with domes and spires, yet it was a thing of great beauty. In size it was sufficient to give room to the one hundred workers, whose separate chairs, as you would term them, stood around the entire circumference. The general appearance was that of a wide-spread canopy, from the lower edge of which hung festoons; an ethereal fabric that in itself was pure white, yet took in and reflected all the positive colors that exist even in the atmosphere of Deity. This beautiful fabric fell nearly half way from the edge of the canopy to the green and bloom of the island, in contrast with which its beauty was visibly increased. There was only the surface of the island for the foundation of the assembly hall, there being no floor, no carpets, no beautiful rugs; for nothing more beautiful could have been wrought from the loom of the Infinite for the purpose it served than the covering of ever-changing blooms and beds of tinted moss.

Such is a description of the island that waited the presence of the willing workers, and when their eyes rested on the beauties it held there was a visible change in the looks of all; the lines of sternness that spoke both dread and determination became softened, and they lingered not on the shores of their home-land. We had known nothing of the manner of our journeying till our eyes rested on the isle of beauty, and the homelike peace and restfulness that spoke to our inner selves in tones of tenderness gave to us a feeling of encouraging assurance that banished to a great extent the dread that had been in the ascendancy. No crowds followed us with unspoken farewells, and when the isle floated away from the home shore there was no one to cast in our heart of hearts a reflection of the shadows that might have dwelt in them. As we reached the main tide there came to us a feeling of utter separation from the land we had left, and we felt an interest centering in the home isle, and turned no more our eyes towards the shores we had left, that would wait in the beauty of fadeless blooms many years for the presence of our wandering feet. There was a call to the assembly hall, and thither all repaired.

Pearl and Wisdom awaited us to make the necessary arrangements of home and labor. It must be understood that we were all soul mates, and to each pair was assigned a home bower that was to be sacred to no other occupants. The home arrangements being concluded, Wisdom and Pearl instructed us regarding the labors that would follow on arrival at our destination. When all was completed we sought our separate bowers, glad to be alone. We had not until then entered our sweet resting place, and as we stood side by side beneath the arch of blooming vines, we felt the deep home welcome fall over the inner altar, like sacred baptism, and no more felt as wanderers. Side by side and hand in hand, beneath the leaf and bloom of our bower home, we communed with our own hearts and gradually grew in harmony with our surroundings and the labor that was in time to follow. I think of the bower now as we first rested beneath its protection or shelter, and see ourselves sitting side by side, with no words on our lips, and with our eyes resting dreamily on the glimmering tide as though in that we could read a solution of the future, towards which that hour was leading. All about us was bloom and beauty; our feet rested on the upturned hearts of flowers that withered not at the pressure. The soft breezes from the tide over which we were gliding touched lip and cheek with the tenderness of the valley breezes in our own land, and wove into our dreamlike reveries still deeper harmony and restfulness. Deeply we drank from the cup that seemed pressed to our lips, and so great was the change in our feelings, from the dread of uncertainty to the isle-born peace, that we rejoiced, though with exultation, that our pathway, that ever varied, had led us thither, and we felt in our hearts no longings to return to Crescent Cottage, but turned all our hopes for the future towards the newborn world towards which we were journeying. Our home we called Vine Lodge; next to us was that of Mistletoe and Hebron, which they named Mistletoe.

Eon, in my narration of the long ago incidents I seem almost to be living over again the actual, that was fraught with so much of the wonderful, through the realization and

understanding of which we became strengthened and more self-centered. Not that we have reached the greatest heights, or stand in the immediate presence of the Infinite, only one cycle, one grand cycle have we yet passed, and that not quite fulfilled, and that extended from matter as a governing power back to matter as a power subservient to the spirit. The glimpses I get of the beginning of the next cycle your eyes have never rested on, your soul has never felt, nor dare, nor can I breathe into your innermost being glimpses thereof.

None among the silent watchers could have thought of returning to the heaven they had left, without real sadness of heart. Nearer and nearer moved the island, when the lovelit halo fell over and around us like a sunset glory. Surprised, indeed, were we all when the island, instead of tarrying near the boundaries of this island of light in the boundless realm of the Infinite, swept on and in the very heart of the same, where it rested, bathed in the glory that at its first appearance seemed to us a cloud born in a realm of tinted lights. We were informed by our guides that our home island had found its abiding place, and would continue to remain centered by the attractive power that reached our hearts until they responded in love that could be expressed only in our individual efforts to be a blessing in the field that lay before us. Still more explicitly did Pearl and Wisdom explain to us the wonder we had failed to comprehend. What we had called a halo we were assured was the actual beginning or foundation of the spirit world, of the planet in question, and was an emanation from the same. The island that had been attracted to and centered in it, we were also told, would remain at the point of attraction, making thereby a receptacle for the planetary emanations that must of necessity go towards making up a spirit realm, and would finally become the second sphere from which would be evolved the succeeding one, which would occur in fulfillment of demands felt and expressed on the planet. These facts came home to us with the power that is ever the attendant upon truth, and we already felt ourselves inhabitants of the spirit realm of the young world, that we

were assured by our guides (who in such points were far wiser than we were) would, in the harmony it was the duty of all to labor for, unfold rapidly, and with marked lines that would point only towards perfection, though it would be long in arriving thereto, according to the calculations of earth children, to whom from the first lullaby from a mother's heart to the rippling of the last river seems a long stretch of hills, mountains, and valleys. With the explanatory notes we understood why we tarried not at the mouth of the tributary, which we learned at that period of the planet's development was difficult to navigate. By difficult I wish to be understood only that the stream was narrow, with an atmosphere of chilliness that is always perceptible to tidal travelers, and never quite agreeable, though they have the power to become positive thereto. We rejoiced with great gladness of heart that our island home was at last anchored and in the little sea of light that we noticed was gradually absorbed into the island preparatory to a second reflection or birth.

Our visits to the planet were to be made through the power of our individual wills, which to us was no difficult undertaking, and when the call came for us all to meet at the place of council we rejoiced, for we greatly desired to stand where we could view the world we with others true and tried were to watch for ages unnumbered. Wisdom and Pearl gave us a preparatory idea of the planet all were to seek, and explained to us the condition to which it had arrived. It was no longer a jet of light, wavering and uncentered, for had it been it would not have needed our united presence; not an embryotic world was it, but a newborn world, by which I mean a world that was complete in rock, rill, and river, but like the newborn child, all unclothed. The master hand yet waited to weave in the wondrous loom of time the appropriate wrappings for the child-world. This was all new to us, as we had asked no questions, yet in our fancy saw a jet of light from which was to be evolved the full form of the world. There was lifted from our hearts the shadow of the burthen from which we would in nowise have shrunk, though the ages in which

we would have to watch and wait might have stretched into the unseen eternities of the future. Dull indeed would have been the ceaseless vigils, brightened not by rapid growth, and because of the lightening of the supposed burthens, songs of peace that deepened into joy fell from our lips.

The time for our first visit to the child-world had come, and all together we departed for the scene of labor that was to result in a fulfillment of love's brightest hopes. Not far had we to journey, there being between our island home and the planet no intermediate spheres, only an atmosphere that breathed of rocks, whereon the clinging moss had never grown; of hills high and unclad, of valleys uncarpeted with comely verdure. As we approached the land whose embryotic beauty was yet hidden, we felt almost saddened by dreariness, that alone was visible. We hushed the shudder that was in our hearts, knowing by frequent visits we would become accustomed to the dreariness and expect no more. On a high hill we first rested our feet. The sunlight of early day was touching the bare rocks and hills. Together we chanted the birth song of this new world, that seemed in its dreariness to have been waiting our coming. No echoes from valleys or plains came back to us; no tree, no bird, no bloom, was there, to give birth to the seeming consciousness that our presence was felt and welcomed; yet as the notes fell from our lips there was felt the inspiration of hope, that strengthened itself to grasp the certainties of the yet to be. The birth song ended, and there was only the silence that is the result of the silence of all animate objects, and inanimate objects as well, that could respond to the breezes that ever fan the dusky hills and plains of the unclad world, children of the Infinite. I cannot weave in words the strangeness of the scene that lay before us; nowhere was there beauty reflected, all was dull and drear; hills and rocks cast strange shadows in the valleys that had never been daisy-strewn; rivers and rills caught on their tide no reflection of bud or bloom, only the rough and rugged banks peered into the swiftly running streams. Do you ask what could we do toward the unfoldment and perfection of this world, sun-

born and centered at last through the power that was bequeathed as a legacy it would hold until its mission as a world was ended? We could breathe over it our love, we could baptize it with our sympathies, we could carry to hill and valley, to rocks and rivers, the rich inheritance of our magnetic power that would quicken the germs that were then silent in the yet unopened graves. We could do all this and much more, for our hearts grew strong with hope toward this land of our adoption, and love and unselfishness were quickened in our inner beings till we thought not of self or our far-away homes, but, looking through the valleys that lay at our feet to a future that might long be hidden, we forgot the dreariness that ever lay before us in the possibilities and probabilities that were to be striven for and attained. Think you we regretted the steps we had taken? No, in our hearts of hope there was no room for such shadows; we already felt ourselves bound to this child-world by bonds that could in nowise be broken.

CHAPTER LVII.

EON, I know I am somewhat minute or explicit in detail, but such depth of feeling was born in our heart of hearts, that has failed not since we chanted the birthsong of treeless hills and plains; therefore it is pleasant to review the morning of hopes, newborn and far-reaching, which we, with our brother and sister workers caused to dawn on the new land—the land of promise—which we with one accord called the planet Pearl, in honor of the soul mate of our much loved guide, Wisdom. We had at last and in earnest taken possession of the planet, through relations to which we were to mark unmistakably our own advancement as individual spirits; our patience, our love, our power over the elements, our harmonizing the external with the internal elements, were all to be weighed in the balance, and our future position was to be marked

by success or failure, and if the latter was to be the result we could not try again, for we knew there were first so many points in the compass of the grand cycle around which we were treading; and we knew, too, we must touch them all or the halo from the succeeding grand cycle would not cast its light athwart the threshold of our souls. The laborers who made up the company were all brothers and sisters in constellation, and let me say here, or it may pass unsaid, that all brothers and sisters who have ever been thus, through the law that was bequeathed to and centered in each constellation at the time of its birth from central sun or Deity, have, through the law of attraction that inherits in each heart in an unbroken circle, ever kept the uniformity in development which at first characterized them. Wherever they meet, with remembrance of the past all hushed and silent as though it had never been, there is in the very atmosphere of the soul of each unspoken oneness and comprehension that proves them to be mariners on the same sea of thought, the waves of which touch each heart with baptismal spray. Therefore, each constellation is unbroken, even if some are here and some in the beyond. By broken I mean a cessation of the condition of oneness that ever belongs to constellations. There will be great rejoicing in the higher heavens as constellation after constellation reaches home preparatory to another grand march through the realms of the Infinite of which earth pilgrims can form no conception, nor can they who tread the fairest shores of the beyond until they stand so near the open door that leads to other fields that the light therefrom casts shadows of another and more perfect border land, that guards the zone of light within its boundaries.

Oh Eon, do you know there are worlds of wonders of which you and I have never dreamed, towards which not only you and I, but the brothers and sisters of the constellation to which we belong, are surely and steadily journeying? So fair, so pure, are the very border lands of the next grand cycle, that, could I from the hills of the present grasp with far-seeing eye its beauties, it would be sacrilege to bring tidings of the same, even to the purest of earth-bound

hearts; not even to my own soul mate, while yet he tarries on the earth side of time's river, would I reveal the glimmerings that since his incarnation have quickened in my inner self the holiest aspirations that were there ever kindled. I speak not thus because we are even now ready for the heights that lead up and away from the seventh sphere; far from it, for we owe yet much to the land of our incarnation, and much otherwise is yet demanded of us, and all demands must be fulfilled before the soul's sentinel says, "Onward." The far-off mountains cast long shadows valleyward, so yet the unseen mountains in the eternity towards which we journey cast shadows that lie near the open door to the next cycle. Where think you, Eon, will the rest of eternity be, the folding of hands from all labor, the sitting in the sunshine of the kingdom, and simply sensing the happiness and creature comfort that is expected to come to each individual heart in whose depths is born no high conception of the Infinite and the universe wherein is expressed his mightiness? There are myriads of dwellers on the shores of the forever, as dull and dumb to these thoughts as the benighted earth pilgrim who neither sees nor seeks aught beyond a satisfaction that comes from a gratification of the earth-born senses, and they are as unapproachable with the light of truth as are the same class here, and their only escape from the bondage of ignorance they neither see nor feel is through the one open avenue of incarnation, the door of redemption, that will never close while the necessities of many of earth's children number legions, as they now do. No, Eon, there is no endless rest, and they who crave it have not yet born in their innermost souls an appreciation of aught save earth and its comforts; and until higher aspirations take the place of the earthly ones, there will be a demand for an eternal rest; which in one sense will be realized, for there are eternities unnumbered, though not endless, and full of restfulness that at last becomes an incentive to something beyond. Eternity is but a minute division of time, as understood by spirits, the length thereof corresponding to the condition of those who stand within its radius. There is a full fruition for every hope, and time

as well as place for all needed realizations, which until met hold the heart in bondage.

There is one point more I must make mention of here, that I may clear up the path as far and as fast as I go, that earth mists gather not over my written testimony to the children of earth-land. All spirits who have made the complete round of the grand cycle in which mind redeems matter no more incarnate; they have fulfilled their mission and henceforth are forever free from the thralldom of earth and earthly paths, but until the grand circle is made there is no certainty as to the continued abiding place. If earth holds points to be gained that cannot be gained in spirit-land, the earthward path must resound to the tread of the returning feet. Let me not be understood to say that when the grand cycle is completed the interest for earth and earth's children will be removed; this will not be, though other fields may claim the attention of those who have won. There must and will ever be an interest in the land of first incarnation, and that interest will hold good until the planet, as such, has fulfilled its mission and gives birth to a spirit orb, to which the higher realms of spirit-land will be attached and undergo changes that it is of no use to relate here, because there are already facts brought earthward that will for years to come find no lodgment in the hearts of the children of the land, not even in the hearts of the majority who call themselves liberal in what they term religious views. Liberality has its stakes that are set in the hearts of those who deem themselves ready for any and all investigation, and these stakes are as immovable as though they were welded in the solid rock; therefore it is unwise to bestow a superabundance even of truth where there is already more than is comprehended. Too great a light is dazzling, and blindness is the result.

Eon, I hear your heart querying thus: In what did our labors consist? for what purpose was our immediate presence needed on the bloomless, treeless sands? what was there we could do to bring cheer where desolation alone reigned? I will tell you, for there was much that awaited the loving presence of the workers. In the first place it

must be remembered that as a company we were, through the experiences of the past, superior to matter. In just what degree we were superior to matter we knew not, until our power was tried, proven, and recorded in the results that must and would follow. Then, again, it is known that there ever exists in nature a harmonious response to spirits, that is called out when spirit comes in contact with the same. This is proven in man's labors in earth-land. There is and must ever be a chain of harmony existing between mind and matter, through which matter feels the demand loving and tender of its redeemer mind. This chain, we found, held no broken links, and through the same were we to be helpful in clothing this newborn child world in its first wrappings; here a bud and leaf, and there a bloom, fair and fragrant. This was our first work on the world of sands, pathless and trackless. Did we shudder and shrink at the immensity of the undertaking? No, for we knew we were not to create the germs that already lay imbedded beneath the somber surface, but our feet were to press the silent sands of hill and valley, we were to stand where land and water met, baptizing and rebaptizing with our magnetic power the land of our love and labors; and we went forth to the task, radiant with hope that wove itself into songs of gladness, strong in a determination that nothing could overcome or lessen. Eon, does it look strange to you that the simple presence of ever masterful spirits on an unclad world could call from its own darkness robes of beauty? Nevertheless this is true. Do you know the power you hold over the earth blooms of your own home in the land of your present incarnation? They feel the magnetic thrill that from your atmosphere vibrates in root, in cell. This is true of all whose love for the beautiful tells itself in plants and blooms that are the harmonious expressions of matter, the sweet love songs of the valleys, sung to the rocks and mountains. It is this harmonious relation of mind with matter that has brought from the earth's great heart the new blooms that within your remembrance of the present incarnation were unknown. In this very lesson is proven to all who dare risk their brains with thought beyond the

common ones born from trivial circumstances, the positive power and increase of power that mind has gained over matter, and as yet the crowning triumph in the vegetable world is not reached. We turned not the soil, nor did we place within it seed germs; but we gladdened it with our presence, we baptized with our magnetic influence, we breathed over it the hopes of our inmost hearts, and looked for a response, which was all the compensation we craved for the years of watching and waiting that we knew as sentinels awaited us. Never was the child world left alone without the immediate presence of a portion of the company, that there might be no break in the cord of love that must reach the germs that still slept in silence. Our love was given unstintingly; the very sands, dull and dumb, were dear to us; the bare rocks and towering hills re-echoed not our tender love songs, though they felt the love and hope that prompted them.

In this way swept by the time unmeasured, while deep in our hearts was there born the love that would result in patient waiting and holy purposes, and through which we were so wedded to the new world of our hopes that in laboring for it was our heaven realized. In the way I have explained did we labor for the result that must be forthcoming, and not a hill or valley was there but what felt the power of our presence, and in response to the call of love in our inner beings, in connection with the call of the Father whose power sustained us, there was a centering of the internal forces that spoke at last in lines of responsive love; for here and there, by river and rill, on hills and plains, was noticeable the tender green that foretold a fulfillment of the good for which we waited. Prophetic sprays, how we greeted their presence, how we loved and cherished them! In their growth we forgot the beauties of our far-away home; indeed there seemed nowhere in the universe that is measureless so great a glory as had been wrought from the heart of the new world, for the hearts that were watching and waiting. Great had been our anxiety concerning the yet unwoven robes of this new world, for we knew that from those could we form conclusions of future unfoldments

that would be as the substance to the shadow. This first covering of the dull surface, that through our love no longer looked forbidding to us, proved to be all our love could ask. It grew in the form of the grass that covers your present earth home, though three times its width, while one half of each leaf was of a dark green, and the other so light a green as to be almost white. You can well imagine the beauty of the covering that at last in all its perfection gladdened our hearts. It grew not tall and rank, as was the case in the first covering of your earth home, which proved to us more rapid unfoldment, and more perfect results. These grass leaves bore in the center of the upper surface of each one small white blossom of many leaves. Unlike anything we had known on the planets we had visited was this first response from the world heart, therefore were we the better prepared to cherish and admire it. During the progression already recorded regarding the surface of the new world, there was a corresponding growth in the spirit realm. Already had the island boundaries been many times distanced in the growth of the spirit zone, until we became conscious of a soft halo above us. This was but slightly perceptible at first, yet we readily understood that as time passed it would become intensified, and after a time would possess sufficient attraction to draw to its center, if we felt a desire to journey thither, which desire we knew would not be lacking, where many points then unfulfilled had been recorded. When the first beautiful covering of our child world had perfected itself in bloom and seed, there was born into the realm we occupied a corresponding covering. The realm had then reached its utmost limits; this covering was the spiritualized expression of what we had lovingly watched, and in its second expression was far more beautiful, though none the less sacred to us.

The seasons were to be next recorded. There had been thus far, or until the birth of the beautiful covering, no visible change in the surface of the planet, but the many links in the chain we were to count were not yet told, and we could but wait the uniting thereof. There had ever been a cold breeze sweeping over the surface, but this, at the

perfection thus far witnessed, had grown visibly less; at least the chill that increased the dreariness thereof was scarcely perceptible. This boded good to the future of our cherished world, and we longed in the inmost depths of our hearts to know that it would be bathed in the sunlight and warmth of an unbroken summer. In this there would be a realization fraught with the greatest good we could crave to the world that yet waited the touch of the Master's hand. This desire was not fully gratified, neither regardless of our wishes did we look for it to be; yet the snows that characterize your present earth-land were never known, neither has there as yet ever been ice formed on its surface, which proves it to have been, at the very beginning, harmoniously centered, otherwise extremes would have recorded their results. The season that answers for your winter is but a season of restfulness, when the leaves lose their summer tints, and become gorgeous in the robes of maturity. There is in this season the crisp air that in your land is noticeable when autumn is but half told, but beyond this the cold never increases. In this point, one is reminded of the second sphere of your spirit realm, as there the winter of earth casts its shadows, as do all substances. The shadow radiates again and again through the spheres beyond, where flowers know no season of rest from blooming and beauty. I do not mean that there is a breath of coldness born in the air, yet there is a condition by which the inhabitants know when winter rules the earth-land; yet in the second sphere there is rest of leaf, bud, and bloom that is short, and never disagreeable to those who dwell there.

In our home in the spirit realm of the new world we met a very pleasant and very unexpected surprise. A soul dispatch reached us, bearing the one word, "Coming." We knew not to whom it referred, but the unexpected announcement filled our hearts with the hope and gladness of expectation, for we well knew no one would come to us where we then were unless they loved us, and we waited to give the greeting of love that would be called forth. Not long did we wait, for an island floated towards us, an island of light, which as it touched the shores of our spirit realm revealed to us Saidie

and her soul mate. Never had our hearts felt greater gladness at sight of one we loved than when we looked in the eyes that spoke to our hearts unwritten volumes. Dear mother heart, how we rejoiced in her presence, how we longed to show her the world we were watching, and hear from her lips an expression of her own heart concerning it. She had come in the hour of its first coming, as she chose to see it in its baptismal robes, and with us she sought both hill and valley, growing glad as her eyes rested on the rare unfoldment that was as a title page to a new volume. We felt that the world whereon her feet rested would be doubly dear to us from her presence, would be doubly sacred; for we knew somewhat of the great mother heart wherein love was as a shoreless sea, we knew with what patience and hope she could look from a present shrouded in night to a future gladdened by a dawn that foretold midday; and not only look from the shore of shadows to the shore of the sunshine, but could work with a will undaunted, with energies that lessened not at obstacles, and with a love that would hallow the land that knew her presence. Therefore did we rejoice, and when the far-seeing mother spoke as from the heart of an already fulfilled future, and revealed to us what awaited to be recorded, our joy could be told only in hymns of praise, and we felt as we never before had, the sacredness of the work that lay before us. More beautiful than ever seemed the tender covering and every blossom that spoke from the upturned leaves received anew the baptism of our love. We could well afford to labor and be patient.

So gladdened was the heart of Saidie, whose words even now reach earth-land with the blessing of measureless love, that she chose for a time to dwell on the new world we were to love and cherish. Accordingly in one of the most beautiful valleys she called into spiritualized existence through her superior will powers a bower of beauty fit for one in whose pure heart was centered only the holiest purposes. There she dwelt and made it a point of attraction to those who came from the spirit zone to take the place of others whose seasons of alternate watching was ended. Many were the words of wisdom that fell from her lips,

many the encouraging words of love. The home she had called from the elements was very near a narrow stream that found its source in the unseen heart of a cliff that bordered one side of the valley. The banks of this stream were high, and when covered by the beautiful grass seemed a fitting place for a spirit home. In this secluded valley and on the banks of the swiftly running brook, after the protracted presence of Saidie, there grew and bloomed the most beautiful lilies. Each pure white leaf was heart-shaped, while in the center of each was a scarlet heart, small yet perfect in form. These beautiful blooms were to us emblematic of the presence of the pure spirit who dwelt there, and who named the blooms valley lilies. Sweet-breathed were they, and we hoped that in all the valleys, by all the streams, this same sweet flower would gladden the hearts of the yet unborn children; but in this were we mistaken, for in this one valley only did they seem to take root. Consequently we called it the Valley of Blooms, and this same valley at the present record is sacred because of its having been the abiding place of one whose love and sympathy sees no condition from which she would turn away without a prayerful effort to redeem the same from the shadows that inthrall. Patience should weave from the soul atmosphere rare halos of strength and hopefulness, and no child has yet outgrown earthly conditions whose patience exists not as far as the object that casts the shadow with a consciousness that conditions form the margin on which circumstances make their records.

Saidie tarried with us in our field of labor, until in connection with the covering described there was the birth and growth of a low shrub that bore bud and bloom but no fruit, showing by the absence of the same that the coming children as yet cast no shadow among the planet's possibilities. The new growth of which I speak showed itself only on hills and near small streams. There is on this new world a wonderful sea, wonderful in situation and beauty. We named it the Sea of Silence, because the wash of its waters is never heard, only the breath of a soft wind meets and blends with the silence that reigns, making it seem only the more no-

ticeable and intense. This sea is encircled by mountains that towering high stand as storm sentinels, so that no winds can break its rippling surface into billows. This sea is approached by a channel guarded on each side as is the sea. The slope of the mountains is gradual, and where land and water meet the beautiful grass is found. I speak of this sea especially because the slope around it became the general assembling point of the band of watchers, who at times all met on the land of promise. Time passed and with the passing thereof there came to our world new beauties, for flowers greeted us in valley and plain, the hills knew their presence, and the brooks caught the reflection of their bowed heads. The dull gray world was no more visible, but a thing of beauty. Our hopes were being realized, our watching and waiting was a pleasure, for it was sweet to note the harmonious record of nature on land and rock, amid the many tides that bore their part in the perfection of the land of our hopes.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THUS far had we worked in harmonious oneness, as only those who desire not selfish greed and gain can work, and there had come a time when it was both wise and well for one half of the company to return to their own spirit realm: not for rest alone, but for an exchange and interchange of thought in which wisdom would be recorded, and become thought seed for future use. We left to Saidie, Wisdom, and Pearl the decision, and were willing to abide by the same, though I assure you, Eon, we craved not to depart from the land to which our love had become wedded, the vows thereof being made to leaf, bud, and bloom, that everywhere spoke of the great awakening of the world's powers. Yet among the number chosen to return stood the names Eon and Eoná. A shade of sadness, though not of an earth-born nature, crept into our hearts, for we found it far more

difficult to leave the new world than we did to go in quest of it; yet we made mention not of the shadow, knowing all would in time prove for the greatest good to all, and for that it was our duty to labor; nor would we willingly pile in our own pathway, through selfish desire, rocks that must be moved or our progress be visibly retarded. We were not seeking gold, or landed possessions: our wealth consisted in the soul's jewels, and these are imperishable, and we won only through avenues of unselfishness. Consequently, when the hour for departure came, we were in readiness. I do not mean we had other preparations to make than words of farewell to brothers and sisters who tarried, and whom we loved. The tributary leading from the spirit realm was at last of sufficient width to be navigated, and being accustomed to and in love with the magnetic tides we chose thus to journey. The remainder of the homeward-bound company seemed pleased with this idea, and a fleet of white-sailed boats floated from the shores of the beautiful land, leaving with the farewell words prayers crowned with love and hope for the unfoldment of the child world they were leaving, for how long they knew not. Since the hour of our departure, Eon, my eyes have not rested on the shores of the land I love, though messengers at times have come with pleasant tidings thereof. My heart is not forgetful of the past and is also conscious of the future, with which the present is closely connected. Our labor is yet there, but of that I will yet speak.

The sparkle and glimmer of the magnetic tide spoke not to our souls as at other times, for in our hearts there was a feeling that we were going from home; pilgrims did we seem to another land, which we endeavored to overcome, knowing that loving hearts were waiting to give us welcome. As we neared our journey's end we met a party of tidal travelers, and among them recognized the beautiful spirit Zair, as we had done once before. The light of love and purity shone in her eyes and spoke to our souls as only a spirit in constellation has power to speak. She was outward bound, she said, to be gone for years, and our hearts said, "Another child world has called from its cradle in

the sea of the Infinite, and the beautiful Zair with her soul mate has responded." As we entered the tributary leading to the spirit realm from which we journeyed, Saidie sent to the Temple of Wisdom a soul telegram announcing our approach. This was not done as a call for pomp and parade, for such earth-land customs find no responsive shadows reflected in the land of the real; on the shores of the seeming this may be thought wise, but by the residents of the higher sphere reverence is not expressed by loud exclamations. There is a touch of the hand, a look from the innermost that reaches the innermost, and tells far more than the turbulence of a surging crowd. As we drew still nearer we noticed many boats floating on the harbor tide in a restful manner, that betokened boats that were in waiting. We understood not the meaning thereof, and in our joy at seeing on the shore we had long ago left those we loved, we forgot the incident and only sought to grasp the waiting hands. The regret we had felt at leaving the planet we were watching in a measure departed, for the skies of our native land, which had long been dear to us, spoke to our inner consciousness with an old-time tenderness that had power to waken a ready response. So long had we been away, and so interested had we become in our special labor of love, that the beauty and glory of our own home-land in a measure faded from our consciousness, or if not faded had for a time been superseded by something that stepping ahead had called for our deepest sympathy or strongest love. The wisdom spirits of the temple had received the telegram, and six in number had come to meet us and give us welcome; with them came twelve little children. These were our only escorts. As our feet pressed again the home shores we felt that it was well we had come, for what purpose the unseen told us not, but so conscious were we of this fact, that all regrets faded from our hearts, and we said with one voice, "It is well."

Half strange and new seemed the old paths that winding through the city led to the temple where it was proposed we should first tarry. The little ones, who were in advance of us, with one accord touched the shining strings of the

harps they carried, and wakened again the sweet strains that in the long ago had cheered us. Our hearts responded to the home songs, and again we sang them as though it were but the yesterday that we had heard and sung the same. We felt again the fullness of life and gladness that in our earnest and unceasing labors we had not missed. While looking toward the future with hopeful, prayerful hearts, but one part of our natures had called aloud, and that call had been answered; but now, as we traversed the blooming paths of our own dear land, the volumes within our beings were opened, and from every source came sweet responses, until we seemed born anew and with increased powers of perception that saw new beauty in all animate and inanimate objects. As we neared the temple it burst on our vision suddenly by an abrupt turn in the path. We had known, since we first stood beneath its welcoming arches, that it was radiant, but never to us had it seemed to shine with the silvery light that then encircled it like a halo. So glad were we to feast our eyes on the sacred temple from which silent and half shuddering we had long before passed, that we were not at once conscious of the music that came wave after wave from beneath the high arches, and not until we stood within the radius of its illumination were we wakened to the glory of sounds that filled the air of our own heaven. We could but wonder as we listened if ever before such harmony reached responsive chords in our inner beings. We entered the temple made dear by past associations, and hallowed in our memory through the lines of light that had there been given unto us. Preceding us were the twelve fairy-like harpers and the dear ones who met us with a not many-worded welcome. It may seem strange that we could be so far drawn from an abiding consciousness of beauty and radiance as to feel almost strange within the very temple where for years we had felt the home love baptizing our souls, but such was the case, and we unconsciously looked to our escort to point out the way, and the rest or seat we were to occupy. We were led to our old place that we were told had been vacant since our departure, and in

silence sought to draw to our inner selves the old-time care and peace. This came at last, when we again mingled with the radiant throng, who gave us welcome, and at the same time looked inquiringly into our eyes as though in expectation of something.

From the great welcoming room the throng at last passed into the room of ceremonies, where we learned the meaning of the many boats that rocked on the harbor tide. From the shores of Harmona's spirit realm had come a delegation of radiant beings. Their presence had, we were told, been solicited for the purpose of bringing with them several who were chosen to incarnate on the shores of your own present earth-land. This was to be done on account of the harmony they as individual spirits possessed, and not only that, but to bind the sister planets in bonds more sacred. It may seem strange that Harmona, after this earth-land had long resounded to the tread of wandering feet, should develop inhabitants that should in their harmonious unfoldments distance the children of this planet, but such was the case, and, as I once before explained, it was the result of the harmonious centering of the elements and forces that together wrought from the unseen a world of beauty, progression, and peace; a world whose record tells not of bloodshed and devastation. It should be understood that the rapidity with which worlds unfold and become peopled is due largely to the centering of harmony in all its elements, where there are no workers at cross purposes, but a steady march that is uninterrupted by the rocks cast in the way by the opposing principle. From the planet mentioned, and which you and I, Eon, so well remembered, was the earth-land to receive a new impetus, that would pave the way to rare unfoldments, and bring the earth-land more *en rapport* with the beautiful planet, from which source it would continue to draw a progressive stimulant that would aid in overthrowing crude conditions and their results, for which there was, and still is, great need, though long strides towards the mountain tops have since that day been made, and recorded in the hearts of the dwellers of the seen and unseen. As one grand family, by which I mean the

children of earth and its spirit realms, we are nearing a morning of untold brightness when the shadows that flit in the valleys of the present, with the objects or conditions from which they are cast, will, like an army of invaders that have been overcome, be forced to march to the Hades of forgetfulness, and no more roll-call will be heard on the shores that will have grown peaceful. As I have before said, this planet is yet to occupy an exalted position that will be due to its spiritual unfoldment, and the grand triumph that awaits to be told will fill all earth with hallelujahs of joy; and all who are children of this planet, by which I mean all who found their first incarnation here, will be greatly blessed in the grand triumph mentioned; the inheritance of peace will be theirs, while the fountains of wisdom will cast their spray on all hearts. Little by little will the grand march be made, little by little the mountain peaks reached, where the tints of the morning even now linger. All seen and unseen work in as much harmony as can be evolved from the conditions that exist, and he who seeks to rush the car of advanced thought pell-mell over the supposed and actual rights of others, but stands in the way of actual advancement and blocks the wheels that must move slowly if they would move safely. Suddenly developed gourds in the form of man-made plans are like the sudden conversions to church and creed. They have their seasons, but the early frosts of censure, the crisp blasts of criticisms, wither both root and branch, and there are left no sprouts or clinging tendrils to mark the place of its upspringing. From the present, fraught with both false and true, the near future holds many glimmerings of light that sheds holy halos into many hearts.

I have not forgotten the temple, Eon, or the radiant throng there congregated. We almost shuddered as we noted the preparations made for the incarnation of which I have made mention, because we feared, as on former occasions, we might be solicited to take the place of spirit father and mother to some one of the number, and we felt sure we could not then fulfill such mission, as it would be our duty to do, for we had not become imbued with the dear home at-

mosphere that spoke of restfulness and peace; we had not yet become *en rapport* with the sphere that owned us as its children. No, our feet were too weary to wander further, and a consciousness of it was felt in other hearts than ours, for no voice spoke to our inner selves, or was heard on the air of our heaven bidding us go forth, and for this our hearts rejoiced. We watched the proceedings with interest, for our love for the land of our first incarnation was never in our hearts as the forgotten breath of sweet blooms, but like the blooms ever exhaling the sweetness of love. Therefore we rejoiced when we saw the consecrating hands of the dwellers of the temple laid lovingly on the heads of the earth-bound pilgrims, to whom our hearts went out in a sympathy that breathed of sadness, for we remembered the earth paths only too well, and knew just how weary would grow the feet that wandered before they again stood on the border hills of their own home heaven. They departed with their guides, who were to leave them not alone, and the music that cheered them at their departure became sad as though the tears of sorrowing mothers had in some way stolen into the sweet strains. As the music ceased one of the wisdom spirits whom we had long known addressed us in words of love,—when I say us, I mean all who had returned from their world-watching,—and in conclusion requested of us an account of the labors that had taken many of your earth years. In response a full account was given by those who tarried at the temple, before going in quest of their especial homes. Among those who spoke was the pure spirit Saidie, and her words were listened to with great earnestness. She held before the assembled throng a beautiful picture from your hand, a picture of the Sea of Silence and the mountains that bordered and shielded it from the will of the winds. The same picture now occupies a niche in the Hall of Ceremonies of the Temple of Wisdom in the sixth sphere.

After this meeting and greeting of long known and deeply loved friends, after a description of our far-away field of labor with its own prophecies for the future, we left the temple for the home cottage, enshrined in its crescent

of never fading beauty, where our hearts told us the love whispers of the long ago still echoed with an old-time sweetness. The old yet ever new paths seemed very dear to us, and great peace, born from the home harmony, the home breezes and home blooms that at every step spoke to our inner beings, was as a new baptism and we almost wondered how a remembrance of so much beauty should have been for a time overbalanced by any motive or desire, and we wondered too if we could ever again become so unconscious as we had been of the land that claimed us. We neither accepted nor chose an escort to the home we sought. All the paths were known to us, and together we would traverse them, communing only with our inner consciousness and with each other. Streets in the higher realm are but paths, moss tinted and tender hued, with ever-changing blooms thereon. We sought not the most direct path home, but chose rather the one that wound round the borders of the radiant city; for so sacred to us was the waiting home that it seemed not unlike sacrilege to approach it hastily, or enter it abruptly. We stood again by the fountain that marked a divergence of the path that we knew led under the arches of green directly to our own home, and yet we hastened not, though the Lake of the Morning seemed calling to us in a voice of many shells. By the fountain happy children of this realm were playing, while birds with wings touched with silvery light flitted to and fro through the falling spray. We rested again on the vine-covered seat near by, thinking ever of the dear home at the end of the path, yet strange as it may seem hastening not to it; and when at last we entered the shaded path that turned not till it ended at Crescent Cottage, we were met by a group of happy-faced children, some bearing flowers in baskets that seemed made from fine spun silver; others were touching the glittering strings of sweet-toned harps, while others still deepened the melody wakened by timely notes of tiny silver bells. These little ones at our entrance to the path bowed low, while some scattered their sweet-breathed blooms in the path; then turning they sped down the path and out of sight. Such welcomes are not uncommon in the

realm of which I speak, and are in perfect harmony with all else. Softly we stepped lest we waked too suddenly the echoes, the tell-tale echoes of bud and leaf, that would announce our coming to the much-loved home. Not that it possessed consciousness, but there was an unexplainable and inexpressible charm in the thought that no echo from our already returning feet broke the sweet melody that was there born. Every leaf seemed to become a waving banner, breathing welcomes on the air; every opening bloom seemed the center of silvery light, as though to guide our feet to the one haven of rest. Never had there been, in all our wanderings, so sweet, so tenderly sacred a home-coming as this. We were alone, yet the air seemed laden with voices of welcome that fell on our inner consciousness like the harmonious wash of waves on a shore of shells.

Eon, as I recall this one home-coming, hope spans with arches of love-light the valleys of the present, and dreams of another more joyous because more triumphant, when hand in hand, heart beating to heart in responsive harmony, we will part the drooping vines that hedge the home light, and stand all redeemed and joyous in the radiant robes that in their beauty will then be immortal. But that triumph the valleys still hide, and still the way winds on and on, with few restful nooks, as they are not needed in the sunset valleys, that gather not into their hearts the mists of the morning they hide. You see spirits as well as mortals anticipate the fulfillments towards which they are looking, and for which they are laboring. Again, putting aside the drooping vines, we stood together in the crescent that for long years had not resounded to our footsteps. The sight and sounds of this sacred home were almost overpowering, until we half wondered that we had ever wandered from it. The Lake of the Morning was as fair as when first our eyes rested on its waves, while here and there a white sail floated with the tide. As we stood hand in hand, with hearts too full for words, a sudden wave of music fell on our ears, and turning, there again were the little harpers, with their love tokens in the form of buds and full-blown roses, that reminded us of Rose

Garden. They arranged themselves in a half circle or crescent, and sang a home welcome so sweet, so tender, that we felt for the moment we could never again wander from the land we loved, and wherein was ever a welcome to be found. This song being completed, they sang again, and from the words they uttered we knew we were to follow them, which we did. They led us through the vine-twined balconies, through the open door, where we found ourselves not alone, but in the presence of the very friends whom we had known, and in whose home we had dwelt on the planet of advanced thought and principles, when we first demonstrated to ourselves as well as to others the fact of materialization of forms similar to those we had used in earth-life. The extreme surprise took nothing from the pleasure of meeting with these true hearts, and the welcome we gave them lacked not in fullness. The cottage was fresh and fragrant with newly gathered blooms, while the air of this holy summer-land swept through the open windows. We were home once more, and oh, so glad! We felt that we could dwell there forever and gladden our hearts with the fullness of home. We learned much from our guests of the sister planet and its unfoldments, and were told that the taking on of material forms from the elements had reached a great perfection, so great indeed that if it were necessary dwellers of the higher realms could remain in their midst and visible to all for several hours, and at the same time adapt themselves to the same conditions that surrounded the inhabitants of the planet. Of course we understood that this was due largely to the still greater unfoldment of the planet, that increased the harmony of the elements to such an extent that no sudden breaks could occur. I have many times spoken of little children as dwellers of the higher spheres, and this one point calls for some explanation. The little ones referred to are spirits who have never incarnated, but have become holy messengers of the spheres. They have no attraction to earth-land and seek not its haunts, but dwell in bowers of beauty and love. Remember I am now speaking of the children that dwell in the sixth and seventh spheres. If you

ask me why they have not incarnated, I shall be obliged to tell you I do not know, only that the heaven of heavens has need of such. All spirits who have touched material shores, and have again reached the higher realms, occupy forms indicating manhood and womanhood. No hands in all the spheres have power to call from glittering harp strings, strains of such perfect harmony as have these children. They are the Father's harpers, the little ones of the kingdom, and in whatsoever home they appear they leave a baptism of love that deepens the harmonies thereof. They may be called the harmonious centers of the highest realms.

CHAPTER LIX.

I WOULD leave no point at which I have stopped enshrouded in the mists of unexplained doubts. Therefore I will speak still farther concerning the little harpers of the kingdom. They are not deific babes, but deific children; having progressed beyond infancy, they have developed and perfected childhood, and as children of love and of song they redeem the realms from the monotony that without their presence would exist. They belong to no individual spirits, for they are the little ones of the Father, and without their presence the harmonies of the higher heavens would fail. They are seldom seen without both harps and flowers, and it is no uncommon occurrence to see them resting with closed eyes, as tired children, on beds of blooming moss, and as they thus rest, so great is the harmony centered within their hearts that flowers are born in the very air about them, and fall as sweet-breathed wrappings over their little forms, proving thus their closeness to the great heart of the Infinite. They never go singly, but in groups, gladdening and beautifying the land of love. They have no abiding places, but flit like summer birds of song, forever glad and forever gladdening the hearts that welcome their coming. They have great power because of their harmony, and as harmonizers

they are indispensable to the wisdom spirits of the universe, for the possibility of great fulfillments is many times brought within the radius of spirit perception and spirit power, by the presence of these beings of light and purity. Thus it is, Eon, that they are needed, and form a grand part of the ranks of the higher heavens. It is quite possible that very many will say, why then were we not all left in the love atmosphere of the Infinite to become heavenly harpers? Methinks the monotony of such a condition would be quite equal to the ideal heaven that creedists have evolved from their myths; their highest idea, like their highest aspirations, being rest and song; which is a very natural desire where there is not developed spiritual perception, and the life path had been rugged and replete with burthens that must be borne. Had mind and matter not wedded there would have been a cessation of progression in which the deific babes would never have developed their childhood, and could they not have done so, they would have been of no special use, and being of no use they would not have been centers of harmony. Thus you see, Eon, the links in the chain of cause and effect are all needed, though we may not at all times be able to see this. My heart says, heaven bless the holy harpers, who seem to be bearers of the heart's deepest, purest prayers to the very heart of Deity.

The home never before seemed so replete with the heaven-born restfulness, whereof we felt the need. The Lake of the Morning never shone with fairer tints, and as we sailed over the glittering waves we felt that all the heaven that had been missed during our unceasing labor was being returned fourfold. The very shells on the beach seemed to catch the love thoughts of Eon and Eoná and weave them into song. We looked toward the hill that towered in the distance, remembering the tide that at one time bore us away beyond sight of home, from which we tarried long; but we desired not to sail beyond the lake we loved; rocked on its tide of morning tints we dreamed only sweetest dreams of peace and rest. But seldom did we visit the Temple of Wisdom till our own hearts had grown restful,

and we longed again to mingle with the radiant throng of workers. Labor and rest are conditions of the higher realms, as well as of earth-land, and there is no existence of which I have knowledge that is without obligations and responsibilities, which are as necessary as shadows and shine to earth blooms. In the realms of light, order in all points exists as a positive condition and is an outgrowth of harmony, in which among the dwellers of that land there is a oneness that is never found in the lower realms or on the earth shores. This is the result of the rounding out of the higher attributes, and none save those whose aspirations are for good ever reach the shores of the higher heavens. There are times or seasons in the sixth sphere when the spirits who dwell much in the Temple of Wisdom go to the corresponding temple in the seventh sphere, in quest of deeper baptisms of spiritual light, that make them more receptive to the higher principles that govern not only men and nations but worlds. There is great need of this, for only in this way are they adapted at last to become dwellers of that sphere, the highest circle of which takes the name of the sun center. This circle of which I speak as being in a superior condition is *en rapport* with spirits who have passed therefrom and are looking toward the possibilities of the next grand cycle, of which in time, but not now, there will come to your earth glad tidings; but before that day there must be a deeper baptism of light and spiritual knowledge than has as yet been received by earth-bound children. Before that day the atmosphere surrounding the earth in connection with the earth's elements must undergo a great change, that will make room for the birth of new thoughts that will pave the way to an acceptance of exalted truths. It is fully understood by the higher spirits that thoughts embodying the higher principles can be transmitted only through an atmosphere that has become spiritualized, from which the children of the land are quickened in their perceptions of the good and true. For this reason many truths must wait the inflowing tide of a purer stream.

It has been supposed by many that the sun center signifies the highest condition attainable in the better land.

This is but one more mistake made through a blind comprehension of the shadow cast from the actual truth, proving it always unwise to give birth to conjecture and label it fact, as is too often done at the risk of misleading one's self and those that are willing to be led, thereby necessitating a return to other paths for the fountains missed by crossing the bridge of mistakes. The sun center is the highest attainable point in the spheres that surround the earth-land as zones or belts; but to suppose there are no other fields of progression, no other states of existence, is like limiting the power of the Infinite to a playground. The forevers consist of cycles uncounted, wherein the paths of progression wind on and ever, though home proper is reached when once the sun center is gained, for when spirits have earned their heirship through successive incarnations and are thereby able to bathe in the radiance of the higher realm they are redeemed from the bondage of matter, because they have redeemed the portion that lay at their doors for redemption; consequently it no more calls to them from valleys of earth-land. Then they may be said to be at their Father's house, and are at that time prepared for glories that reach other conditions, of which I have not had experience, therefore can give no light thereon.

I will return to the subject from which I rambled, as it seemed necessary, and say what is in my heart to say regarding the season of deeper baptisms sought by the dwellers of the temple. This is by some termed the season of consecration, while others name it differently. Preparations were being made by many spirits to depart for a little time to this land of light. We had never as yet been farther than the border lands of this sphere, from whence we caught glimpses of its radiance, which we felt we were not yet able to bear, though we knew in time we would journey thither for preparatory baptisms of light whereby we would unfold to an acceptance of the home that there awaited us. There was for the first time born into our hearts an actual hungering for a more perfect knowledge of the glories of the higher sphere than had as yet ever come to us, and because of many journeying

thither we also chose to join their ranks and breathe for a time the pure air of the heaven that as yet claimed us not. We dreamed not that there was other prompting power in this move save the desire of our own hearts; we looked not over the fields of the future, or we might have seen the shadow of something that was not cast from our own souls' desire. We knew our tarry in the seventh heaven would be short, therefore we looked not back toward the home crescent with sadness, for we knew we were to return thither, as only by repeated tarryings in this seventh sphere could we become accustomed to its glory, and become dwellers thereof. There was in all eyes the radiance of hope that had not been realized, and as we passed from the temple, the chanted hallelujahs within blended with the hallelujahs without and made happy echoes that returned again and again, on the tell-tale air. The path over which we passed was one never before traversed by our feet; it was broad and shaded on both sides, making an arch of green through which the radiance of the holy land fell like the rays from many lamps. Bud and bloom wove pictures of beauty of which earth-born children never dream, even in their most sacred views of Paradise. Fountains cast their spray in the misty beauty of a bridal veil, all animate and inanimate objects were in perfect harmony, and from this union there was born a rhythmical melody that brought to our lips the songs of gladness that dwelt in our hearts.

It would be useless to undertake a description of the beauties that crowded our path, as words are weak and almost powerless when applied to the glories that have never been told. The border land was left behind us, and over paths wherein light seemed to be born and radiate until the glories of the seven-hued arch seemed present and ever changing, we passed, nor tarried until we stood beneath the shining, radiant arch of another temple, that took its radiance from the higher circle or sun center. The company that had with us thus far, journeyed were expected, and here again the holy mother spirit Saidie met and blessed us. We had not anticipated her presence, knowing she belonged to the higher circle, but the sweet

humility that characterizes her now was her crowning glory then, and then as now she sought no position wherein she could not be of immediate assistance. This forgetfulness of self has won for her many gems that will never grow less radiant. Going not farther, we tarried in this temple many days, as you count earth time, and during the time we remained Saidie also tarried, talking much with those who had come for the consecrating fires; and as the hour of our departure came, she laid her hands on our bowed heads and said, "Children, I have much to say to you, but the time is not now; but when you have tarried in your own home for a season, I will come to you and speak of plans and fulfillments, which now it is not wisdom to explain." Then, with words of farewell, we departed, feeling in our inner beings a newborn strength and power with a positiveness that before we had not developed, and which was needed before we could become children of the radiant land, and thereby unfold the powers that would bear us as on wings of light to the sun center, which was sometime to be our home, and which is to be the home of all the children of this planet. The homeward path was none the less pleasant because of the radiance of the temple we had visited; instead there was a peace and restfulness that nowhere else greeted us, because it was best adapted to our developments and necessities.

It takes a long time to reach home, Eon, and many paths there are wherein the feet of the home-bound children must wander and rest not. All this is well, for there are many, very many, fields to be labored in, and many harvests to be gathered, and for all this there is to be a price paid, and each heart must, through an inner consciousness of exact justice, name this price and can accept no more. Therefore, it is well to make complete the tasks assigned, as fields wherein much time has been spent may call aloud to the hands that have gleaned therein, and in fulfillment of their demands there may be great weariness. Again we sought the dear old home, to wait and wonder, until Saidie who was and is one of the wisdom mothers of this planet, should come to us with her plans and

explanations. There is one point here that needs the illumination of specification, or there may be a confusion, if not of ideas, of conclusions, born therefrom. I speak often of the wisdom fathers and mothers. Of these there are two classes, and the distinction between them is marked: so much so that it demands an explanation. There are the wisdom fathers and mothers of this planet, who for ages untold and uncounted, before the foot of man ever rested on these rugged shores, watched the swinging world with a love unchanging, such as you and I, Eon, were cultivating in our silent watch in which were blended both hopes and prayers. Of this class was Saidie. There are the wisdom fathers and mothers of the spheres, who are dwellers at certain times in the Temples of Wisdom, and from thence radiate the light they gain to the spheres below them. Of this class, Eon, were you and I, and such would remain until we had proven our power in the field that had called us from our home land; I mean the child world we had watched, and were yet again to watch, as we were then, in the words of earth-land, only home on furlough. We had labored long and earnestly to reach the point to which we had attained, and we felt that our future path could not be very long, when compared with the many wanderings to and fro known in the past, before we could claim the home that we knew with all the Father's children awaited us at the sun center. Still towards this one sphere of illumination we turned not anxious eyes, for we were building a sure foundation that would hold no thin planks that could yield to pressure. No, we were not sun angels as yet, only Eon and Eoná of the sixth sphere, over whom the sacred light of the temple of the seventh sphere had fallen in a baptism, wherefrom we felt a strength and power before unknown to us. We returned not to the temple of our home sphere, as there was a sacredness in the remembrance of what we had witnessed, and which I record not here because it belongs not to earth-land, only as it finds its way to hearts made deeply receptive by the presence of the dwellers from the holy land of souls. Much we wondered at the words of the mother Saidie, yet for the time there came into our hearts no

shadow of her meanings; for, unlike the children of earth-land, we anticipated not the future, there being too much of heaven around us and in our hearts to allow us to anticipate more, and surely we would look for no shadow in so fair a land as the one that claimed us as children. Therefore, we waited the coming of the pure spirit whose love for the children of earth has never abated, and in waiting drank deeply from the harmonies that encircled us, as though there would be need thereof; as though somewhere there were other battles to fight, other victories to gain, the winning of which would call for a deep centering in the harmonies that were heaven-born. Indeed, as the time flew by we felt, rather than saw, a strange shadow. The love breezes of the home crescent brought to us whispers of a land far from the heaven that encircled us, until at last we were conscious that somewhere there was a call to which a response must be given.

CHAPTER LX.

EVER prophetic are the shadows that are cast from the yet to be unto the valleys of the future, and to the valleys wherein the shadows lie must the feet wander in quest of them, and return not until fulfillment is written on every page. This we had many times proven, yet knew not that again our feet must wander in search of the shadows that had fallen, until there came to our home crescent the wisdom mother, Saidie; though not until we were half conscious of the unseen and unknown, did she put back the vines that hid from the arched pathway our sweet home heaven. There was peace in her presence, and long before she spoke of her message to us our hearts had divined it in part; yet we felt that we could not speak the truth that came more and more to our inner consciousness; it seemed too much, but the heart in time grows used to the burthens it bears, and smiles brighten the night of the soul. For days Saidie

remained with us, yet speaking not regarding the plans of which she had previously spoken, until at last the very air of our heaven became so laden with the unspoken desires of her heart concerning us that we could no longer endure the weight thereof, and we bade her speak, saying we were ready if need be to walk in the shadows. Then it was that she opened unto us her whole heart and we listened in patience, growing strong in will power as she continued to reveal unto us her plans and purposes, which she applied not to us. "My children," she said, "the planet I have long watched, and which gave unto you the first baptismal robes, is approaching a period and condition where there is need of strong hearts and true ones, of strong hands and ready ones. There must be born into the atmosphere greater and grander truths, that will lead the children from the midnight of error to the morning of certainty, and all this can be done only in one way, and that by incarnating advanced minds, from whose brains will be born into the earth atmosphere both magnetic power and thought children, that will be like radiations of light. These thought children will in time pervade all homes, and claim resting places in all hearts, but there will come a time when the spirits of the better land will stand face to face with the children of earth and prove themselves dwellers of the higher heavens. It is for this, my children, the heart of Saidie pleads." Then she departed from our home, that at each moment grew dearer, saying she would come yet again; but then she must seek other hearts in quest of willing workers, as many were needed, and only the willing would be accepted. There was in this nothing compulsory, only as the heart might make plain the path of duty, for compulsion born of physical force is not known in the better land in relation to the dwellers thereof. We were not even solicited to take upon our free selves the burthens we saw, though they were pointed out to us. This was the shadow that was cast in the valleys of the future, and for a time we asked not each other or our own hearts the question, "Shall we go in quest of it?" but for a time shut from our inner consciousness all thought concerning what had been told us, that we might,

as we said to ourselves, be better judges of ourself, judging impartially as we would of another in like condition.

Not long was there quiet in the sixth sphere. There was agitation of thought, and for a time the Temple of Wisdom seemed turned into a consultatory hall, though the harmony thereof was not sacrificed by cross opinions, as is too often the case among the children of earth-land. Truly Saidie's voice had been heard throughout the length and breadth of the sixth sphere, and the great purpose for which she was laboring lay at the door of many hearts, for they longed to see the earth-land redeemed from the bondage of ignorance. As yet we spoke not to each other concerning the plans of Saidie, being not sufficiently settled and centered in our own hearts, though there the shadows lay and we were even obliged to sense the necessities of the earth children. Our hearts turned toward the world we were to watch, and also clung to the home that then made our heaven, and to leave either seemed too much, especially when we had been back and forth so many times, and had borne so many burthens. We felt that we had earned our redemption from earthly bondages, and felt that to again take on such bondage was not to us a progression. This, Eon, was the fiery furnace, and as we reasoned thus the very air of our heaven breathed words of condemnation. We had by our reasoning proven ourselves unworthy and yet bound by earth, for we preferred our own content, our own happiness, to the redemption of others through our individual efforts; and when this fact came home to our inner consciousness we bowed our heads for very shame, and knew that never until this shadow of selfishness was washed from the record of our united lives, could we go higher than we then were, for they who bathe in the glory of the sun center have carried the light thereof through unselfish efforts to bring to others peace born of knowledge. Eon, this consciousness of self came home to us in all the weight of unuttered woe, and I write it now that my words may be as a guide-post to others. I tell you, Eon, just so long as one prefers one's own self and happiness to the happiness of others who suffer, just so long will he stand outside the arch that guards the

glory of the sun center. This lesson we learned long after we dreamed we were free from the actual contact with gross materiality, and this selfishness, which until the trial came we knew not we possessed, is just what caused the divergence in our path that was nearing the higher glories. Do you think, Eon, this is a strange confession for one who has dwelt thus long in the higher realms to make? Yet I make it that I may prove to you and myself that the giant Selfishness that stood in our united pathways has been slain and entombed in the earth-land valleys, and I pray your heart of mine to pile still higher above his grave by your own deeds the valley sods, that he may never again in the realms of the Infinite turn us aside from the Father's house.

When to our inner consciousness came the knowledge of self of which I speak, we felt that we could hide our faces from the very blooms that before had gladdened us; there seemed in their very sweetness a something of which we were unworthy. The Lake of the Morning seemed chanting dirges of woe, and heaven seemed for the time afar off. In this condition of sadness and sorrow we bethought ourselves of the earth-land, and with one accord we turned thither our footsteps, that we might witness for ourselves the condition of the inhabitants, thereby forgetting for a time our own suffering. We spoke to no one regarding our movements, knowing we must return for further preparations for whatever path we chose; besides, we knew heaven would not miss us, for we added not at that moment to its harmony. Strange, indeed, seemed the journey, for it had been a long time since our feet had pressed the paths of the lower spheres. No one there seemed to recognize us, and we spoke to no one, for the shadow of our own selfishness made a twilight in our hearts and we felt not to commune even with each other. In the third sphere, the Sabbath-like restfulness of the air woke memories of the pleasant home we there occupied, and longing for a glimpse of it we turned our steps thither, and seeing it not occupied we passed through the open door and rested again in the same rooms wherein ages before we found

our heaven, nor asked for more. While here, there was a return of the restfulness of heart and we grew more peaceful. In this little cottage we tarried several days as you count time, and felt each day the charm thereof bringing back to us the broken Sabbath of the heart.

We sought in this long-ago home no companionship, for our hearts were sore, and we would bind up the wounds that ached in this peaceful clime. Again we passed from this little cottage and sought the earth-land, where long before we had labored. Changed indeed had it become in the ages that had flown. How long we wandered over the earth-field, I know not, only I know we took in all the necessities, the possibilities, and probabilities; saw where there were laborers needed, and what class of minds would form a power that could strike the iron of thought on the anvil of time, and change thereby the tide that was turning towards the shores of bigotry. Ah! there was, as Saidie had said, work for heart and hand; brave and tender must be the hearts to respond, and strong and steady the hands that must bear over many battle-fields the unspotted banner. Thus together we wandered over the entire land; home after home was visited, when we again turned our steps towards the land from whence we had come. We saw the condition of the lower spheres, that lessened not the pity that had found in our inner beings a dwelling-place.

The little cottage we found still unoccupied on our return and we again crossed its threshold, for we felt that we had need of its restfulness. Some kind hands had in our absence woven fresh festoons from sprays of sweet-breathed blooms, and with them looped back the curtains as though in anticipation of an occupant. Here it was, Eon, that we at last counseled with one another, and here in the cot that was growing wonderfully dear to us after the long ages of absence, we felt the returning spirit of humility, of patience, and a willingness to labor as long as a child of the Father had need of our assistance. Here at last was found the altar of true consecration, which long before we deemed we had found and had placed thereon all the sacrifice needed, but in this we were mistaken. In the records I have given,

I have written just as we at that time felt, and in comparison with what I now give, you can discern the difference between the imaginary and the real. In the days of our tarrying at the little home mentioned we became self-centered and calm, and felt in our heart of hearts that the breath and blooms of the home crescent would no longer speak to our inner selves in condemnatory tones, for we were at last both ready and willing to exchange its glories for the battle ground that was in waiting. Looking over the past from where we then stood, it was not to be wondered at that we shrunk from another earthly baptism, but this preference of the comfort and peace of heaven told us in words unmistakable that we had something yet to earn, before we were prepared for the glories that still await us. We had been so greatly favored in our periods of tarrying in the spheres, by being companions of such exalted spirits as Wisdom and Pearl, that we never dreamed but that through the knowledge gained, and the love labor done, we were forever redeemed from the earth-land missions; but we found at last that redemption was bought only at the full price, there being no discounting the first figures. I knew you had not received your crown, when you came home from your last incarnation, yet we both deemed it possible and probable that you would earn it as is sometimes the case in the land of souls; in fact we thought not but it was already due, though the time for such honor had not come.

We tarried not long, then, in the cottage that witnessed our vows of fidelity to the earth-land that needed a host of willing workers, for we were ready to hold converse with the mother Saidie, ready to place our hands in hers and say, "We will go," though we knew not as yet which one would be chosen. On our way we passed the temple wherein our names had been recorded as soul mates, and where we listened to words that were filled with prophetic shadows that were already fulfilled. We were curious to again enter and stand before the same altar, as one might be to visit old landmarks of earth-land, and, following the inspiration of the moment, we did so. It proved to be at

an hour when the temple was vacant, and there was nothing to hinder our walking through the entire length. As we neared the altar beneath the grand arch, which signified to us then far more than it did or could have done when we first stood beneath it, we saw the many volumed books of records wherein our names, ages before, had been placed. It was open, and we turned the leaves until we found the names Eon and Eoná. To these were attached these words, "Going earthward from the sixth sphere." We left the book open at our names and placed therein a tiny bouquet of small white blossoms with pink hearts, that we had gathered as we left the cottage. Then we passed out, meeting no one, consequently we had no explanations to make. Over the pathway that we so well remembered we journeyed homeward, meeting many, but no familiar faces greeted us, though many were the curious glances that were turned towards us, as our raiment betokened dwellers of another sphere. As we neared the home shores, there was a feeling of sadness in our hearts, not that we were to leave the beautiful land, but we felt we had proven ourselves half unworthy of its peace by the selfish desire to linger in its borders; yet we would redeem the past weakness in the battles that awaited to be fought. We felt that we could not enter the home crescent until we had first presented ourselves at the Temple of Wisdom. Therefore we hastened thither, and upon entering the sacred hall we were surprised to see the crowds of eager-faced spirits that had there gathered. Surely, we thought, we had come in time. Within the enclosure made by the consecrating altar were spirit fathers and mothers from the seventh sphere, among whom was our much loved Saidie, who moved in their presence as a central star. All forgetful of self, she radiated an aura of indescribable glory that spoke volumes of unworded praise for one so exalted, yet so filled with sweet humility that would not allow her to place herself a single remove above the lowliest of the Father's children. On the altar spoken of, we noticed were placed goblets like unto pure crystal. These were filled with the consecrating wine, and around these goblets were placed little mounds of pure

white flowers in the form of bouquets. There was a sacredness in the air and a holy awe that touched all hearts. The wisdom spirits addressed the waiting throng in words of love, but when Saidie's voice was heard we felt that to listen was but pleasure. She began with the care that had been bestowed on all who had come up from the earth paths, and showed how at other periods when they, too, suffered in earthly bondage wise spirits went forth from the glories of heaven and rescued them, and ended not until she portrayed the great needs that then existed of earnest workers, whose heart of hearts would be wedded to the work. She bade them seek not earthly glory, for it would but dim the glories that would await them on their return: unselfishly must they labor for the uplifting of truth, while she would willingly, aye gladly, forego the glories of the sun center, to be often in their midst, a worker on the same battle ground that must resound to the tread of many feet. And she furthermore added that could she do so she would willingly again be clothed in the garments of earth; but that was not for her, as she had finished the grand cycle, and her name had been recorded in the next, though she should ever work for the land she loved until it was redeemed and its redemption recorded. Such were the words of Saidie, who has ever proven herself true to her pledge.

Before concluding her remarks, she bade all who were willing to go earthward stand before the altar and await the decision. There was no rushing and no withholding, and soon the altar was completely hidden by the brave of heart, who feared not the earth-land pilgrimage in the valley shadows. Eon, do you think we were the last to appear at the altar? No, if we had shrunk when first the shadow fell, we shrank not then, and no more determined hearts beat in the white-robed throng than ours. Thus far the record is good. Again Saidie addressed us, saying that only those who could be the recipients of the true light would be of use in the earth-land, and in unison with them would the soul mate labor that their power might be increased. She bade us look upon our mission to the world as one most sacred, from which the holiest results would be

recorded. The path, she said, might be rough, yet it would be brightened by the tireless watchers who would in time find their power in earth-land grown so strong they would be able to stand face to face with those they most loved. It was Saidie's hand that held to the lips whereon were only smiles of patience and hope, the consecrating wine. The tender love light of her eyes said to each heart, "I would gladly bear this all could I do so," and each was conscious of a pure baptism of love that would be as the soul's crystal or reflect only pure tints in the earth-land. As Saidie approached us she held to your lips the wine, at the same time resting on my head her hand as though in blessing, and I felt therefrom the love-promises of her heart to be with us where the contest was the deepest, to wave over us the triumphant banner for which we were to labor.

It was decided that those who had given their names as soldiers in the coming battles should not all go at one time; some would go in advance, and others would come as needed, and as places could be found and prepared for their incarnation. Thus the lines would remain unbroken and the work go on until the redemption that was needed and sought was recorded. As yet we were told no places were prepared, therefore we could all seek our homes and abide in the harmony thereof until we were summoned to appear at the bugle call. In this there was to us an untold consolation, for we felt we must be in harmony with the home we were to leave or we would not retain sacred remembrance thereof nor look for a welcome to its peaceful shades. The assembly dispersed and with one accord all sought their homes, where Saidie, the tender mother, the true of heart, said she would yet again visit them. Patient and faithful was this pure spirit, whose love for the children of earth many times outweighed the love of the beautiful home that was hers. She cared not for the glory thereof while in shadows were straying the benighted children. We sought again the crescent where the Lake of the Morning was singing a lullaby, as though we were already gone and it was singing itself to sleep to awaken not until our return. There was a sadness in the glimmering light and good-byes seemed echoing

among the blooms: yet it was home and for a time we would be happy therein and prepare our hearts for the change that was to come, whenever the summons sounded. We unmoored the "Silver Shell" and floated over the tinted waters, bathing our hands in the glimmering waves, wondering what the years would hold before together we would again feel the tender breezes touch the cheek and brow. Ah! Eon, there was in all this a sweet sadness that I love even now to recall: like a baptism it was deepening the higher attributes of our souls. We seemed ever whispering to leaf, to bud, and bloom, tender blessings and farewells, and ever receiving the same.

This season of waiting was lengthened beyond our expectations, as the spirit fathers and mothers, who might be said to be semi-incarnated by their bondage to earth through our necessities, were to seek and prepare homes for our acceptance, which might not be all they would most desire, yet being the best that they at that time could find, we would lift no dissenting voice. While yet we waited Saidie again came to our home, as she had said she would do, and her presence was to our hearts as a sweet psalm; it harmonized us with the labor that awaited our presence, it comforted us in our half sadness, and changed the twilight of our hearts to a morning of hopefulness. Then it was she revealed to us the deeper plans of the higher counsels and we saw more fully the need of determined workers. She told us of the hopes they entertained of wedding the two worlds through the lines of light the messengers were to bear to the land of their incarnation, and revealed to us also, how within the time of their tarrying the higher spirits would make the grand effort of establishing on earth our order, that should represent the order or highest circle of the sun heavens, which in other words is termed the sun center. This order, she assured us, was to be watched over by the higher spirits, and through its unfoldments she also made known to us that the soul mates should meet face to face their own while yet they were working for the redemption of the earth children. All this was new to us, and we wondered not at the earnestness that had characterized all of

her efforts, and rejoiced at last that we were considered worthy to bear a part in the wondrous work. She informed us that many, even from the seventh sphere, had given their names as willing workers, and would leave their homes of fadeless beauty and take on the earth robes, that they might thereby light the valleys of earth-land with the inner radiance they would bear. These were not from the sun center,—for such never touch the earth shores through incarnation, though they cease not to work in love wherein is no selfishness for the children of the planet. As we thought of the many to go we could but wonder how the heavens would seem to those who remained. Surely, there would be many empty homes in the fair lands of the blessed, but they would keep in all their perfection for the returning pilgrims, as nothing there is subject to decay. The mates who were to labor in unison with those on the earth shores were to seek homes in the third sphere, to be ever near the battle-fields where truth must in time be triumphant. We thought of the dear little cot which we had but recently made our own, and in my heart I said, “If no other occupant claims it, it shall be mine till the pilgrimage is ended, and I will baptize it with the love of unselfish efforts for others.” Saidie spoke not of our first reluctance to bear the earth burthens, touched no sore places in our hearts, for her own heart told her what our struggle had been, and she knew the result, which was sufficient. It is needless to probe hearts that have ached because they may have seemed to others to be weak, it is enough that they have suffered, and overcome, and no other hearts have the records to bear.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE lake tempted me not to its borders ; I could hear the low wash of its waves, and that was full enough for the heart that was bearing its burthens. The heaven of the crescent had fled, for the heart that had helped to weave its

strains of harmony was no longer there; therefore it held not to me the charm it had once worn; though I would watch it and see that its old-time beauty faded not, that it might be ready for the pilgrim when the earth path was lost in the sunset valley. The door opening on to the balcony has never swung to and fro since you passed out, for it closed not after you, therefore it is pleasanter and less saddening for me when I visit the cot to find it open, as though somewhere in its rooms you might be resting. There is a certain amount of cheer in an open door with the sunlight creeping across the threshold; the hearth of welcome seems not to have gone away with the occupant. At my first visit to the dear home a group of the heaven-born and heaven-unfolded children came to me, as though sent by some dear friend who knew the heart sorrow I was bearing. In their presence there was rest, and many times since have they brightened the crescent with their presence, which is like bringing sunlight into a day of darkness. There is peace and hope wherever they flit; many a weary heart just home from the land of earth-born shadows has felt the sweet rest of their presence, and been comforted in its sorrowing for the dear ones left behind. At the time appointed the soul mates who had parted with their companions met, as previously agreed upon, at the Temple of Wisdom. Together we talked over our plans and decided the manner in which we would pass the time, while yet we were unsummoned to the earth field—which was a matter of no small moment; we concluded it best to dwell in the same sphere, and wherever we went to go together, that no one might be left to feel the sadness of utter loneliness. In this uniting of sorrows and sympathies there was both strength and comfort. As brothers and sisters we sought to gladden each other, and in so doing there came to us the peace of hope that held in it an assurance.

Our first plan was to arrange our homes in the third sphere. A hopeful company were we as we wended our way from the sixth sphere to the waiting or third. I found the old-time home we had occupied together still vacant, with no signs of a coming occupant. This I had long before

chosen, and I again called it home, and arranged the rooms so as to resemble as nearly as possible the condition in which we first found and occupied it. In this there was real pleasure, and could you have wakened from your dreamless sleep you would have smiled at the likeness it bore to our old-time home. The entire company erected near this cottage homes in which to wait; indeed so close together were these homes that we could converse from the balconies as readily as though in the very homes wherein dwelt the waiting mates. It is in a beautiful valley that we dwelt called the Valley of Echoes, because it is so situated as to catch, at certain times, echoes from the land wherein our loved ones were to tarry. I sought to understand the cause of this, and saw no way to solve the strange problem, except in this manner, which may or may not seem conclusive to you: The radiation from the earth towards the spheres takes the form of waves or undulations. This occurs at stated times, and the hills that border the beautiful valley are in direct line with the outflowing wave. Therefore, as the wave sweeps the high hills there is thrown valleyward many tidings of earth-land. I know not as this theory is correct, but I do know that the valley breezes are many times filled with whispers born in earth-land, and in response to these whispers spirits seek the land from whence they come to help bear the burthens of those who call. When once all our homes were arranged to suit the different dwellers, we erected a small temple. This was only for the use of the mates, and when completed was *en rapport* with the temple in the sixth sphere. Does any one ask how that could be? Then I will ask them how it is possible for earth-land cities to be *en rapport* with each other as is the case at the present, and which is but the putting into material expression of actual existing conditions of spirit-land. I speak not extravagantly when I say the improvements that the present age records and enjoys, and which at one time would have been considered but the imaginations of crazed brains, are born in and handed down from the land that lies over the tide; nor has this earth-land received all the wonders that are in waiting for

it. Wise spirits whose special province it is, are often in council concerning the actual material needs of the children, who sense not from whence come the wonderful ideas they receive. Among them are chemists, masters of mechanism and mathematics, and all the leading points the fulfillment of which on the earth plane will in time round out the land in which you dwell to completeness. The church as a power feels the shadow of the coming time and is making efforts to unhusk itself, which when done will, I fear, become so little in the form of the real germ that the heavier breezes will dislodge it, when of necessity it will become ingrafted into the sturdier tree and therefrom receive nourishment. Thus from being a tree it will become a scion, and may in that way in time yield fruit meet for the children of the kingdom.

As I said, the temple erected for our special use was *en rapport* with the higher temple, and by being thus united it became radiant; though not to the extent seen in the temple from which it received its baptism of glory, yet so much so that we felt comforted as though in constant communication with our own home friends. This illumination or radiance at first excited great curiosity among the dwellers of that sphere, and as in earth life there were many conjectures concerning it; for the like had never before been witnessed there, while we were looked upon as being a people set apart by an internal principle they failed to perceive. We made no note of where our home was, and whither as one body we at stated times went. We donned the robes of the third sphere lest we might be so unlike all others there as to be much observed, besides such robes were to be in keeping after a time with the mission that awaited us. As the time passed one after another of the dwellers of the land, seeing no evil from the radiant temple, came within its walls and there listened to truths that had never before come home to their inner selves. I do not mean that all in time came, but very many, and through the light there received they were in time prepared for the fourth sphere, whither as they were ready we conducted them, where they were given homes, as many ages before we had

been cared for. Thus you see, Eon, we wasted not the time of our waiting, and we rejoice that the record tells of many who through the avenue thus formed now tread the hills and vales of a higher land.

In consideration with the efforts for good already mentioned, we also sought the mission fields of the second sphere, for we were no better than were our mates, who must come in actual contact with materiality. We were looked upon as a class of reformatory spirits, though we mentioned not the sphere from which we came. In this second sphere we wove on to our wrappings of light grays that we might not seem radiant to the dwellers of the land. We sought their good, and not their praise, which is of but little import to true hearts. In this sphere we found a class of active people who thought in a positive manner, and reasoned well on the principles that were then agitating the minds of the earth-land children. We attracted to us a goodly number of these thinkers, who after a time consented to go with us for a visit to the third sphere. In this we felt sure of good results. Great was the pleasure manifest by the members of the willing company, as we traversed the border lands leading to the third sphere. It seemed even more beautiful to them than they had expected the far-away heavens to be. This journey to the third sphere was to those who went very much like the earth-land journeys, where one plans for an extended trip to a country never before visited. There was manifest the same wonderment, conjecture, and interest; many needless arrangements were made, through the consciousness that they were going, as it seemed to them, far from the land of their homes. Do you ask why more do not go from the second sphere for abiding homes? Then I will ask why more do not go from the earth-land homes they occupy in search of pleasanter homes and more fruitful country? Even those who have it in their power to go where they choose still tarry near the old home tree. This is natural for nearly all, and it comes from a love of long occupied homes, which in the second sphere are so akin to the homes on the sunny side of earthly existence that it is quite as

difficult for the inhabitants to leave them. People there draw around them their highest ideas of comfort and luxury, as they do here, and feeling perfectly satisfied with the healthfulness of the climate, the absence of winters, and no sickness, they see no reason for moving and there they remain until a necessity occurs, or some incentive is born in their inner selves, that prompts a sudden removal. This is often the reflection of something existing in earth-land. Some loved friend, perhaps, is approaching the valley where the twilight gathers, and instead of resting in the second sphere, will, because of the proper unfoldment, find a home in the third sphere. Then again they may, as is often the case, weary with the existence that savors so much of the earth, and feeling the inner promptings go in quest of a clime more genial to them. There is still another reason which I have never mentioned. The second sphere has not power to sustain an endless existence of forms, by which I mean there comes a time when if no change is made the body inhabited will refuse to obey the command of the indwelling spirit, and if there is no remove there is what in earth-land is termed death, when the spirit is drawn to another form in the earth-land, and incarnation is the result. Spirits are there conscious of an exhaustion of bodily forces, and not understanding the law that is acting on them are at the mercy of what might be termed the fates (did we not see both cause and effect, and still further, a grand result from the two principles).—spirits who make no effort to remove the cause, unless they have grown to the acceptance of certain truths that are not much taught in the second sphere, and as a result are drawn to the sphere for which they have the most adaptation. If spirituality is in the ascendancy they pass to the third sphere, where their wasted powers are recuperated, and they remain until there is another demand; but if strongly material they are drawn to earth-land, and many times unconsciously to themselves are incarnated. In this class there is not the strongest love and the friends left behind think they have gone to some other country and worry not themselves to search for them.

CHAPTER LXII.

THUS peacefully did we wait, holding sweet communion with each other, nor dreading as we had done the trial, in which forgetfulness on the part of one to go held a shadow of death. This one point seems to be the prime cause of the word death, as in its strictest sense it signifies forgetfulness, and this alone we dreaded. We knew that for a time, and perhaps a long time, as you of earth life look upon the years that pass, you would be unconscious of me, and in this unconsciousness would be my greatest trial; while you, after the transition, would awake to the material all forgetful of the one who waited the hour when she could reveal herself to you. In this, Eon, my burthen was all I felt that I could well bear. This was my sacrifice, and I kept whispering to my heart, "In this I will not fail, nor add to the weary load my soul mate must take up in the strength of his own will." Together we re-arranged the cottage, and over the doorway we inscribed in letters of light, "Sacred to Eon and Eoná." There was pleasure in all this, yet mixed with the pleasure was the shadow that had fallen, through which we strove to look with brave hearts. There is growing over one end of the balcony a vine-like shrub, that clambers to the very heights of the cottage, and this bears pure white blossoms with a heart like unto sunset, and like sunset it sheds a soft halo ever on the outer part of the bloom. These grow not in clusters but singly, and were set in a husk or cup of mossy leaves of tender green. There are no flowers in all our home crescent more beautiful than these, and they were your favorite, your special pride. While yet we were making the preparations for departure, that you might be ready when the summons came, you gathered a bouquet of these beautiful flowers, and placing them in a crystal vase, you left them in your favorite window, from which you looped back the curtains. Then calling me, you bade me ever keep in the same place, and in the same vase, a bouquet of the same blooms in remembrance of the hand that placed them there, saying at the same

time, with a half smile, in which the sadness of your heart wove itself, "And I will weave for you a crown of the same when I come home." I speak of these points now, which to some may seem foolish, because they will be helps to your memory when you come home.

While we made arrangements for the home coming that was then afar off, we talked over our plans as people in earth life will do, when the future holds plans they are to fulfill. Everything at last was just as we most wished to leave it, and I promised you there should be no change made in all the cottage until your return. When this was done, we felt in our hearts a desire to visit the homes of the accepted ones, as we thought in this there would be to us a strength. This we did, and felt our hearts comforted. All seemed anxious for the bugle sound. They were brave hearts, and true, and though you recall not the past now, the very ones with whom you labor in the present are the identical spirits with whom you stood before the altar of consecration. They wear not their heavenly robes, light and shining; neither have they brought with them the calmness and external harmony of the better land. Warriors were they to be, and as such they must wear the armor of the land wherein the battles were to be fought. They were to meet and contend with principles born in flinty hearts and enshrined in flinty creeds, against which, at one period of this nation's record, to lift the hand of opposition would have been death, or what in the hearts of the worshipers of the creed that fettered was deemed death, and to them equivalent thereto. This same company, Eon, when they have all returned from the earth-land battles, will be given a grand reception at a temple that since your coming earthward has been erected on the summit of the border-land hills that make the dividing line between the sixth and seventh spheres, and occupying this position is adapted to the dwellers of both spheres, for you remember there were from both willing volunteers. This reception will be called the grand reunion of nineteenth century messengers, and will be under the supervision of the wisdom spirits of both spheres. This temple has many arches for the main en-

trances on both sides, facing thus the two lands. Around the entire structure extends a broad parade, canopied and festooned. Were this temple to be let down to earth-land in form or density to be visible to the material eye as it is to the eyes of the spirits, the believers in the God of the Jews would think it the temple of their Jehovah, and would fall on their faces in fear and trembling. Poor, benighted children! the angels pity, and in pitying send to them messengers of love, that are wafting away, little by little, the valley mists that hide from them the true, the pure, and the beautiful. In the temple referred to is a Book of Records, bearing the names of the mates on earth and the mates in the unseen, and whenever a mate in the earth ranks is discharged, there is placed above the name the one word, "Returned." In the vast assembling room or hall, the portraits of all the mates thus linked together by the law of love, that finds its origin in the heart of the Infinite, hang side by side, while over them festoons of flowers tell of the love of the wisdom spirits, in whose hearts the messengers are enshrined, as though sacred because of their labors. Since the erection of this temple, I have ever kept among the flowers that hang over our portraits blooms from the clambering shrub that grows over our home balcony. I am not the only one who thus remembers the loved ones in the valleys. As the children of earth plant blooms over the graves of those they deem dead, so we twine and intertwine sweet flowers of remembrance among the floral tokens from the wisdom spirits, for our living, not our dead. These are our sweet-breathed prayers for those we love. The temple has increased much in its interior beauty since it was erected. Many rare paintings from master hands will be seen, and they all bear reference to earth and its conflicts that are crowned with success.

I digressed a little to give you and many others information concerning this wonderful edifice that has been erected for the purpose of which I speak. It might well be called the Memorial Hall of the border hills, and in fact now the New Jerusalem of the mates who wait in patience the coming of those they miss, as they record their many trials

and with them their triumphs. During our tarrying, after all preparations were completed, we sailed much on the beautiful lake. There was a peaceful murmur to its waters that seemed comforting and restful whenever we felt the shadow deepen. Returning from communing with its waves, in which we could ever detect tones of hope and gladness, we found in the cottage a little note, and opening it we read therefrom a summons to appear at the temple. We knew what this meant and had long expected it, yet when it came we felt for a moment as though actual death had been measured out to us and we must accept it. Then there came a reaction in which hope shot some arrows of light. The thought came that you were not to go alone, nor was I the only one to remain. In this there was comfort, strange as it may seem,—the comfort of receiving and bestowing the sympathy that the separation must call for. We spoke no word to each other, neither did we for a time move; but the waves of intense agony ceased to break over us in fury, and we felt that the sooner the ordeal was passed the better it would be, for then in your forgetfulness you would no more sense the sorrow of the separation, and I, knowing it to be the inevitable, would turn my steps toward the path that awaited me. The note you had held in your hand you placed on the little inlaid work-table and there it has since ever lain. There, too, you will find it when you return, half open as you left it. I can imagine the different look that will come to your face as you again read it, for the battles will have been fought, the victories won, and your crown in waiting. There is a vast difference in one's inner feelings when the shadows looked upon are receding; the sense of shadowing and coldness gives place to the warmth of the sunlight of peace. So with one accord we clasped each other's hands, and once more walked through the rooms of the dear home, so soon to be left. I shut my heart from my very self, and commanded smiles to come to my lips; I even sang sweet melodies in which were no good-byes, no sadness, as we passed out of one room after another. I passed out last that you might not seem to be closing forever the doors between you and another life.

There is something inexpressibly sad in leaving old homes, and it lightens the burthens wonderfully when some other hand opens and closes the doors; it seems to take the sense of an endless good-bye therefrom, and leaves in its stead a gleam of hope that holds an assurance of return. Stepping out on to the balcony, I led you to the blooming shrub, and, gathering therefrom a cluster of its fragrant, sunset blossoms, I fastened them beneath the girdle of your shining robe, at the same time placing some of the same in my hair, as though in a merry mood. In looking back from the present to that hour, my smiles remind me of the sunlight, touching yet not warming the stately icebergs of the ice seas. With a careless manner I led you to the beautiful bower that occupies the center of the crescent. For a moment we rested therein; then with hands that unclasped not we wandered toward the Lake of the Morning. This was the hardest part of all, as all else had seemed quiet, but the lake had a voice that spoke to each heart. The "Silver Shell" was moving to and fro with the tide, and I said in my own heart, "Never again, little boat, will you bear me over the tinted waters, till the one I love comes back to me again." I could endure the sight no more, and led you away.

In all this there had no words passed our lips, and there was no call for them. There was but the one path for us to tread, and we were seeking it in patience. It was Eoná's hand that looped back the swaying vines that hid the arched pathway, and you passed out while yet she held them back. Side by side we passed beneath the green arches, and my heart shuddered as I thought of the many times I must tread the path alone, before you would again stand by my side. Ah! Eon, there is sadness even in heaven when hearts are thus made to ache, and such separations must occur just as long as there are children in the earth homes who are in need of the light of the better land. I do not say you and I must again be separated, but some hearts must, and sadness will be the result.

Near the temple, where we were all to meet and from whence we were to go earthward, music, that thrilled our

hearts with hope until we almost rejoiced, rose and fell on the air of heaven, and as it echoed again and again we half wondered at our sadness. Such is the power of music ever in the home of the blessed. We were inspired by its power and were ready to march whenever the command was given. Entering, we found many there in advance of us, and when all who were at that time summoned had presented themselves, Saidie, who forsook not the flock she loved, again addressed us. She assured us we would all be watched over by the united groups of wisdom spirits who were to go earthward with us, and who would never leave us entirely alone. As we stood before the altar, she laid her hand in blessing on each head, and we felt that with such holy watchers we should be safe. As we yet waited the word to go we were surprised to see the entire band of volunteers entering the hall. They had come to offer us final greetings, knowing not when they would be called; neither did they feel sure that in the land they would in time seek they would know in the changed garbs those they then remembered as brothers and sisters. There were many good-byes spoken, many promises given on both sides. The signal for departure was at last given, and led by the wisdom spirits, among whom was Saidie, we passed beneath the radiant arch of the temple. The remaining volunteers accompanied us not, but remained watching our departure. We were encouraged and inspired by the same grand music that had before touched our hearts, and in its power we sensed not for a time that we were leaving our home heaven. We were led to the Temple of Wisdom in the third sphere, where were left the shining robes worn by those to be incarnated, that they might find them on their return; not that they would be needed, but they would be helps to memory, and would also be pleasant reminders of the love of the soul mates. And that is not all; there is a sad pleasure to the mates who wait in looking upon the robes once worn by those they loved, as do they of earth.

At the Temple of Wisdom came the first reception. The mates who were to tarry were told that they must remain in that sphere, or wherever they most chose to remain, until

after the complete baptism of their loved ones. The reason given was this: The tenderness of each heart would undo all the spirit fathers and mothers have already done and were still to do. Thus their love instead of being a help would be a soul hinderance until such time as they should be needed as watchers and guides, at which time we were assured we would be notified. For once the heavenly music met no response in our hearts, and, judging from the sad eyes that sought ours in appealing love, there was still another failure of its power. The inevitable again giant-like stood in our pathway and we bowed our heads in submission. Soon we lost sight of the earth-bound pilgrims, and with the robes they had left we departed once more to the land from whence we came to lay our plans for future labor. Sad-eyed angels were we, yet our hearts were brave, and we felt strong to guide and guard our loved ones when once called to their sides. Reaching the sphere from which we journeyed, we each sought the home from which we had departed. I doubt not, Eon, but the blooms were as fair and fragrant as ever before, but they touched not my heart with the tenderness I had before felt. Alone I passed beneath the arches where twilight seemed to have been born, and putting aside the drooping vines I stood alone in the home crescent. The dreariness that for a moment swept over my heart can never be told in earth words. I entered the cottage and placed the dear robe on the chair you always occupied. Stooping I kissed the sweet flowers your hands gathered, but through other portions of the cottage I could not pass; indeed, I have never in the years you have been absent opened the door thereof, for I would keep them sacred to you until you again returned.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE workers who had returned from the third sphere, strong from the baptisms received in that land, saw, as they turned their eyes towards the future, where light through

their unselfish efforts would dawn. Brave of heart and strong of purpose were they, and they knew that with the iron wills they could bear the banners of progressive thought through the length and breadth of the land that was waiting a new dawn. The children of the present know not what they owe to these same workers; the waves of power that touch the shores of the present are due to the harmonizing power of their united efforts. The first noticeable result of their labors on the earth shores after they had marshaled their hosts for a long contest was seen among the class who, strong of mind, brave and tender of heart, accepted no faith but that which called for a complete salvation of all the Father's children. This was the heaven of the earth-land. This was to be the preparatory field where they would sow the seeds of the kingdom and watch the unfoldment thereof. This class was scouted by those who reveled in an imaginary tide of fire that lost none of its heat from devouring even unoffending infancy. Their very eyes brightened, their cheeks reddened with enthusiasm, as they portrayed to the unthinking classes the skull-decorated halls of hell, where little ones whose lips had never formed the holy word of mother were, because of unbelieving parents, doomed to burn eternally. Ah, Eon, do you wonder at the demands made for revising their most worshipful of books, thereby closing the doors to an abyss so hideous, thereby quenching the sulphureous fumes that they had deemed were as a sweet savor in the nostrils of the Almighty? Creeds that sustained such points have done more than all else to force the clear reasoner to the farther extreme, from which he claims there is no God, no hereafter, and no echoes from the eternities to give proof thereof. Surely the rest of annihilation is better than any chances of escape from the hades of the long ago. In the homes of those whose humanity had distanced the preachings and teachings of those who were supposed to stand between God and the world, did the members of our order seek their abiding places, and had the dwellers of such homes been clairvoyant they would have been surprised beyond expression at what their eyes would have be-

held. Such homes established throughout the length and breadth of the land were the centers to which the workers brought their magnetic power, their soul forces, that was to be as a lever that in time would turn and overturn the very hills of the eternities that were based on the Rock Infernal.

In these same dwellings where love for all of the Father's children had taken root, were there at times great gatherings of the invisible hosts, and these gatherings were invariably followed by a new and stronger thought, which was another point made for the god of war who was to put to flight the almost countless hosts of ignorant worshipers of fires doomed to die, leaving nothing but the blackened and charred fagots as a landmark, to which the children of the yet far-away future will point as proof of the barbarism that once existed. The Ganges of earth has closed over many an innocent form, yet the religious rite compares grandly with the ideas taught as gospel truth by the clerically wise and sacred of the years that as yet lie not far from your doors. There is a wide difference between the Ganges of earth and the Ganges of hades, from which there was supposed to be no result; I must digress a little by way of conjecture, as there is an unaccountable strangeness in the efforts of the children of the land to change the tide of belief in the hearts of the so-called heathen. According to their belief, they are saved even while in their ignorant sins, as the church is pleased to term it. If this be so, why then do they trouble themselves to carry to them the light that in nine cases out of ten damns them? At least this statement is in exact accordance with the church teachings or showing, because it is impossible for them to receive what their hearts have not been prepared for by previous teachings that date back to childhood. It seems to me a wild movement, if the result of the efforts made are all to be weighed by the acceptance or non-acceptance of the so-called light. There are on this side the great waters thousands of half-clothed and half-fed children who are in far greater need of immediate assistance than the heathen, whose very ignorance is believed to be their salvation,

without any other installment; but this is not historical and I will go back again to my work.

Plank after plank was laid in the platform of liberal thought, nail after nail was driven home and clinched with a will, battle after battle was fought with a victory recorded; nothing could stand in the way of the warriors who went forth for a purpose. From many homes the banners of the invisible floated, giving a warlike appearance to the earth-land that could be seen and realized only by those on the unseen shores, for as yet clairvoyance was not developed to the children of the land; the hour for their unfoldment had not dawned, though all things were working in rhythmic harmony towards the one grand result, over the fulfillment of which the angels of the higher heavens waited to chant their hallelujahs. Ah, Eon, could you have but peered through the mists that hid the grand army from the earth children, you would have seen the Eoná of your heart, the Eoná of your soul, charging on the enemy's lines with the whole power of her earnest will; you would have seen how faithfully she labored, that when you were ready for your work the field wherein you were to labor would also be in readiness. There were no idlers in the ranks, no hangers-on with half pay and full rations, but all worked with a will that was to win every inch of the ground battled for; there was no compromise, no white flag crossed the lines, and "On to victory" was the cry that fell from every lip. Strange indeed the shores of earth appear in the light of the kingdom in contest with the dull-faced sustainers of an incomplete theology, incomplete save in its sentences of damnation. No wonder that they sought to work by strategy, rather than by the power of will, that is born from an inner consciousness of right. This the holy hosts of heaven were not blind to detect, and guards were placed around all homes that were then the centers of light, to which the army bore their trophies, and where they gathered to discuss points gained and guarded. The points I have recorded were but preparatory, but the title-page to the yet unrecorded volume, wherein cause and effect would be seen to stand side by side, wherein the true was to be

weighed in the same scales as the false, and record thereof made in letters of living light. As I turn my gaze towards those years of preparatory efforts, wherein all the facts that could be were brought and retained within the soul atmosphere of the thinking children of that day, I rejoice that it was my privilege to stand side by side with those who bore the heaviest burthens up the steepest hills. Methinks the tell-tale echoes of the waiting crescent will have gathered much of their sweetness from the songs of triumph then chanted, and will breathe through the anthems of the future an undertone of gladness.

As yet the army waited for their captains, who had not passed the needed ordeal, who had not as yet been enrolled, though they were watched and guarded for the hour that was sure to come as the twilight is to follow the noonday. The thought tide that had been turned earthward with its ripples, singing of freedom from all bondage, called for a corresponding tide of opposing thought and action; consequently the zealous sustainers in whose titles of LL.D. was read all the glory they possessed labored unceasingly to place additional bars across the door that was surely unbolted, and that was just as surely opening. I speak thus not because I censure those who had an equal right to their beliefs and who acted in accordance therewith, but to show just how much more the army of invisibles had to encounter and overcome. Bravely they looked through all opposition, over all obstacles, to a triumphant future, where from the platform, then in process of erection, would be evolved another, grander and broader, on which the white-robed hosts of heaven would stand and declare to the wide world the truths of the higher heavens. Let no one think the army of which I speak was composed entirely of men, as many noble, brave-hearted women were first and foremost in the power of their dauntless will. If the great deep of hearts that had ever responded to the soulless echoes of the earth-land were to receive the holy impress of angel thoughts, it was woman who was called to the work; if seeds of humanity were to be sown on the barren deserts of selfishness, it was woman who volunteered. She

was her own color-bearer, and her own captain, and defeat was never recorded of her. The power of her measureless will spanned gulfs that to man seemed impossible. The obstacles that man would look at over and around, taking exact measurement of the possibilities and probabilities, at a great loss of time, by her keen perceptions were disrobed of their mightiness, and by the power of her will were overcome and the farther shore reached, while man, stumbling and groping in the shadows, was still wondering if there was a farther shore. In woman's power of will, in her unyielding determination, in her known and accepted ability to surmount the most forbidding difficulties, woman is queen of the realm; she takes in probabilities, possibilities, and certainties at a glance, leaving man to prove the same in his methodical manner that allows of no digression from the system of exact weight and measurement. I say not too much when I say that woman unfolded in all the high and holy attributes of her being is the positive power of the world. Eon, I am not gathering laurel wreaths by the wayside to deck the brow of woman because I am her sister. I speak only what I know to be true, and at the same time I acknowledge man to be the rightful master and proprietor of his own premises, and in doing thus take from none the honor that is rightfully theirs. The efficient workers of the seen and unseen are many of both classes, and they do the work that they alone can do.

During the years to which I now more particularly refer, many chips were hewn from the block of soul revealments, by the solid reasoners of the day, whose numbers compared but poorly with those of the old-time reasoners who dwelt in the very center of the ancient fossils that were never illuminated by the light of truth. Many a controversy marked the records at that time in which they of the false sought to force an acceptance of their ideas by the power of their unphilosophical reasoning that made of Deity a hobgoblin, and the eternities a land not to be sought. Around such combatants gathered the unseen as a vigilance committee, each leader of the mist-hid ranks seeking to in-

spire with his own ideas the brain to which they were attracted as a center. To one looking on, such scenes are often fraught with interest, as one under such conditions is better able to witness the power of truth over error. The outside sustainers of preconceived ideas were encircled by a magnetic atmosphere that told to those who could read the symbolic pages of the elements which side drew inspiration from the ever open fountains of truth and which drained the wells of egotism. During such combats I have many times seen the surrounding hosts of the opposers of truth shrink at the well-aimed shafts of reason, until feeling their armor pierced through and through with honest conviction they would turn from the center they at first sought to sustain, rather than acknowledge the truth of the opposite party; and instead of laying a foundation for future good, they would beat a retreat under the pretense of disgust. Then I have seen combatants more honest with their own souls and less burthened with egotism acknowledge the truthful premises and conclusions they combated, and instead of withdrawing turn the magnetic power of their will, making by so doing the tide of truth doubly strong or doubly sensed by the one they were sustaining. In such cases, the staunch believers in and advocates of ideas based on fables often become convinced of the higher truths, and the years that followed found them seeking for the gems of reason and revealing to the world the gleanings of the harvest fields of truth. They who see only the material side of life and seek to know nothing of what lies beyond, even at their own doors, can form no idea of the great work that has been done by the missionaries from the land beyond. The unthinking know not that they have stood in their very homes, not with long and wordy articles on faith and repentance, but with baptisms of truth that have penetrated the very atmosphere of the soul until conviction of truths untaught in the tabernacles of man have woven themselves into the brain tissues and inner acceptance.

The records of the years to which I refer were filled to overflowing with points of interest. The land that was

deemed the land of the dead was in fact the land of the living and loving, and on the unseen side plans were laid and labored for that in time were fulfilled in the mist-blinded children of earth. The earthward path resounded to the tread of many feet, some intent on labors of love, others fulfilling through earth children some point not yet outgrown in their own nature; spirits not before anxious to return to the homes they had left were seen among the eager-faced crowds; many were curious to know somewhat of the labors of the grand army, and chose by being non-committal on all points to watch the car that was ploughing its way through the very heart of the church-made atmosphere. Such spirits were often convinced of the truths that in time were to be read and re-read on the material side, and being honest found the ranks of workers and became efficient in many ways. Since the beginning of the grand campaign the paths leading earthward have never been desolate, but crowds day after day come and go, intent on whatever most pleases them, and much good is brought to the many weary children of the land by the unseen dwellers of the second sphere. Many noble hearted, philanthropic spirits find ways and means of gratifying their desires for good. One point I will mention here to show how much like the best side of earth is the land of souls known as the second sphere. There is one society of which I have much knowledge; it is made up of women alone, and they are of the class who when dwellers of earth let no opportunity for doing good pass by unimproved. They are from all classes, by which I mean some while in the earth life were surrounded by the luxuries of earth, and others dwelt in poverty, yet even then found many ways of blessing humanity. It is a fact not to be disputed that they who have it in their hearts to be messengers of mercy will find ways of proving themselves regardless of their surroundings. This society of which I now speak consists of many members who each day come earthward in quest of the needy ones who can receive assistance through the magnetic power of their sympathy. Many seem just adapted to the sick-room and unseen gather around the suffering ones.

often inducing the very sleep that turns the tide of disease, and sends the loved ones back again to the hearts that need and love them; many times these same helpers have been seen by the invalids when they seemed near the last valley, though it is always considered well to explain all such points by wise remarks regarding a delirious condition of the brain. Physicians owe far more to these silent helpers than they are aware of, and I much doubt if they would be willing to bestow merit where it belongs if they were conscious of just how much power was brought from the better land. These noble and unselfish helpers are also a power of strength to the weary watchers who with hearts almost breaking wait the turning of the tide, and many times have they been known to say, "I could not have passed so fearful an ordeal had I not been the recipient of Divine assistance."

Well will it be for the world when the children thereof know from whence comes much of the good they receive; well will it be for them when they know just whom to call on in their time of need,—there will be less blunders made and greater good attained. These helpers of whom I speak are not above visiting the lowliest of the Father's children, and are often seen gathering around the wan form of one who must work or starve and see her little ones turned into the streets. I have again and again seen them imparting to such an one a magnetic power that sustained the physical, and cheered the heart from sunrise to sunset. And let me say here, such deeds are evidences unmistakable of Christianity, and are far more available than prayers long and wordy, and closed with an awful amen. I frankly confess I have no patience with prayers when they are compounded and dealt out in accordance with church discipline or creedal authority. There is to me in the very form thereof the most sublime selfishness manifested; the main point made in such supplications is the special salvation of the one who offers the prayer, as though the subject of other good to other hearts could need no more than a passing remark. I wonder when the children, poorly instructed in the better way, will learn that in their souls will be found

the true closet of prayer; and I wonder, too, if they realize what a waste of time there is in the meaningless forms prescribed for believers. Who has ever calculated the holy deeds that could be done during the exact time thus allowed to pass in soulless forms, and what hungry, starving family was ever known to be fed, warmed, and clothed, just because it happened to be mentioned to the Almighty in some one's supplications? I dare to say this is all folly, worse than folly. The unceasing prayer of the heart that seeks even in words, thoughts, and deeds the holy baptisms of the Most High, is the only prayer that tells for good in the hearts of humanity. I can see no sense, no propriety, in asking of God, or any other power, assistance one's self can render. If I sincerely desired the immediate relief of a suffering family or friend, I would waste no time on bended knees in making arrangements with the Almighty to do what I had the power to do, and then be conscious of a wonderful amount of uncertainty regarding his fulfilling my request. Let no one, because of these words, say I disbelieve in prayer, because that would be a false assertion. I do disbelieve in the shams and counterfeits that take the place of the pure gold that alone can stand the test of the unnumbered ages. I do disbelieve in the hollow mockeries of the day called evidences of Christianity; therefore, I have no faith in the well-worded prayers or recitations that take the name of prayers and leave the lips that utter them no cleaner and the heart no purer. Prayer, when defined in angel language, signifies holy deeds, as the outgrowth of a heart ever warm and tender from baptisms of light and love, towards which in its inner sanctuary it has reached; such prayers warm, clothe, and feed the needy and gladden the hearts of the watching angels.

The society of noble women of whom I have spoken are a blessing to both lands, their natures being entirely unselfish, as they neither labor for money nor worded honors, both of which the majority in the more material life are apt to seek, feeling thereby they make positive points. It seems a difficult lesson and one the children are long in learning, to labor for the greatest good of others without

the shadow of self playing hide and seek with one's love of praise. I know this condition of unselfishness belongs largely to angel land, yet some there are who through life's trials have attained thereto while yet among the shadows. While the grand army were gaining all points possible and holding all points gained, the opposing powers in sympathy with church power and discipline strove to build their tower of Babel, knowing not that they built on sand of priestly conclusions, instead of the immovable rocks of unchangeable truth. The present shows how great a waste of time and material was the result of their grand rally to the support of principles that never radiated a glimmer of aught but borrowed light. Strange as it may seem to those who are willing recipients of the truth, these same fighters for the unquenchable fires, that were liable to consume the greater portion of the Father's children, are still piling up their preparatory kindlings, thinking to use the same in an hour as yet unannounced, when they expect to chant the glad hallelujahs of the redeemed. I wonder not that consistency has been called a jewel; I only wonder that so few have found and wear the same as a charm on the chain of life.

Threading the highways of the second sphere, one is made to feel this, especially when in the midst of those who still cling to the old-time isms, fearing to let go lest the bottom round in the ladder of their hopes be missing, and instead of touching *terra firma* they will be obliged to stand on nothing, and face the fiery billows. For such moral cowards, made thus by the instructions of early childhood, in connection with previous incarnation, there is but one path, the traveling of which will lead them to a more certain foundation, and that path lies through the valleys of incarnation. My heart always feels deep pity for those who sense the Father only through an abject and cringing fear; such conditions show almost no unfoldment of the spiritual nature, or the tender humanities that call for redemption for all. They who love the Father, who are worshipers of the greatest good, dwell ever in the soul land of peace, the halos of heaven shine ever over them, and they radiate the

true light of the kingdom. These hangers-on to the fires of hades lost no opportunities of dropping their blazing fagots in the homes where labored the hosts who would never turn back, but the counter-current they formed served only to increase the determination of the workers. There is a certain amount of power in resistance that proves at last progressive. This is needed in all efforts that are to be marked with great and lasting success: it is as a section of the engine, that thereby bears itself and all attached thereto over the line previously prepared.

While thus I labored to lay plans and watch the fulfillment thereof, there came to me an Indian messenger, saying he had found the trail of the pale face, and bidding me follow him. A tide of thoughts that came not to my life in words, swept through my soul, wave after wave. I obeyed the summons and stood at last with the messenger by the object of my search. The dark eyes of the little one looked into mine, but there was in their depths no recognition of the Eoná who had watched her hero depart, and whose heart longed for the time when through the mists he would appear again to gladden the heart that without the great work that was ever calling would have been desolate. Strange as it may seem, Eon, I felt, as I looked at the tiny shadow of my soul's treasure cast in the valley of incarnation, a great sense of weariness akin to pain. I knew and accepted the truths of incarnation, and had verified this time after time; but never before was there in the result such a shadow of death. I knew you were there, knew you would sometime in the earth life come to know your own, at least in a measure; yet, sensing all this, my heart felt the weight of weariness. The last glance I had received from you was filled with the unspoken blessings of the soul, and now to stand beside the little form you were obliged to inhabit, and to know that you were and must be unconscious of me for years, was like standing by the grave of the one I most loved. Still I knew, regardless of all, I should take up the burthens for me to bear, and uncomplainingly work for the best results, looking ever towards the future, where I knew the light would dawn that in its glory would put to

flight all shadows of earthly origin. I was told by the spirit father and mother that I would not be held at the sentinel's post while yet your boat needed no special guiding; you would float yet years on the tide of life before the current would become strong, and during that time the special band designated to watch over you, spiritually and physically, would never leave you, thus making an unsurmountable barrier between you and the unseen, that at times was little thought of, for which reason no one knew how to guard against the inroads of undeveloped spirits. I rejoiced, Eon, that I was not to tarry in the home of your incarnation. The din of the contest was far sweeter, and in the ranks of the ever moving army there was forgetfulness of the weariness that held my heart in bondage. Not that I would for one moment have left you, could I have been of assistance, but I could not, and there was much to be done before your feet, in the mature years of manhood, could press the valley sods. The messengers would many times bring me tidings of you, and I would many times visit you. With this arrangement I blessed the one for whom I was to watch and work, and hastened back to the fields that called me. Again I took up my labors with a brave heart, and with the army from the second sphere sought the points most needing assistance. We met the combating powers of the second sphere with a will. Much disturbance they created, as the paths that bore us earthward were not forbidden them.

CHAPTER LXIV.

MANY minor points in this subject so fraught with strange ideas must I pass, but the main line I will endeavor to make plain. As I have said, but few of the class termed Indians hold positive relation to the band who first incarnated on this planet. Now and then one through the ages of which your history gives tidings has come as a redeemer, who through the great power possessed might draw

heavenward (by which I mean to higher conditions) the class you call Indians, and which in fact is a distinct class formed by ingrafting spirits entirely foreign to them. For this class that they may be said to have adopted, they (I mean the true Indians) have the feelings of foster fathers and mothers, because they are the result of their presence here, and being just in all things, they still watch over them in the earth-land and in the land of souls, that they may thereby open to them avenues through which they may in time stand freed from the conditions that have bound them. Teachers of love and humanity are by the noble race sent to the adopted children, and they in return for the love shown them seek the good of others, and could the children of earth, peering through the mists, see wherein they are many times thus helped, they would bestow honor where honor is due. The conditions of the class found on these shores, the last time the continent was discovered and called the new world, was due largely and I might say entirely to the degeneracy that was the result of their isolation, which when it first occurred wrought devastation of which no record speaks, and left the half-bewildered children with no resources save those of the land wherein they at that time were. Their histories are kept in the better land, from which I might, had I time, glean and bring earthward the record of long ages wherein the class I refer to as adopted children held position worthy of the place that is given them in the records. The class found on these shores offered at first only kindness to the early settlers, and the first record of the white man in the hearts of forest dwellers reads thus—fire-water and lies; the rest all know, and the terrors need not be recounted. Had they dealt thus with those who were their equals in the education that comes to people through mingling with the world's living throngs the result would have been different, but these crude children in their isolated condition had grown to possess but two positive attributes, excessive kindness and excessive cruelty; there being nothing in their beings they had been forced to live until they dreamed of nothing better to draw out or develop the intermediate attributes

that are seen and felt by the majority: consequently when deceit and treachery were offered them in return for their kindness, it wakened all the cruelty of their natures, and the war-cry that sounded long ago is heard even in the vales of the forest, and with the evil-doers have many innocent suffered.

The class, whom at present you call Indians, when they pass to shores beyond are taken to the border land between the first and second spheres, where is found a country broad and pleasant, with trees and grass, which are indispensable to the happiness of the Indian, either here or there. In that country, tents, or as they are pleased to call them wigwams, are ever in waiting for them. Here they listen to the spiritual teachers who are sent to them, and are in time prepared to go to still higher and happier hunting grounds, from which, when their hearts are centered in kindness and love, they return to watch the frail brother of their own nation, and that of the pale face. Could I anticipate the many questions that in connection with my written words may arise, I would gladly answer them here, but I am not conscious of their hearing, not even their echoes. The exalted band in the seventh sphere, known as Rivers of Waters, are the only members of the original left either on this planet or in the realms surrounding it, and these have remained as a grand council from which are sent ambassadors to the class in the spirit-land and earth-land that are called Indians, in whose hearts will in time to come be found the extreme of kindness and justice which will be theirs as a legacy from having been through incarnation thus connected with this race of master spirits. They are fast fading from your shores and the cause of this is told in few words. Their mission as a people in earth life is at an end, and when such is the case with any people or principle nothing can rebuild the power once held. The better land will soon claim them all, and as a race they will be said to be extinct, while as they progress they will be, as many already are, unfolded, and helpers to the land they have known. Perhaps I have not fully enough explained the reason of their attendance upon the class of individuals known

as mediums, and I will make still further statement. Every medial avenue is in need of a decided positive power, else by being a magnet there would be drawn a class, who in carrying out their plans, selfish and many times sensual, would overthrow both the medium and the good results wise spirits are laboring for. As a positive power no spirit who can abide within the earth's limits equals the Indians, men and maidens. They hold all forts they are allowed to watch, they are the sentinels and gate-keepers, who admit only those who are deemed worthy. In some cases the mediums are of so undeveloped an order as to need the presence and help of many of this class, and some are of a nature that even the Indian at times turns away, when evil is always the result. As a faithful body and to the sensitive who is consciously laboring for humanity, they excel all who, as I said, had the power to remain within the earth atmosphere.

I have yet something to say regarding the color, when I will return to the points I have left. The spirits from whom I received the facts I have given assured me that the color by which they are in part known here did not exist in their planetary home, and was the result of incarnation, consequently belonged only to the physical, taken on here, while the real cause of the color finds its expression in the title-page of the earth's unfoldments. This last fact was given me by a wise messenger from the land in question to the spheres, also to earth-land. The messenger of whom I speak had in her last incarnation a father from the ranks of the pale-face. She sits at the feet of the Rivers of Waters, and there bears the tidings thus gained to earth-land homes, forgetting not the Indians in all the spheres below her by whom she is received as an angel of light and love. Flowers are gathered from hill and vale, and strewn therewith is the path over which her feet must tread before she stands in their midst. Beautiful spirit of the spheres, my heart breathes for her a prayer of love. I will not in my description of her forget the facts she gave me and which I will here record.

As the beautiful spirit said of the color, the explanation

could be found in the title-page of the earth's unfoldment, and reads thus: Races appearing on the planet in conjunction with the completeness of the different mineral deposits, also deposits analogous thereto, partake of necessity of the color of the mineral power there perfected, and in the ascendancy. This legacy of nature is handed down until the race thus bearing the unmistakable date of one of the epochs of nature becomes extinct. I am aware that this explanation will sound strange to those who read, because of many others given on the same subject; but to me there is no doubt of the truthfulness of the statement. I see even now the objections that will be marshaled to the field to overthrow the statement made, and let me here say: Let all who have arrows in their belts withhold not one, if the sending of them into the air will be of comfort to them, for no one ever heard of the truth being hit; it matters not if eagle-eyed be the one who sends the pointed missiles. When the dust clears away there stands the truth just as radiant, just as beautiful, and just as far-reaching as though no hand had been raised against it. It is true that all the mineral deposits were at one time embryotic, and it is just as true that they did not all reach the form of the fulfillments of their greatest strength and perfection at one and the same time, because it takes far more of the summers and winters in time's great store-house for the perfection of the highest type of mineral than for those of lesser power. There is one point here I must not pass, and which I will endeavor to make plain. The minerals in their perfected condition are not without their positive power over the children of the earth, and, strange as it may sound to many, I positively assert that as the ages one after another roll away, first one and then another is in the ascendancy; by which I mean to be understood that they alternately exert positive power over the children of the land, over their physical, mental, and spiritual unfoldment. In all this there is a mathematical exactness that would bring wonder to many hearts, could they see and sense it as I do. Let gold be in its power over the unseen elements in the ascendancy and the result will be luxurious expressions in all possible

places, mixed with kindness of heart and widespread charity. At least this is one side of the picture; turn it over and you find the opposite, for all powers that can produce one extreme will also produce the other, because there are and have ever been the two classes to appeal to. A mirror that will reflect the face of an angel, just as readily and with no change reflects the face of a demon. The power for good or the bright side must in time unfold. There are certain mineral ascendencies that have an attractive power that is felt on different planets, and it is at such times spirits of the planet are thus made conscious of the conditions favorable to their incarnation, while at other times there would be positive bars put up which they could not overcome. This mineral power holds good through all the planets of which I know or have heard, and it is this power that opens the gates to the different tides of existence which have already left in the records of the past proofs of their presence on the earth shores. Let it be understood, as a positive fact, that in conjunction with the periods of mineral ascendancy certain corresponding tides of existence have swept earthward, and having held position equal in time and power to that of the ruling mineral have again returned. Thus there is on record positive proof of people of great height. Others were long abiding on the shores, and the peculiarities of many others also might be noted to show the differences of the separate races that have occupied this planet as a battle ground in exact conjunction with some mineral ascendancy. I am aware I have no means of proving my premises; but had physiologists handed down to the present a record of the condition, quality, and component parts of the elements that comprised the fluids of the physical at different mineral ascendancies, there would be now within reach facts to prove the statement made.

Eon, if I have not covered sufficient ground in my minute details, I have covered paper, and will look for my way back through the web I have woven and by which I have sought to throw light on some points hitherto in the shade, and by which I have also endeavored to make known to

those who read some points concerning the dwellers of a land the borders of which lie not far from your material life. This I have done because they are so often in earth homes, fulfilling through mediums unconscious of their presence many desires of their own hearts. I doubt not that people many times do unthinkingly many, very many deeds that are not at all the result of their own desires, and wonder why or how they were led thus, when, could the curtain be lifted, there would be visible to them the satisfied spirits who, having accomplished their intentions, are ready to seek their own homes or others, thus leaving the one through whom they have gleaned from the material field to meet the result of their deeds, which sometimes do not occur perfectly with the strict ideas of propriety found in the records of morals as understood here. Sometimes, and I am glad to say it is often the case, sensitives do thus through the promptings of others that are unseen, often bringing a harvest of good which proves the kindness of heart of these household spirits, who, foreseeing some event as yet unrecorded in the invisible, seek to avert an unpleasant occurrence. I am aware that objections will be raised to the fact I here record, and it will also be called a theory, on the grounds that if such were true they of the material life would not be their own lords and masters, but instead would be fulfilling the desires of an idle throng, who were mere hangers-on to the old life. I would meet this suggestion by asking if nine-tenths of the children of earth life are not visibly affected by the active minds of others in their very midst and sight. How many go about their own business, sowing and reaping, without fulfilling the ideas and suggestions of many of their neighbors, and doing so many times without a consciousness of the fact. It is a fact not to be gainsaid, that the less centered in self people are the more readily they become tools for the working out of ideas of others, and I know not as it matters greatly whether they who thus make their power felt are dwellers of earth-land or the land that immediately joins it. It is separated only by the atmosphere directly surrounding earth; closely, indeed, is earth related to its sister country,

the second sphere, and it would be wise for all who accept the truth of spirit return to acquaint themselves in a measure with these next-door neighbors and learn to distinguish between them and dwellers of the higher life with whom through ignorance they are many times confounded.

There is much that might be said regarding the many who, over the pathway leading earthward, seek the homes of the earth children. Two sides there are to all pictures in the real, whether in the seen or unseen, and the principle finds application here. Like the children of earth, the people of the second sphere are of many classes, though, as I have before explained, criminals enter not that land: yet there are dwellers who like many earth children are selfish, and their selfishness, born in earth-land, is used in behalf of those to whom they have an especial attraction. Their humanities are not broadened, their love of good for good's sake is not deepened. This class seek homes where selfishness exists, and they are known many times to seek the discomfort and unhappiness of the truly good, but are never able to make positive points against such, though they are many times annoying, and being unseen, the cause of the annoyance produced is not known. There is also the prying, inquisitive class, that go from home to home as busy-bodies and meddlers intent on searching for family secrets: these in their homes they talk over just as they do who dwell in the land of the seen. I know it has been supposed that people passing from the earth shores to the country just beyond lose many of their disagreeable traits and become in a measure suddenly spiritualized. Herein lies a mistake. They may be, and often are, startled at first by the change, but their emotions created by the change soon fade out, and like water they seek the only channels through which they can find their heaven, that is, the place of their adaptation, and from which they have not sufficient desire for going beyond what seems to have come to them to make extra exertions towards other attainments. Thus in the second sphere all grades of intellects known on earth, save those of spiritual illumination, are to be found, and these dwellers all have more or less bearing on the children of

earth, when they seek their loaves and fishes. This one point should be distinctly understood by all who believe in the return of spirits. The dwellers of earth are too apt in their mind to put far from them those who have passed the last valley, while they may be in their very midst planning to accomplish the desires of their own hearts.

Besides the dwellers of whom I speak, many children are brought to the homes of earth. They are led thither by those who because of their mother natures seek to care for them. In this move there is great good both to spirit-land and earth-land. With the children come many Indian maidens, and stalwart braves, whose hearts from the extreme of cruelty have reached the extreme of tenderness. These Indians who seek the good of others are not among those who have recently gone in search of the happy hunting grounds, but are, as you would term them, ancient Indians, having been many ages in the land of souls. They are from the spheres where contentions are unknown. This class are messengers to members of their own race who as yet are not dove-eyed and tender-hearted. Every medium has as guard and attendant one or more of these braves—warriors who are true in all things, and watch with unselfish hearts the trail the pale faces are to follow. No one in the land of souls ever appeals to them without meeting a ready response. Faithful in all their missions, they are not only admitted into the highest realm, but are welcomed there with fullness of heart.

Much wonder and conjecturing has there been regarding the Indians, yet no one in earth life has as yet touched the spring that could reveal the truth concerning them, and in justice to them I will give here what I know to be true concerning them, though it may not seem in connection with the several points I am carrying to one grand junction. What I have to tell you, I say, I know to be true, and I say thus, not because I have verified with my own eyes what I have been told, but because I have my information from a noble band in the seventh sphere or heaven. This band is called Rivers of Waters, because of the great knowledge they possess of the planets within this magnetic belt, having

visited all that are inhabited at different periods, bringing with them on their return many charts that are of great interest to dwellers of the higher heavens. These Indians exceed in stature the present inhabitants of earth, and when they come in contact with the material side of life they are always robed in scarlet and gold. I describe them thus particularly that they may be recognized when seen, and the dwellers of homes wherein they make their appearance may feel that great honor has been bestowed on them. From the lips of these wise spirits I had the following, which shall be condensed as much as possible: The Indians, as a race, are children of a planet that has fulfilled its mission, that has given birth to a spirit orb that at the present holds its own niche in the upper firmament of which the dwellers have no idea. To that spirit orb have gone many of its children, and they find there the happy hunting grounds, the shadows of which have crept into the crude earth ideas, here crude because the principle you call thought was not deep enough in the long-ago ages for them to record more of the knowledge they possessed in another life than history proves they did record. In their own home land on the planet that gave them their first forms, they were not the warlike race your records speak of, but noble and of great spiritual unfoldment, which in a measure is proven by the total disbelief of the present class in the hades built for man in an unrepentant state by the more modern Christians, with less Christly conclusions. From this planet of which I speak, or from the spirit world surrounding it, spirits as helps to other planets incarnated, and among the planets thus blessed was the one on which you now dwell. At this time of their appearance hereon, which is too far back for me to give date, even through incidents or planetary conditions, they were a powerful race, wise in the law that is overshadowed by justice, tender of heart and worshipers of the Great Spirit, the sustaining power of the universe. As kings and queens were they in all principles of godliness. I am aware of the other extreme that the present holds ever before the world's children, and to that will I in time come. The tides of existence came and went, and in the unfold-

ments of the earth, in which were many sudden disastrous conditions that almost wiped from the face of the earth the children thereof, the race of which I speak suffered more extensively than did others, because it consisted of fewer numbers, until at last through sudden changes in the surface of the country they inhabited, they were cut off from populous lands, and left on the shores of this continent alone; but previous to this they had become much degenerated by marrying and intermarrying with other nations, thereby calling to the incarnating avenues the favored spirits of another class, and not spirits of the race, so that the many called Indians are in fact not at all related to the original class, except through the law of slight similarity of color, of which I will yet speak, and a shadow of their religious views, with some sense of justice which they were found to possess, when discovered on the shores, and which in nearly all cases has been outraged until it is no wonder that the spirit of retaliation, ungoverned and unbalanced by better leading attributes, calls loudly for vengeance.

Many points of interest and points necessary to be understood regarding the second sphere are yet untouched, but enough have I brought to you to quicken thought in that direction, well knowing the need there is of the children of the land knowing by whom they are surrounded and with whom they have to deal. I would advise no child to seek to be led by these second sphere spirits, by which I mean those who have never gone to higher realms nor been especially interested in individual or public good. Meet them and their suggestions as you would meet the more visible dwellers of the land, with your common sense, and if your judgment is better than theirs let that be the platform on which you stand. In asking the guidance that among the many shadows of earth existence is often necessary, ask it of those who tread the shores of the higher realms, for they have passed the line of uncertainty, and being far-seeing can lead safely and surely. Yet it must be understood that to gain the assistance of such, there must be an interior of holiness, for they who have passed beyond the shores of the

unclean, crossed the triple-tided sea of selfishness, can be drawn only to those who in all their seekings and doings are making strides of progression towards the same unfoldment that characterizes them and gives to them their beautiful homes. Eon, I have as yet touched but gently the line of your life here, neither shall I enter into details to a great extent, as in doing so I see no special good that can come to the world, and it is for that I work, that I may reveal to them the mist-shrouded headlands of another land teeming with life, thought, and purposes, all of which have bearing on the world of the seen. It is the purpose of your coming, with the many others, that I shall refer to, leaving untouched a sketch of your life told in biographical style. I give my words to you and the world that has never in this material life been known; therefore you will find no flood wood, no waste material.

While yet the early years of your life were passing, the grand army of workers of whom I have often spoken were zealous in their efforts, and unflinching in their perseverance, being determined to make the children of earth-land conscious of both their existence and presence in their very midst. To do this they knew there must be brought to earth indisputable proof of the power they possessed, that through their sent children they might sense, and in time see, the world's workers. There was at last found the very place where in time might be laid the first plank in the new platform, whereon they might stand as heralds of the grandest truth that was ever whispered in the vales or sung aloud on the mountain tops. Then it was that the call was again heard in the better land for the volunteers, who, brave hearted and true, had stood with you before the consecrating altar of the sixth sphere. They came, and in coming brought with them the magnetic power that was to be the crowning gem in the arch of progression then recorded in the unseen elements. After their coming the children of the world could no more have hindered the exact fulfillments that have followed, than they could have called from the unseen a new world, because the messengers who then appeared brought with them a positive power,

against which there was no warring. New banners were unfurled, on which were the silvery stars of the kingdom that could grow no less radiant, for they drew their fadeless luster from the luminous power of the higher realm.

No one who at that time labored not on our side of life can know the great gladness of heart with which we all worked for the one grand result. The bugle call that sounded from the hills of the unseen found its way in echoes to the valleys of earth-land, and therefore prepared for the conflict, in ways too numerous to mention, but all was useless. Silently, but with unabated zeal and power that lessened not, did the unseen guides walk side by side with the chosen messengers from the land of gladness. They were led through the thickest of discipline, over rough paths, until foot-sore and weary their hearts turned towards the shores of the unseen. In this there was necessity, because in coming in contact with materiality they were obliged in a measure to take on through incarnation a certain amount of the cruder elements, from which it was needful to be disencumbered before they could distribute to others the bread and wine of the kingdom. They were to deal in time with sacred truths and it was therefore needful for them to be cleansed as much as earth conditions would allow of whatever was foreign to them in the land from whence they came. Oh! Eon, you think doubtless you have borne many heavy burthens; but could you for one moment loop back the curtain that falls between the here and the there, and see the obstacles the hosts of the better land have removed during the last half and especially the last quarter century, you would drop the screen, and say, "What have we done to compare with the work of the hosts?" And yet have all done well. I say all,—there are exceptions, but they are caused by unmanageable circumstances. The light that was seen was in itself a warning to all the unseen workers to prepare for deeds that must yet be recorded.

Accordingly, there must be deeper baptisms, which were sought and found in still higher heavens. The noble workers in the homes of this land laid down for a time their

banners and prepared for a journey to the fifth sphere, where as yet they had never been recorded; but it was needful that they should seek the higher sphere. The wisdom spirits *en rapport* with the proceedings and changes that were constantly occurring made preparations for the workers, whose numbers at that time were increased by both men and women. It is not needful that I should record the incidents of the journey thither. They who went were better prepared for the glories that awaited than when they first journeyed from the second sphere. Reaching the land of light they were conducted to the Temple of Wisdom, where at the great door-way of the main arch stood the consecrated Saidie, whose whole self was sacred to the cause of humanity, that had wakened in her heart great longings for their redemption and deep plans for the fulfillment of her desires. As the noble band passed her she laid on each head that uncovered bowed to the radiant spirit a wreath of laurel on which glistened the dews of the kingdom. Each heart felt blest by this token of her love. Many other wisdom spirits were also present, of whom I make no mention, though I speak of Saidie, and the reason of my so doing will in time be seen.

CHAPTER LXV.

MANY and various were the experience lessons brought through life's circumstances to the hearts of the messengers thus specially guarded. They saw not the great work that lay before them, else they would have been disconcerted and discouraged at the very beginning. Neither were they conscious of the fact that they were passing through discipline after discipline that was prophetic of future demands on their time and strength. Yet, as the years went by, there was woven into the web of their existence certain fulfillments that were needful to furnish the soul's armor and prepare the chasm of the heavenly lands

for the contest that would not end till the earth-land breezes echoed and re-echoed the songs of triumph. More closely were the guides of these soldiers *en rapport* with them, more earnestly labored the spirit fathers and mothers, more unwearied was the mother Saidie in her tireless watch over the fulfillment of her desires that awaited the coming time then distant, and the rounding out of powers through circumstances then unborn. She waited patiently and hopefully for the time when on the material shores she might establish, with the assistance of her co-workers, an order that in all its points and bearings on the lesser conditions by which humanity is surrounded, would be a shadow of the order in the highest circle of the highest sphere of which she was a member.

During these years, Eon, you were led, gentle and trusting as a child. Again you were driven by the unseen force of circumstances into paths wherein you were averse to wandering, for you could discern therein no fragrant blooms, no cooling brooks, yet combat as you might you always found your feet treading the paths that awaited you, and you always found some forget-me-nots, in the hearts of which glisten the cooling drops that answered for meadow brooks. You brought with you a great amount of the force called positive, which was called into action by the intense feeling born in your heart when you felt that you must sacrifice the peace of the home crescent for the duller shores of material life. The strongest emotion of your heart was, if you must go, you would go with a will that would call for no return to the old camping ground, and that will was the first attribute that made itself known in the earth-land, and has been of invaluable assistance to spirits to whom you were as the north star. You have held the lines over which many, very many, have been able to reach the earth shores; you have been their unfailing friend in all cases, never meeting them with rebuff or coldness. I assure you, Eon, there are many chaplets woven for you by loving hands, in token of grateful remembrance, and you will in nowise regret the long pilgrimage here when your feet tread once more the paths of your fatherland. I say not too much

when I say you have been the magnet that has drawn and held here spirits who have done great work for the land of your incarnation. This was your special mission, and the doors of the soul's holy of holies, since first they swung back to admit light from angel land, have never been closed. For this unceasing trust in the hosts unseen you will receive reward that is merited.

Saidie, peering through the mists that shrouded the unrevealed hill-tops, saw with great gladness of heart both when and where would be recorded in materiality the fulfillment of her long cherished and long worked for hopes. She read in the hearts of those she watched a preparation for the hour of triumph, and she made arrangements that were meet for the success of her plans. Years, to spirits who have been ages in the land of souls, are counted by them as days; consequently, when Saidie spanned the gulf of a few years with her far-seeing gaze, she felt that the results for which she had laid many plans were at the very threshold. Then it was that the grand army of soldiers were commanded by the counselors and truest friends to meet in the Temple of Wisdom in the fourth sphere, where she laid before them her plans for the most complete triumph of the power of spirits over matter, which should result in the materialization of forms to represent the ones laid aside for the robes of summer land. These brave soldiers of many battles listened with eager hearts, while in their eyes glowed the steady light of love; not love for self, but love for the right, love for wisdom which, when overshadowed by justice, is almost worshipful. In order to consummate this last and grandest of all the plans yet fulfilled, the grand army must leave for a time the battle ground where so many victories had been recorded, and go yet higher, for deeper baptisms were needed for the masterful stroke that must sever many chains. There was a natural regret in the noble-hearted company, for in doing so they would of necessity be obliged to leave the mediums around whom they had gathered, and through whom they had fought many battles for truth, and they knew not how or where they would find them on their return. Yet seeing

the final result, they made no remonstrance, and many sought others to watch the hearts of those to whom they would return, that with them they might again take up the sword of truth, and the banner of spiritual light.

On this journey to the higher sphere, Saidie was to accompany them. Again they laid aside their earth robes for the more radiant ones, and turned their faces from the land that had grown dear to them, towards the radiant shores of the sixth sphere. With them also went the Eoná of your own heart, for she, too, needed the restfulness of home for a little time previous to the next grand centering of spirit power that was to shake the citadel of materialists from center to circumference. Besides, I could on my return be the bearer to you of a baptism of love atmosphere so deep, so real, that your heart would willingly roll from its holy of holies the few rocks of unbelief regarding some points that the surrounding circumstances of your life had caused you to cling to as truth that could be susceptible to no more light. I visited you previous to this homeward journey. I found you earnest in the great work for which you had come earthward, and as my hand rested on your head in a good-bye caress, I blessed the silvery hairs that had come to weave their sheen in the crown of light that was already yours; for they told me in whispers that your pilgrimage would before many years be ended. The withdrawal of the many companies from the earth-land was not without its marked effect upon the children thereof; it was like the withdrawal of the sun's light and warmth, and during their absence, that in your time was counted as years, the land seemed suffering as from a long continued drought. Spirituality seemed waning; even the churches lacked the impetus that was born in their midst from the radiation of thought brought to medial brains from the higher heavens, though they knew not the cause of their slow paces towards their highest conceptions of holiness; neither are the churches at the present day aware that the light that creeps in among their fossils, making them look even more hideous, is but the reflection from the luminous seas of soul, by which as members of society they are surrounded. Thought waves

erected with truth wash ever and ever towards the unbelieving masses, and many in this way are tided from their own moorings and drifted out on the sea of thought to find swifter and mightier tides and more commodious harbors.

During the years of which I now speak but little thought was given to spiritual unfoldment, even by its sustaining powers; and they who had not power to look afar off read in this hush the certain downfall of the Temple of Truth that was constantly towering skyward. In the mists that shrouded their eyes, they saw not the plainly written page, only the notes on the margin placed there by vain conjecturers who deemed they had the truth. In leaving the land thus we knew the tide of spiritual unfoldment could not go beyond the low-water mark, from which a sudden rise from inflowing streams would after a time be witnessed and hailed with joy. I speak of this time because you will readily recall the dead calm that rested on all thought tides. No barks seemed to move, and no new lands hove in sight. The cause of this at the time was not understood, but you can see now why the breezes ceased to fill the many waiting sails. The companies had left their captains for a purpose and gone to higher heavens that on their return they might weave into the web of time the needed circumstances that were to create new ripples on the long quiet tide.

A grand company the many bands made; holy purpose was in their hearts, and determination told itself in every step. They were going heavenward for greater power with which to return to take strongholds that had been held by the opposers of spiritual unfoldment for ages. The spheres through which they passed gave them greeting worthy of the purpose for which they labored. In passing the Temple of Wisdom, in the third sphere, they walked beneath arches of blooms in token of the love that was there bestowed on them, and in each succeeding sphere additional proof was given them. Reaching the heights of the border hills of the sixth sphere the whole company rested, not because of weariness, but because of the need there was of their feasting their souls on the beauty that as yet lay a

little distance from them, that in so doing they might in a measure come into harmonious relation with the land that was waiting to give them welcome. Here, in sight of the beautiful land, Saidie addressed the entire company. Her words held the fires of truth that had power to kindle a mighty flame on many altars. I remember with great pleasure this one journey, for many reasons, among which was the fact that it preceded the time when in the valleys of earth-land I should stand by your side, your own acknowledged soul mate. Once before, at the farther end of the line, we stood side by side to mark the first page of intellectual immortality. Since then had we also together wandered on the earth shores; but to stand by you as your accepted soul mate seemed the last grand link to be left by us twain on the earth-land shores as a landmark of the soul that should shed a radiance on the path of many, who, treading the shores of the better land, have not as yet opened their hearts to the grand and abiding truth of matehood. You remember, Eon, this truth has very many opposers in the other land, but such spirits never reach the highest spheres without becoming conscious of their error, and such also send earthward their messages, wherein they make strong and positive statements regarding their knowledge of these impossibilities of what we term a fact, because it proves itself in all principles.

Descending the beautiful hills, the many bands rested in the Valley of Palms, from whence they were to visit the Temple of Wisdom. Their homes were bowers, and the valley, after they took possession thereof, resembled the camping ground of a great army, among whom moved many wise spirits teaching them truths whereof they had never heard. Among these wisdom messengers was the ever faithful Saidie, whose very presence touched each heart with longings for wisdom, and whose desires for the bread of the kingdom were answered. It was Saidie's clear reasoning that left no points untouched, no mists uncleared and unlighted by her soul radiance. During their tarrying in the sixth sphere they received the light of truth that shines from the grand principle of matehood, and no heart

in the entire company left those radiant shores without carrying with it a consciousness of the grand attainments to be recorded in both earth and soul land. You see, Eon, there was purpose in this, for these truths must be given to all the children of earth-land who were prepared to receive them and by them be uplifted. For this reason must the many laborers be baptized with the wisdom that the children of earth needed, else the truth could not until longer time had elapsed be freely given. There must be blended in the soul atmosphere a consciousness of higher truths, or the messengers from the fairer shores can in no wise improve the dwellers of earth-land. Among the many soldiers were those who had soul mates in the earth-land, and over the magnetic cords between such, although they were not conscious of each other, were transmitted shadows of the great truths that were being received then in the higher sphere. Thus it was that imperfect ideas were many times gathered for the actual, when they were but the imperfect echoes, though had the mates at that time been *en rapport* with each other through soul consciousness the imperfect echoes would have been changed for the clear, ringing notes of truth, that verifies itself; yet as it was, these shadows of truth have formed a broader land for the actual and indisputable, and also proved the difference between shadow and substance.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THERE may be many queries in your mind and the minds of others, as to the reason of the soul mates not standing guard over their own through the early years of their earth life. When you look back over the pages already written, in which I have sought to portray to you the mighty work that was for us to accomplish, you will see in part the reason. There was for us no rest, for we were pushing the car of spiritual unfoldment over a long, rough road to success.

short of which we would never rest, never stop. Then again, had this labor not lain before us we would not have been the proper guides over the first paths our loved ones were to tread, because our love was too great to lead them in safety over the earth paths that must of necessity be rough, or the hearts that were to do noble work would never be turned into the one path wherein was to be recorded success. I am aware my expression regarding our too great love needs some explanation. Let it be remembered we were all from a land of peace, where for ages no ripples of inharmony born of circumstances that to fulfill their own missions must collide had caused us one moment of pain or sorrow. From this land we were to follow the footsteps of our loved ones earthward, and had we been obliged to stand as sentinels over their desires and necessities combined, I fear that very many times through our great love we would have been drawn to work for their desires instead of their necessities, which would have left them finally like broken reeds, unfit for the service of the angel world. In this you see the wisdom of the movement that took us away and left in our stead the steady-handed, firmer, yet loving spirit fathers and mothers who saw far ahead when the result desired would be gained, after which there would come a time when in the earth-land vales we could walk side by side. I have many times known of soul mates who, through their great love, that sometimes destroys firmness, so yielded their positive power through the desire of the mate incarnated, that they were at last forced to leave the presence of the one they loved, or become contaminated with the impurities of the earth-land conditions. A wise provision is there in the spirit fathers and mothers, especially the latter. There is untold sadness in the hearts of the mates who must watch the ones they love breasting the billows of a storm-burthened sea, and they many times long to call them from the perils before them to their own love and protection. They who come earthward do not always have the heaviest burthens to bear.

The widespread work to which I have referred, and which followed the first actual demonstration made to the

world by the unseen army, ceased not, neither was there a cessation of the manifestations that had occurred. In others' homes the glad notes sounded, and but few years were counted before the messengers who came for a purpose were brought in contact with the labor they were never to leave until they were discharged to return to their fatherland. These workers were termed mediums on the material side of life, but by the unseen hosts they were called captains, for whom they had waited that they might go in quest of new battle-fields, on which victory was sure. Then followed a grand reorganizing. Each company sought the captain they felt was the best adapted to them and the fields whereon they would heap fossils of old-time religion. What they of the other life called companies you of the earth life called bands. As you are now, these mediums are captains, being surrounded by the number needed to fulfill all that could be fulfilled through them as leaders. When once the companies and captains with their Indian scouts were united, there was a grand banquet held in the second sphere. I know, Eon, just how much like earth all I am now writing seems and sounds, and there is seen no reason why it should not sound thus, when it is remembered that the second sphere is in the very shadow of the earth-land. Objections to a demonstration of the triumph recorded were raised, if not filed, by many who tipped their hats to the title of Rev. This was their right and privilege, and no one sought to gainsay the same. They were allowed to go on with their objections and enjoy the same, while the brave workers in their banquet, held beneath many bowers arranged for the purpose, talked over the past, its trials, its pleasures, and its victories, and also cast towards the future many prophetic glances. The opposers at last, in holy disgust, withdrew from mingling with the masses and sought their own seclusion, from which now and then some missionary has since sought to recall them, hoping thereby to give to them the light by which they must sometime walk to the land beyond, though they bid fair to be dwellers of the sphere wherein they have found home for many years to come, as they seriously object to being led by those whom in

earth life they looked upon as doomed to a condition of unending misery. The children of the second sphere lost nothing in the way of a harmonizing element when these sticklers for church and creed withdrew from the more immediate vicinity; in fact, conditions there have since seemed far better.

Each company had its special badge by which the members thereof were known to the members of all other companies. These workers, since their organizing, have been of the greatest help in all the unselfish movements of the day; no advance step has been taken that did not owe much of its success to these same companies, who have been united in purpose for both lands. When the slavery question was being agitated, they worked with a will to overthrow the monster wrong that had crept into the land they loved and longed to redeem from all bonds. Their united force was brought to bear on the side of liberty through the long contest that is recorded, well knowing that, when the land was once freed from the curse it sought and fought to hold, the hearts of the children would be more susceptible to spiritual truths and unfoldments. On all battle-fields they stood, and many a wounded soldier, peering through the mists that shrouded the valley, caught glimpses of those who were near to lead them over the brook, and as the eyes of the workers, lovelit and tender, looked into theirs, they deemed the great Father had sent his messengers of love, and smiles of peace were left on many lips where a mother's good-bye kisses had lingered. During this season of carnage, the second sphere presented an appearance that would be difficult to portray. All were anxious, and at the same time hopeful. This season of war did much to rouse the dwellers of the sphere to thoughts beyond self, and helped largely to unite the two lands, occurring as it did during the time the unseen hosts were bearing aloft their banners of the better land. They who at that time went to the other side were so in harmony with earth that they lost not their interest. Therefore many became workers in the ranks of the army of the spheres, and have done nobly for the land of their love, for which they sacrificed the forms through which they had been known.

During the years the deeds of which I have recorded, though I was not your attendant, guide, and counselor, I lost not track of you. I knew the infant became the lad, knew the lad had left the vales of childhood and was facing the hills of manhood. At times I went to you, but strange as it may sound, with all my past experiences, with my knowledge of the law that was governing, and the result thereof, I at such times stood by your side as one in widow's weeds. There was a reason for this: you were in one sense entombed, buried in an earth-land valley, and, call loudly as I might, there could from your lips come no responsive whispers. I stood by your side when you clasped in yours the hand of the beautiful Zair. Thus twice have I witnessed the plighting of marriage by you twain. I knew she was to be to you the open door through which the light of home would shine, though to fulfill all your heart must ache, the shadows must gather till midnight seemed to have come to stay; you must see her pass from your sight and be unable to grasp the spotless robes as she passed through the valley wherein wanders ever and ever a brook murmuring low lullabies that are ever peaceful to the heart that is conscious. I knew the anchor that held your bark in the harbor wherein you deemed safety alone could be found must be loosed, leaving you to float where the outbound tide would bear you, till a steady breeze should fill the sails and waft you toward the ocean of truth, whereon you must sail through storms and calms till the domes and turrets of your fatherland should be seen through the land-born fogs. All this I saw; all this I knew, nor tarried by your side to witness all that was to be woven into the preparatory web of your life, because you could be conscious of no word, no thought of mine, at that time, though there were many strange occurrences you were conscious of, and to which your heart even now at times turns for reference.

During the years of which I write, while the spirit father and mother were leading you through other souls' shadow land, I was preparing the field wherein you might labor, and in time meet the one who waited not in idleness the recognition of her warrior. I never forgot the home crescent,

nor have the sweet-breathed blooms ever withered in the crystal vase. All is as we left it, beautiful and peaceful. The years that are never idlers hurried one by one towards the valley lands of the past, and you came from among the shadows a worker for the truths that were heaven-born; and no one can ever say you have since shut from your heart the light of the better land, but, facing ever the beautiful hills, have done all your heart and hands have found to do. Previous to your coming earthward the council of the sun heavens had formed plans to be carried out as soon as circumstances were born that could form a tide sufficiently strong to float suggestions, arguments, and conclusions, the one leading to the other as spring gives place to summer. Of this Saidie gave us many ideas while yet we tarried at Crescent Cottage. The souls on the unseen side of the tide all understood the great desire of her heart, and for that would they labor as they before had done; for that they would face and overcome all difficulties, with a will such as is found only in hearts that have fought many battles, bearing home their triumphant laurels; and they well knew that the way to accomplish fulfillment of the plan recorded must be prepared with facts demonstrated to meet the approval of the most scientific minds in earth-land; though it was well known that they who through a lack of unfoldment would combat ignorantly could not be appealed to, as there would be found no interest. Knowledge which is brought earthward from the higher heavens, that could respond to the truths that must be brought therein, is a positive proof of successive incarnations; the very fact that the heart or inner consciousness grasps and holds as its own heaven-born truths proves without combating arguments the fact that the same truths were known and understood by them in the soul's home before they came earthward. Else there would be a demand for proofs and arguments would take the place of acceptance.

There are those now in earth-land who are filling their own sails with the breezes born from their undeveloped conditions. These same children imagine they are sailing with great rapidity into all the harbors of truth, while they

move not at all, and they who are lookers-on are conscious only of the slight fluttering of canvas that precedes a dead calm. Such deem they have the all and all of spirit lore, and measure the eternities that have been and are to be by the length of their own anchor chain, and thus will they continue to do till they reach the end thereof. They are at sea without chart and compass, consequently can make no accurate reckonings; therefore when they cry aloud, "Land ho!" let no one be startled, for many mirages are afloat on the sea of the soul, and only the experienced seamen can detect them. They who put out to sea with all their sails spread need be captains of sound barks. Among the soul mates who sought both shores were found no cowardly hearts; no undertaking seemed too great for these loyal sons and daughters of the higher spheres. They had counted the cost at the beginning, and had paid the full price, and waited like brave soldiers for the appearance of seeming impossibilities. It is true that the labor they accomplished while yet the messengers, their soul mates, were not grown to the positions they were to fill, could not have been done by them had it not been for the power these same messengers brought with them from their own home land. This power, instead of being lessened, was constantly on the increase and formed a platform of possibilities that could have been supplanted by nothing else with the present records of success. Saidie rested not; unwearied ever she sought home after home, heart after heart, in quest of those in whose hearts could be instilled shadows of the hopes she in her unyielding determination would never give up till they were fulfilled in the land she watched and loved. Ever the patient, hopeful look shone in her eyes; she knew that somewhere among the messengers to whose lips was placed the consecrating wine must be found those to whom, when the hour arrived, she would come with her baptisms of light, and these were found at last, and over each one were especial guards placed, that as the years went by they might be more and more rounded out, interiorly, become more and more susceptible to the light they had left and which they must yet bear aloft to the world.

Within the great hall of the temple Saidie mingled with these workers as though they were her own children. Pure mother spirit! many hearts have blest her in many ages, and many more wait to offer her their tribute of love, for the ceaseless vigils she has kept as a planetary guide. The wisdom fathers and mothers of this planet have each to the same a certain mission, which they are fulfilling in perfect harmony with the work being carried on by Saidie, and of which it is not now my province to speak. The travelers to the fifth sphere were provided with homes wherein they dwelt, while the seeds sown by them in midst of the earth children were sending forth their first tender leaves. In their absence from earth the land was not left without a power for good within its limits. The spirit fathers and mothers with the In ians' power then brought into requisition held the lines of light which could grow no less. At this time strange and unaccountable occurrences marked the records and there was great rejoicing among many hopeful, far-seeing spirits in the second sphere as they saw how, through the grand movement then approaching its first positive acceptance on earth, the two worlds were to be soon united in heart and labor. Many others there also were who like an opposing earth party raised their objections. Loud voiced and pompous they seemed and sought to prove through their back-handed manner of reasoning the utter falseness of the premises of the invincibles, who were prepared to plough their way through all obstacles to the certain fulfillment of their hopes, that were echoed in the hearts of the most exalted spirits of the sun heavens. Among the opposing party were to be found many of the superannuated clergy who were yet awaiting the appearance of their King. Many prophecies arose as to the time of his coming, and the result was great preparations, which were followed by disappointment after disappointment. This thought wave also reached the corresponding class in the earth-land, and the prophecies born in the second sphere were reiterated in the earth vales, with the same result recorded.

I particularize regarding the condition of the second

sphere, because I am desirous of showing how the one land affected the other; besides, I was at that time much interested in the unfoldment about to occur, and was much with all classes, that I might thereby reason as to the time of fulfillment of the hopes we who labored entertained. I counted the power against us, and the power for and with us, and made note of the same, from which I drew my conclusions. Eon, these were stirring times, and as I recount them the old feeling that I would stand by my post till the day did dawn comes back, while the fires of determination seemed kindled with renewed energy on the sacred altar of my hopes. On no account would I have blotted from my life pages of the past the experiences that have come to me during the years of your journeying in the earth-land valleys. My immortal chant will be still more triumphant, my joy still more fadeless. I put my hand to the plough while yet the shadows fell around me because I saw not the face of the one I loved, but never since have I faltered, never once have I turned back nor wished to recall the long ago that left in my heart the shadows of which I speak, though not complainingly. Could the veil at the time to which I now refer have been lifted, all the earthward paths would have been seen to be crowded with the many coming and going throngs, all intent on the deeds and doings of the day.

At this time the second sphere assumed an appearance almost warlike, on account of the division there was between the two parties. Secret societies were established on both sides, to and from which went messengers especially chosen as scouts for the earth plane. Each party was determined to measure with exactness the power, as well as points gained and held by the other. It will be understood that the paths leading earthward were alike open to all, and the opposers of the movement in question, although they seemed to disbelieve in either our promises or future success, hesitated not to seek the earth-land and gain therefrom all knowledge of our labor and success. Neither did they hesitate to overthrow our work wherever they could. At this time the Indians were again of the

greatest help. They knew the trail of the pale face, and they were brave in all their undertakings, besides faithful to the last, and friends worth clinging to. Their positive force was just what was needed and is needed even yet, and will continue to be of the greatest use. The time came when the workers were recalled from the fifth sphere to their earth friends. I with many of the soul mates met the returning band on the border hills of the third sphere. We saw them coming from the valleys; their robes had grown wondrously radiant, for which we rejoiced, for therein we read the existence of greater power gained, all which was needed. Brave souls! we almost shuddered for them as we looked at them fresh from the wisdom fount of the fairer heaven, for we felt that they must feel with greater intensity than ever before the crude elements with which they must battle as in a hand-to-hand conflict. We greeted them with songs of conflict and victory, songs that had found birth in the second sphere through the struggles of the day. Their hearts caught the fires breathed through inspiration and we knew they were ready for the conflict, and as ready to go forth to battle as they were to wear their laurels. The earth robes were again donned, and their forces centered for the first master strokes that greeted the ears of the earth dwellers in the form of positive raps. Grand *Te Deums* were sung by the invincible army when the first point was gained, and the whole continent was roused by the result thereof. Had there not been in that first point gained the positive force of many strong masterful spirits there would not have been awakened among all classes so great and widespread interest and wonder. Tidings of the labors and result of the grand host soon reached all parts of the second sphere. The news was received much as news of a victory gained might be received in the earth-land. Those who opposed looked more opposed than ever, and strove to take an uncertain amount of dignity that was not at all natural to them, consequently was burdensome. They who were in sympathy donned their gayest apparel and actually marched through the broad streets filling the air with the music of many instruments and of songs. Banners of blue

bearing stars of silvery sheen floated from many homes; in fact the sphere seemed like a great camping ground.

In this higher sphere where echoes of the untrue are never heard, the hosts of earth's workers were constantly brought *en rapport* with the radiant dwellers thereof; therefore during the years of their tarrying away from the old battle ground, they were taking on new conditions, unfolding their higher spiritual natures, and drinking deep draughts from wisdom fountains. At one time would hunger be born in their hearts, and at another the cornucopias of the heavenly land would be emptied at the very threshold of their souls. Thus were they prepared, step by step, for the mighty work that lay before them, and that without them could not be accomplished. They, on account of their relation to the earth-land, and their unyielding firmness that proved them self-centered, held a power that was as a key, the turning of which would prove to minds the most scientific, the power of mind over matter. In the Temple of Wisdom the workers sought and found a solution of many points, a knowledge of which resulted in added power, that when brought earthward would be as a lever beneath the mightiest rocks of opposition. To increase their confidence in themselves as magnetic centers for the reception on earth of power high and holy, they were taken to the planet of advanced thought and unfoldment, that they might there witness the entire preparations for and fulfillment of materialization of forms from the unseen elements. Wonderful indeed was this grand fulfillment to them, and they longed with the great-heartedness that always characterizes the unselfish laborer to excel in what they witnessed, to be masters of the elements, whereby they might roll from the sepulchers of the future the rock of ignorance. Earnestly they labored to comprehend, then as earnestly did they undertake through power of will to mould from the unseen forms that they could govern, and that would obey their will. In this their efforts were marked with success, until they felt their inner beings triumphant. In their desire to become masterful, wise spirits of the planet were of the greatest assistance to them, ren-

dering all the assistance through their great wisdom that it was possible for them to impart and for the gleaners to receive. In connection with the wisdom gained and proven, a number of wise spirits from the planet in question promised the company of seekers to come to them at a certain time, as they foresaw both the possibility and probability of a demand for a strong re-inforcement of strength, that could not be obtained in the spirit realm of this planet at the time it would be needed. Thus the children of the inhabited planets are ever in readiness to bear the burthens of those less powerful, until the gulf formed by undeveloped conditions is crossed, with brave and self-reliant hearts.

The travelers to the unfolded planet returned to the spirit realm of their own, and the songs they chanted held no undertone of sadness. They only waited the summons to return to their old camping grounds, on the forbidding shores of the land they loved, with a love that sought the redemption of its children from all bondage. The time, their own hearts told them, was not far away, and they listened eagerly for the bugle notes in the earth-land valleys, whither, without regrets for the land they would leave, they longed to wander. Brave hearts and true! The hill-tops and the valleys have been blest by your presence, and in time to come shall the hearts you have gladdened return the homage that is due. I shudder at times on account of the great tide of selfishness that laves as a dreary waste so much of the earth-land, that otherwise might be gladdened by the rivers of love; and I know the great deserts of sorrow and suffering will exist just so long as self-love is in the ascendancy; will exist until man meets man as a brother and not as a highway robber. It is true this bitter tide will in time have borne to the surface thereof all the wrongs of principles and power it now bears, and these beneath the sunlight of truth will evaporate, but before that time is reached great sacrifices must be made. When the children of the land are taught to save themselves, to build their own temples in the land of souls, a great amount of the wrong that now exists will roll away as fog from the

earth-land valleys, but just so long as they can rely on the merits of another, and feel secure in his power to save the lowest without any effort on their part except the exercise of a little weak faith that has been dragged through the filth of a life that records no humanity, no purity, no fulfillment of moral obligations either to self or the world,— I say just so long as such conditions exist, where man is made to believe that he can earn heaven at the last gasp, that begins with a curse and ends with a prayer, just so long will the surging tides of life bear tokens of cruelty and dissensions, just so long will the records of the land breathe of injustice, centered in and wrought from selfishness. Man must be taught the honest fact, that he lays his own foundation and builds thereon, and dwells in the home he thus builds, and has right to no other. He who reaches any heaven wins it, and not only wins it, but builds it and hangs the gates thereof. The grant of eternal peace, through faith, is the greatest license to wrong-doing the world has ever known. It has opened hells in the here and hereafter: it holds in its folds the very essence of Catholicism. Make man responsible for his acts and the wrongs of earth-land will record a rapid decrease; but pamper him with the idea of full forgiveness, make him believe that after a life of inhumanity and selfishness he can by signing the article called faith be immediately transformed and transported, and made to sit down at the right hand of Deity, there to pass judgment on the millions who in all things have been true, even godlike in their humanity, but who saw nothing but child's play in the flimsy web woven in the very loom of selfishness,—do all this for man, and the wrongs of the present will in time duplicate themselves in your very midst. How any one, even children, can fail to see the mixture of incongruities handed them as elixir of eternal life, is a mystery. I verily believe the animal whereon Balaam rode, and which was considered worthy of note in the records of the day, could give voice (if he ever did what was recorded) to sounder theology, and more sensible conclusions, else he would be unworthy a place among the long-eared race. Think not, Eon, I feel towards the

church as a power any antipathy; they have done what they could, if not in the direction of deep spiritual unfoldment; and to sum up the efforts and results, they will be found to read thus: Many blind ones sought to lead many times their number equally blind and willing to be thus led, and all fell into a ditch, where the present finds them, and from which none escape except by the light of spiritual truth, that will and must light all paths from the beginning to the end. The greatest wonder is that in the light that ceases not to fall with far-reaching illuminating power so few make an effort to extricate themselves, but, screening the eyes of the soul, seem to rejoice in the very shadows of the land wherein they dwell.

Mark me one more digression, if you please, and I will return to the world's workers. While yet they waited for the bugle call, Saidie, ever unwearied in her unselfish efforts, ceased not to instruct them in the many truths that in time to come would be to them as a citadel of strength from whence they would receive for every hour. In time there came to their hearts a more complete understanding of Saidie's words, when there was born in their inner beings great longing to stand face to face with the soul mates. This was what Saidie had looked and hoped for, because she realized the double power that would be given them through the consciousness thus gained. As children hungry and thirsty did these noble souls listen to the words of their patient friend, as she unwove from the long ago the web of silent mysteries that voiceless in the past must speak to their heart of hearts as truth alone can speak; and as yet she touched link after link in the wondrous chain, memory that but awaited the proper time and conditions caught here and there glimpses of another time and another land. Thus step by step from twin sparks that in the love atmosphere of Deity took the form that the central law of their being gave them power to take and hold, down through all the unfoldments that must follow, did she lead them, when they understood that not as man and woman in the earth life, surrounded by earthly conditions and governed by earthly circumstances, must or would they either work or dwell to-

gether, but as two distinct principles, positive and negative, from the holy and harmonious blending of which would be evolved a force positive and powerful for good just in proportion to the spiritual unfoldment and perception of the twain. Therefore was it seen to be needful that an understanding and union of soul mates with them should occur to pave the path in the earth-land with wisdom, that in time must come to all, regardless of the present ignorance, which will give way as surely and as naturally as the ice banks yield to the sun-kissed breezes of summer. Saidie, with other wise leaders, saw that in the earth-land dwelt some who were ready for this revelation, which, like all other revelations, must meet with opposition that, instead of hindering the growth, would cause it to send its roots still deeper and deeper until therefrom would be born a principle that in its silent workings would cleanse both hearts and homes from depraved conditions, that exist as the results of circumstances that have long held the controlling power by virtue of their acceptance.

With the incidents of Saidie's words and the holy inspirational atmosphere in which they dwelt, memory found the hill-tops of a far-off morning, from which the paths wound on and on to the time they then called the present. Memory brought back the faces and forms of the ones they had loved, and whom their inner natures acknowledged as their own soul mates, and they were conscious, too, of the many times while in the earth-land shadows and dwellers of the lower spheres, of an inspiration that had come to them unexpected and unsought, as comes the mountain breath that bears its freshness to the valleys below. All was then explained to them, and they knew the inner voice of the soul that had often and often cried aloud in pleading, for one true heart was heard by the only heart that could respond, when the weariness that was unexplainable would give place to restfulness and hope. Many hearts in the valleys of earth-land have caught these sweet echoes, and felt that on some shore unseen and unknown, some one would claim them and crown them. Thus far all was well, and while yet the time through the mysterious web of circumstances

was ripening, Saidie waited the results of her teachings, and laid plans to meet the demands of each hour. Many of the workers for future fulfillment knew that on the earth shores their soul mates yet tarried, and to them they must bear the glad tidings, and waken in their hearts a consciousness of them and their relation. Others also were conscious that somewhere in the realms of spirit-land their own waited them, and they felt that never till they had clasped their hands, till they had looked into their eyes, could they turn their steps earthward and fulfill there their mission. The heart that hungers must be fed when the demands are made in holiness of purpose.

Then it was that Saidie prepared for them a surprise, that brought unfading peace to the hearts whose mates waited them in the spirit realms, and the joy of gladness to the hearts that were to seek their own on the earth shores, where they could walk side by side with them, breathing into their hearts the sustaining power of an unending love. You remember, Eon, I have told you in other pages of the reunion temple, erected on the hills bordering the seventh sphere, where, after the mates who came earthward as light-bearers of the present century had returned, was to be held a grand reunion. Well, it was there Saidie led the true-hearted company, telling them nothing of her reasons for the step, for she chose to reveal to them great glories, the remembrance of which would be as unfading as the sweet summer-time of the land of souls. I knew well the solution that waited their conjectures, and as we traversed the many broad paths that led to the place designated, I queried in my mind how they would at first accept the revelation that was to open to them the hidden gates of the soul. Everywhere flowers bloomed and all the air seemed filled with undulations of sweet sounds, that sank at times to a gentle lullaby and again seemed to lift each heart to the very heights of the triumphant hills. Many were the wondering eyes that were turned in the direction of the vast temple, which, as we neared it, cast over us a halo of light that touched our hearts as an unworded welcome. As I, too, turned my eyes towards the grand edifice where in

time to come will be held the greatest reunion that has as yet been known or recorded in the spirit realms of this planet. I felt a great thrill of gladness, that deepened to a holy calm, pervaded with a joy that could never be told. Involuntarily I spanned the gulf of time that lay between that present hour and the scene triumphant that the future held and would be seen in time to reveal. I knew that at that hour I should stand side by side with the Eon of my own soul, with the earth harvests gathered and the gleaners' songs all sung. Oh, Eon, do you wonder that my heart felt the echoes of the hallelujahs that were to be chanted? Do you wonder that I felt the breath of that future fan my cheeks, as I neared the enchanted palace of the hills that from two sides looked valleyward? I hear you answer from shadow-land, "No, Eoná, no; I wonder not." The canopied balcony looked like an ethereal parade of the gods, and all the arches that led to the interior were twined and festooned with many tinted vines and blooms that gathered their sweetness from the hills of the fairest heavens.

Do you imagine that my language is extravagant? Ah! Eon, I cannot in the earth atmosphere find words that in their perfection and power will portray more than a shadow of the glory that awaited us, and which if seen by mortals undeveloped to a reception of the higher glories would sever at a breath the magnetic cord by which they retain their hold on the physical. As we passed beneath the canopies there broke on our ears a chime as of many bells, and turning to Saidie she said to my soul in explanation of my look of inquiry, "The wedding bells of heaven." I understood all and involuntarily thought of the patient worker and pilgrim who in the shadows of earth-land recalled not yet his own. Entering the spacious hall, in the form of a four-fold column, we found ourselves in the midst of beauty spoken from the harmonious elements by power of masterful wills. In the center of the ceiling of the reception hall was a many-faced diamond of great dimensions, that caught and radiated the glory of the heavens in power far beyond my ability to express. The air held

the sweetness of many blooms, and the echoes of many songs. In the harmony that existed we felt that the beautiful beings who moved in our midst were in no way strangers to us. Nor long had we tarried when the wondering travelers to that sacred edifice felt heart speaking to heart in tones unmistakable. Then it was they knew wherefore they had journeyed thither, knew why Saidie merely bade them follow where she led, for she would see all who were residents in the land of souls united in heart, when of necessity they would be united in labor and together rejoice over the recorded results. Do you ask where they had been while yet they were unsought, while yet their mates dwelt in the second sphere, before journeying to lands lighted with more divine radiance? I will answer, not at the sun center, no, nor far from their side; besides, had they many times stood in the years that had been when they thought not of the revelations that were to come in their souls' own good time; and it is a fact that none but the messengers, who are special light-bearers through all ages, are conscious of each other as soul mates during all their roaming in the fadeless fields of the Infinite. Nor are all the messengers thus conscious at all times; conditions are created by circumstances that sometimes shut out for a time the light of oneness that is rightfully the legacy of the messengers. Not that there are any mistakes in arrangements, for what is missed at one time is fully made up at another, and always proves best. There is a mathematical precision, an indisputable exactness, in all the occurrences of all existences whether seen or not, and many times the fact is neither accepted nor realized until proven in the land that records no mistakes; but sometime each heart will verify my statement by proving for itself that whatever has come to it from first to last was just what was most needful, and when I say needful, let no one understand me as saying pleasant or agreeable.

I will not wander from the mates found at the time and place recorded, but will proceed to explain. During the years and ages previous, as I said, they had often met during their different tarryings in the land of souls; but be-

cause of a lack of interior unfoldment had never dreamed of or accepted the truth of matchhood, and during the period wherein is recorded the labors of the earnest workers, they had felt within their own souls the kindling fires of higher and holier truths. This was all in accordance with the light that was breaking in glory, unfolding over the holy of holies in the hearts of their own, whom they yet waited to know. As the army of workers went from one sphere to another for preparatory strength and power, these mates catching the breath of the same breezes that were filling their sails, that were spreading them over deeper waters, also speeded away to fairer fields where purer flowers bloomed, where thought held within its unseen meshes a power for good and purity unblighted by selfishness. Thus you see, Eon, how impossible it was for one company of soul mates, although unrecognized as such by their own, to work the works of righteousness, without the company actually belonging to them being in complete *rappert* with their aspirations and unfoldments. Step by step had those waiting mates passed over the highway of principles, over the hedge rows that in every ascending pathway are to be found until mind has redeemed its own portion, set aside for it to redeem by the exactness of law that never varies and never fails. Step by step through the power evolved by the then unknown harmony that as a principle must exist between all mates, had they journeyed till they reached out toward the beautiful hills of fairer lands. They hungered and thirsted for the bread and wine of the kingdom, that has in it a sustaining power that is never exhausted. There must ever be harmony between the dual souls, or Deity is false, setting aside the result of circumstances that are of earth-land birth, and must find on earth-land death. The mates of whom I now write as waiting the presence of their warriors had possessed the same development of brain and were equally comprehensive. Therefore, when their heart of hearts were lighted by the truth of the higher spheres, they were ready to accept the teachings of the wise spirits, ready to look over the fields of the past, where memory could gather up the

many links in the chain of their existence, and were more than ready to stand side by side with their own on the beautiful hills that were kissed by the breezes of the seventh heaven.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THUS far, Eon, have I sought to bear the two lines, showing with what harmonious results both wrought in the world's destinies. The entire scene that commemorated the uniting of the soul mates I now refer to I will not give, as it was sacred to the hour, and the heaven, that witnessed it. Back again to the sixth sphere journeyed the workers, their number being increased by the mates found in the land of souls. As yet they tarried and listened to the instruction of wise spirits, whose love for the land of their first incarnation never lessened. In the Temple of Wisdom they continued to verify facts that take their bearing from a chemical basis, as they were to have much to do therewith in the future that was casting near shadows while yet they tarried a little longer in the soul's summer-land. Saidie and other wise spirits as a council sought again the earth-land shores, in quest of their chosen number through whose unfoldment were to be proven the truths of the higher heavens. These they found in the valleys of discipline, struggling for the hill-tops, knowing not what lay before them. They had grown strong beneath the burdens of life and were fitted to bear the colors of truth far up the mountains that lie between the two lands, mountains reared by man's disbelief and ignorance, and strewn with the thorns of contentions. The long dead calm was about to be broken. Now and then a sail flapped lazily on the breeze, that at first seemed unsteady and wavering. The hosts of willing workers left with unfeigned gladness the shores of the heaven that gave them both wisdom and the power born therefrom. With them came their mates, thus doubling their power for successful consummation of the

plans. Suddenly again there appeared, in many places previously chosen, ripples from the pebbles of truth cast on the long idle tide. These ripples widened and widened constantly, taking in more surface, until they who thought with the result of conclusions, knew in their very souls that they would cease not until they reached the farther shore, which they had never located, except by the New Testament chart, that by some was beginning to appear unreliable because of its being constructed and sworn to by so many that history proves were not in existence at that time unless the church is willing to accept the truths of many incarnations,—a point made plain to them in the record of John the Baptist, made sacred by appearing in the lines of the New Testament. There is a vast amount of inconsistency exhibited on the part of Bible worshipers. They abhor polygamy, yet no polygamist in the records of all time as told on this planet had such an eye and heart for fair maidens and other men's wives as David—a man after God's own heart, and this man is held up as a model man, a man that represents the Christian's God.

Poor humanity is weak in many ways and easily warped to meet the rocks placed in the homeward path by the giant Ignorance. Many light-houses have been erected on the beach of time's river, where it flows into the gulf of the present, and the friendly light therefrom shows where tower the mighty rocks against which many a boat has been wrecked; and many voices are heard on the tide calling, "This way, mariner," where the beacon lights send their rays to the very tops of the crested billows. Here and there, as I said, pebbles were tossed on the long restful tide. The workers chose their special stations and thither bore the power of the wisdom gained, and crude materializations were said to be the result. Echoes from these points of labor reached the ears of disbelievers, who hurled back the statements with a power of will that awakened in the minds of many others conjectures and suppositions that resulted in an earnest insight that has in many cases borne choicest fruit. Thus it will be seen that it is positively necessary for some to hurl the truth from them, that some

one else may be hit, and at the same time in the rebound which must follow it never fails to reach the exact point from which it was thrown; and in that way, as the old adage expresses it, two birds are killed by the same stone. The laborers of the unseen became more and more fraught with success, until it was thought necessary by the world-wise, to rise up in the mightiness of their power, which they seemed never for one moment to doubt, and put down the scarecrows, which like crows they deemed were devouring the corn that for ages had been supposed to belong to the church granaries. They did rise up and their very shadows condemned them; they made explanations concerning the phenomena that were attracting too much attention, allowing them the judge's seat, and their explanations would have compared but poorly, so far as sense was concerned, with the Mother Goose melodies of the nursery department. Very many dipped their oars in this same tide, thinking to change the ripples thereof, but the invisibles, powerful, ever masterful, were there ahead of them and were possessors of the ground by virtue of common sense, which must in time appeal to all.

Eon, among the few who were ready to accept the heaven-born truths, without the voice of opposition, was your own true self. Then it was that I came to you to be your guide, your comforter, your all, though you at the time knew not. Earnestly did I watch the unfoldments that must first be recorded, before I could come into my own possessions, the boundary lines of which are found in the two eternities and read forever and forever. Earnestly did I labor here and there, giving the strength and magnetic power of my sympathies wherever a point of labor was chosen by the inveterate workers, who would sing no songs but those of victory. Could ears attuned to catch but earthly sounds have become receptive to the sounds of the unseen realms, they would have heard the ceaseless and unwearied tramp of the mighty army, wandering not aimlessly to and fro in quest of brains wherein might be sown the seeds of strong and positive thought, that liberates its own when once allowed to send heavenward its

tendrils. It was needful in conjunction with the unfoldments, that the principles thereof should find a stronghold in true hearts. It was needful that from the earth-land valleys a call for the heavenly manna should reach the hearts of angels, for in the call strength was born to receive it, and a path of light was opened to the shores of the unseen, over which came the waiting messengers. Time went on, and hearts continued to hunger. Many of the staunchest and bravest of the ripening age opened wide the doors of their souls and their earthly homes for the reception of the gold the angels brought. Thus a hearing was gained in all circles or spheres of earth-land conditions, until no more would the angels return to their native shores till bridges of soul-light spanned the stream that washes the two shores; no more would they return till they had whispered in the willing ears of mortals the thrilling tidings of a land and life redeemed from the curse of ignorance, where the hills and valleys thereof lie bathed in the light of the celestial spheres.

On rolled the car, while they of the unseen ranks could see where were crushed and left in ruins many flimsy structures that had enshrined a god idea of the present century. In the midst of all this, and while each wisdom spirit was carrying out its plans as best it might, surrounded by the best conditions it could obtain, Saidie, the ever faithful, ever loving mother, was not idle. She saw it first by the shadows cast where a light shone, a flickering ray, but there was in it the radiation for which she had waited, and alone for a time did she watch the altar on which in time did she hope to kindle a mighty flame, towards which many eyes should be turned for the true light that makes glad the heart. Not that I would be understood to infer that nowhere else was there at that time true light. I simply wish to be understood that in connection with the manifestations that were being unfolded, Saidie was seeking her special field of labor, where from the higher heavens she would bring truths and principles of which the children of the earth-land were yet in ignorance, and which, when received and grown into, would be to the

hearts wherein they were enshrined as holy lights. She knew that great needs would in time be felt, great demands be made, for which an especial power in the form of supplies must be brought earthward. Wise and far-seeing, she saw a radiant future where the tints of a newborn day were gathered, and towards that she turned, towards that she unflinchingly labored. The little light that at first attracted her continued to increase. It had come to stay because of the demand which as yet was but half realized. Saidie's heart grew glad, and she looked over the battle ground whereon was to be recorded complete victory, that she might see if all her children that would be needed before the battle ended were in discipline for the coming time.

As time passed the seed was sown that must yield a bountiful harvest, and the foundation was laid for the completion of plans that had long been sacred. Then Saidie called in council the band of Orientals, and long and earnestly did they reason and plan for the future, lest the light that had come would be overcome, and the truth they longed to impart be left in the heavens beyond. You know, Eon, how both spirits and mortals have labored and hoped, even when their reasons for doing thus looked indistinct through the shadows of uncertainty. It was at this point to which I now refer, that I sought long and earnestly to make known to you the Eoná of the home crescent. You remember how you beat back the whisperings that from time to time came to you, whisperings that breathed to your heart the sacred truths of matehood; but I wearied not in my efforts, for I knew time would open the doors of your soul if nothing else could. Consequently I bided my time, and labored with that portion of the grand army of workers, that through Saidie's wish were stationed at her special division. Success attended our efforts, and step by step carefully and wisely taken we gained the ground we were working for, and from which was to be evolved many grand truths, that in their radiance would enshrine the holy of holies,—by which I mean the order known as the Sun Angel Order of Light, the counterpart of which has long existed in the sun heavens, and which takes its name

from the fact that it is the order of the highest heavens surrounding this planet, and receives its aid and soul illuminating truths from the next grand cycle, for which the earth-land is not yet in readiness. In Saidie's heart was yet the great desire to bring to the children the especial truths of many incarnations and matchood. Materialization had been proven to be an indisputable fact, though the enemy in denial thereof threw into our inclosures many shells, the bursting of which but made an accompaniment to the songs of victory the angel hosts were singing. It has been amusing from the first battle in the last campaign to the present, to watch the plans of the opposing party, by which they have again and again undertaken to surround and capture our hosts, deeming not the great majority were on the unseen side. Wise heads, or heads that were deemed thus, have planned and replanned but to meet with failure, which with loud-voiced demonstrations they have endeavored to hide from the multitude of lookers-on, who seemed undecided which boat to speak passage on, being desirous of going with the majority.

Unceasing in her labors, Saidie dropped here and there rare pebbles of beauty and wisdom to the tide that was flowing through her own domains, her own chosen garden. These thought-gems touched receptive brains, and the heart *en rapport* therewith grew strong, for the bread of the kingdom from whence they came earthward was again placed before them, and they partook thereof with the old-time relish. Thought after thought was borne into the immediate atmosphere, until at last from the accumulation of thought-force was brought home to the hearts of the children the grand facts of matchood and many incarnations. Then it was, Eon, that in time your own heart not only responded in all its fullness, but reached out with a great soul-cry for your own. Then it was that you listened for the footsteps of your own in the earth-land valleys; hearkened, that some breeze from the hills of the better land might bring to you her blessings told in words of love, that would by their magnetic power waken in your own heart sweet memories of the long ago, towards which your heart turned with an

assurance born in its very depth that what had been dropped from the courts celestial was the gold of the kingdom. Long had I waited for this, earnestly had I labored to imbue the atmosphere by which you were surrounded with the power of the love and wisdom aura of my own soul, and my labors were not without success, for there came a time when there was born in your heart a desire so intense to look into the eyes of the watching, waiting Eoná that I with the help of many others made the arrangements necessary to fulfill to you your own soul's desire. No one can imagine, taking an earth-land view of the transaction, just how much power was needed on our side, just how much of soul-land atmosphere we were obliged to bring to the earth-land laboratory or cabinet, as the earth children are pleased to term it. The preparations lasted many days, and it was with a heart full of expectant wonder that you journeyed to meet me at the trysting place of immortals, where the heaven-born blessings of Saidie rested, and it was also with a heart full of wonder that I endeavored to take on conditions that would make me visible to your eyes. I found the task less easy than my previous attempt on another planet; but great assistance was rendered me by wise spirits, and I at last stood before you as much myself as conditions would admit of. Side by side and hand in hand on earth-land valley I stood with the Eon of my soul, with whom I had traversed the eternities of the past. I looked into the eyes of his soul, and read there an acceptance through an inner consciousness of his own, though memory retraced not the paths of the long ago. Eon, do you think our mother Saidie rejoiced when she knew the first link in the chain that sums up as eternal matehood was thus made fast in her own special province on the shores of the seen? Ah! there was great rejoicing in the heavens of heavens by more than one. The entire band of Orientals, of whom Saidie is the leader, chanted holy hallelujahs, till we think the echoes therefrom must have wakened corresponding echoes in the earth vales, till the wondering inhabitants felt their inner selves respond to the harmony thus born.

This parting the curtain between the seen and unseen by Eoná's hand was opening the door to much that followed, much that Saidie in our own home at Crescent Cottage breathed to our hearts as her plans, for which she would labor until on every page fulfillment should be recorded in letters of living light,—letters that should be read to the earth children ages hence, when the laborers of the present have donned their immortal robes, that will need no more the fires of earth to purify, as the dross and consumable matter will have been separated from the shining web. Since the hour of grand triumph here recorded, other possibilities have cast their shadows on the dial of time where the line of fulfillment touches the present: Saidie and the shining host have, through their own chosen ones, laid the foundation for an earth temple of light, the strong pillars of which are hewn in heavens beyond, and laid deep in the hearts of those prepared therefor. Nobly, bravely, and faithfully is she working for the upbuilding and outspreading of this temple of truth, which shall bring peace to the hearts of her long-loved and long-watched children, and they who accept her teachings will dwell in the very halo of this sacred edifice, and their paths will be lighted as by the holy oil of the kingdom.

Eon, here the record ends. From the far-off to the present have I sought to trace the lines of light and shade; many times have they crossed and recrossed each other, as is most natural in long journeys, such as is the one of which I have made record, not for your sake alone, but for the sake of the land of my first incarnation, and my last. In some places I have taken long strides to hasten the record, at other times I have been minute, with a purpose in my heart for doing so. In it all I have done my best, and woven in the web of the present the facts of the past. From this time out, Eon, we shall work side by side, till the last battle is fought, till the last victory is won, and we stand redeemed from the bondage of earth conditions. Some have already reached home. I speak now of the number who stood side by side with us, at the consecrating altar. Among those most willing to come, most ready to

labor, and who are now recalled, is our beloved brother whom Zuleme welcomed as her own returned warrior. They labor yet for the children of earth, labor for the up-building of the holy order of which in the higher life they are members. I speak of him with love and reverence, for in the higher heavens he will be a star of great magnitude. You are facing the sunset valley, Eon. The mountains of earth life over which you have journeyed lie back in the distance, and I greatly rejoice that it is not possible for your path to turn and wind back over the same mountains, for I long to lead you beyond, to other mountains, through other valleys, where the breath of your home heaven will waken in your heart sweet memories of the by-gone. Oh, Eon, I feel at times that the hours drag but slowly. The cottage doors have been open a long, long time; the sunlight has crept across the door-way for many years; the flowers have bloomed again and again; the Lake of the Morning has sung of the echoes to the hearts of the shells, and our boat still rocks on the restful yet ever changing tide, and all things await your coming. My heart grows lighter as I hear the rustle of the valley leaves, for I know we will soon be home. Sweet home, where the old-time peace and rest will banish from your heart all the earth weariness that reminds one of the dead leaves of a late autumn. You will find in the very vase you placed in the vine-hung window sweet flowers from your favorite shrub; your shining robe lies on your chosen chair, and Eoná labors and waits for the opening and fading of the last flowers in the valley, and until then, dear heart of mine, will we work with a will for the fulfillment of plans that had their birth in the higher heavens, for no more do we crave to tread the earth-land shores, to weave in the web of materiality the soul powers attained to in the heavens beyond. There are fulfillments yet to be recorded before you hear the home call: greater unfoldments are casting their shadows in the earth's atmosphere, and for them will we willingly wait, that we may render the magnetic power of our will and sympathies, to bear safely to earth-land the substance.

As I finish these closing lines, Eon, my heart catches a shade of sadness, for so long have I thus inscribed to and for you that I shall miss the pleasant walk my feet have so many times traversed. Remember, I shall be with you in the valley shadows, and my lips will be the first to speak your name as the mists of the river are lifted and your earth-weary eyes catch a glimpse of the beautiful hills of the morning. These are my words given to you, Eon, and through you to the world. The blessing of my changeless love will make brighter the gems of your immortal crown, and, too, touch the remaining shadows of earth-land as with a halo of light.

EONÁ.

APPENDIX.

THE SUN ANGELS' ORDER OF LIGHT.

THIS is an ancient order, established by advanced spirits in the higher realms of spirit life. A branch or counterpart has been brought earthward and established for the benefit of earth's children. The sun angels (so-called from the brightness of their robes) are dwellers in the higher spheres, whose lives are divine through growth and experience. They are the guardians of our planet and others. Sun angels guide, minister, bless, and instruct. They are messengers to other worlds. They are parents to children here in the earth-life valley, for whom they are working that each one may be perfected here in the earth-life form. Every form here, in the earth life, can be traced to its dual soul mate in the spheres, or in earth life. Male and female are they all; and the great desire of the sun angels is to introduce each one to their soul mates in earth life, and thus unite them in the bonds of harmony and love by bringing them face to face through the aid of their loved Order of Light, and thus uniting the two worlds in the bonds of love and wisdom, and teaching them the lessons they bring from celestial spheres, and make them radiators of light from celestial spheres, and interpreters and teachers of the higher laws of life, that they may bless mankind with light, love, wisdom, and truth, and reveal the hidden mysteries of the uncounted and distant ages of the past; with these objects in view, have they established a counterpart of their order, in earth life, as it is in the higher spheres.

The Sun Angels' Order of Light was organized under the immediate supervision of the Oriental guides, who, through

experiences earthly, and in spirit spheres, have become a law unto matter, and has for its objects, principles, and subordinate the following points, given and approved by the guides:

1st. This order is to be the home or center of harmony, from which shall radiate the love labors of the spirit world; each member being a star, receiving light from the sun, emitting the same in word, thought, and deed; the sun meaning to them, their guardian, or higher spirits who have for their aim the blessing of mankind.

2d. This order shall be composed of members who work in unison, holding oneness of purpose to be the brightest link in the chain of harmony.

3d. It shall be the first object of each member to overcome the known imperfections of their own natures, thereby making their souls receptive to the influences of spirits who will be delegated to the work of uprooting and upbuilding; also, the full unfolding of their medial powers.

4th. It shall be the undisputed right of each member to speak in all love and kindness to any brother or sister of whatever may seem wrong in their lives that they may thereby be helped to a higher footing, and all such communications should be received in the same spirit that prompts them, which will avoid the under-current of dissension that saps the vitality from all organized efforts.

5th. The entire business shall be under the honest consideration of each member, as each is best judge of his or her own necessities, capacities, and capabilities.

6th. Each order circle shall be devoted to a pleasant and profitable exchange of thought and experience, and whatever at such meetings seems of most importance.

7th. Members of the order in need of sympathy or assistance, through sickness or otherwise, shall receive the same from the order, as each is in turn expected to receive the same from the angel world, and full compensation for every kindly deed will be awarded according to the motive that prompts; for motive and reward are measured in the same chalice, and the angels that measure are just.

8th. An order circle shall be held each month, at which there shall be put into the treasury from each member, be

they present or otherwise, the sum of twenty-five cents, said money to be entirely at the disposal of the guides.

9th. The officers of the order shall consist of president, corresponding secretary, vice-president, and treasurer, whose duties will be made manifest by the demands of the order.

It shall be the duty of each officer to bring before the members, at each monthly meeting, all communications received from parties near or distant, who seek knowledge from, or communication with, the order, that no member need be kept in the dark, thereby lessening the home interests of the order.

10th. The nomination of officers, and all business pertaining to the inner working of the order, is to be laid before the spirit guides for their consideration and approval. To each member will be delegated influences best adapted to the unfoldment of their highest medial powers and possibilities, who, in connection with the guardian angel, or soul mate, will attend them and strive to unfold their spiritual natures and prepare each to become a transmitter of light and truth from celestial spheres to bless the children of earth.

The meetings of the Order of Light are held monthly, on the last Sunday of each month; one hour is devoted to interchange of thought and control, or reading communications from members of the order, after which there is a dark *séance*, and during this *séance* the guides magnetize pieces of flannel for the members of the order to wear as magnets. Envelopes containing one of these magnets is sent to each member monthly with instructions; these magnets form centers or connections with the home center, over which the angels of the order come and go, ever bringing glad tidings of love, and an accompanying assurance of their love and protecting power. Mrs. Anna Daniels, of Mexico, N. Y., is the medium for the Sun Angels' Order of Light. Through her influence the celestial brides and bridegrooms are enabled to step from the unseen to the seen, or to clothe themselves with materiality, and walk and talk with their soul mates, and demonstrate their interest and love for these loved ones, who are still dwellers in the mist-covered valleys of earth. Saidie, the leader of the Oriental

Band, and Sun Angels' Order of Light, comes in materialized form, dressed in robes of fleecy white lace, and talks freely with the members, advising in all matters, giving encouraging words to each member in a loving, motherly manner, that creates in each heart a responsive echo of a pure love. Spirits, both male and female, large and small, freely mingle with the members in mirthfulness and joy, and salute the members with unmistakable tokens of love and affection. Through the influence of these magnets the spirits delegated to attend each member will bring a power that will develop or unfold the medial powers each member may possess, and bring them into use to bless humanity with light and truth from celestial spheres. No one that is seeking light from the higher realms of spirit life, can wear the magnets of the angels' order without receiving actual benefit both spiritually and physically. But all to be benefited spiritually or otherwise must strive to live lives of purity and goodness, and thus form an atmosphere surrounding them that the guides and guardians can live in.

The light *séances* are grand, at which those in attendance are blessed with the presence in materialized forms of lovely, beautiful, wise, and powerful spirits, dwellers on the planets Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Celestia, Harmonia, and other planets, who freely mingle with the members of the order, and converse in a free and familiar manner. We are often visited by the soul mates, who come to their own in earth life and greet them with their angel love. At the light *séances* the guardian angels or soul mates come in all their beauty and loveliness, both male and female, to their soul mates (who still dwell in the earth valleys of their incarnation) and greet them with angel kisses.

The Sun Angels' Order of Light was organized by spirit Saidie, the leader of the Oriental Band, in Mexico, N. Y., July 13, 1884—Saidie being in full materialized form—Mrs. Anna Daniels, medium.

The present officers are J. B. Fayette, president and corresponding secretary, Oswego, N. Y.; vice-president, William Hasselbach, Sandusky, Ohio; treasurer, John Calkins, Daysville, N. Y.





